THE TRAGEDY
OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H. = Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H. = C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

THE MODERN READERS SHAKESPEARE

With Notes and Comments by HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, M.A.,
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A., C. H. HERFORD, Litt. D.,
and over One Hundred other Eminent Shakespearean Authorities

VOLUME X

TITUS ANDRONICUS
PERICLES
POEMS
SONNETS

SOCIETY OF SHAKESPEAREAN EDITORS
NEW YORK

Copyright, 1909, by
Bigelow, Smith & Co.

Printed in the United States of America

PREFACE

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

EARLY EDITIONS

In 1600 a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus* was published, bearing the following title-page:—

"The most lamenta- | ble Romaine Tragedie of *Titus* | *Andronicus.* | As it hath sundry times been playde by the | Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the | Earl of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the | Lorde Chamberlaine theyr | Seruants. | At LONDON, | Printed by I. R. for Edward White | and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little | North doore of Paules, at the signe of | the Gun. 1600." This is the earliest known edition, and is referred to as Quarto I.

Another quarto, printed from the former, was brought out in 1611:—

"The | most lamen- | table Tragedie | of *Titus Andronicus.* | *As it hath sundry* | *times beene plaide by the Kings* Maiesties Seruants. | LONDON, | Printed for Edward White, and are to be solde | at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of | Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611."

In the 1st Folio *Titus Andronicus* comes between *Coriolanus* and *Romeo and Juliet;* the text was somewhat carelessly printed from a copy of the Second Quarto with MS. additions. The Second Scene of the Third Act, not found in the quartos, is peculiar to the Folio version.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

According to Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus* was printed in 1594; but no copy has been discovered. The earliest allusion to Shakespeare's connection with the subject is Meres' mention of the play, in 1598, as one of Shakespeare's well-known tragedies. There can be little doubt that Ravenscroft, who "about the time of the Popish Plot," revived and altered *Titus Andronicus*, preserved a trustworthy tradition with respect to its authorship. "I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally Shakespeare's, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters." Internal evidence seems to corroborate the tradition, and Shakespeare's additions are now generally assigned to about 1589–90. The following passages suggest Shakespearean authorship:—I, i, 9; II, i, 82, 83; I, i, 70–76, 117–119, 141, 142; II, ii, 1–6; II, iii, 10–15; III, i, 82–86, 91–97; IV, iv, 81–86; V, ii, 21–27; V, iii, 160–168.[1]

The problem is complicated by the fact that there must have been at least three plays on the subject, according to the references in the Stationers' Registers, and Henslowe's *Diary*. Jonson probably referred to an older play when he wrote:—"He that will swear, Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years" (*Bartholomew Fair*, 1614). This would place the production in question between 1584 and 1589.

The German "tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*," acted abroad about the year 1600 by the English players, may contain elements of the older original on which the present play was founded: among its characters there is a "Vespasian," and it is noteworthy that there is a record in Henslowe's *Diary* of a "*tittus and Vespasia*" acted "by

---

[1] (*Cp.* H. B. Wheatley, *New Shakespeare Soc.,* 1874; a synopsis of critical opinion is to be found in Fleay's *Manual,* p. 44; Knight, in his *Pictorial Shakespeare,* defends Shakespeare's authorship.

The fullest recent study of the subject is that of Dr. M. M. Arnold Schröer, Marburg, 1891).

Lord Strange's men" on April 11, 1591. The play is marked "*ne*" (*i. e.* "new"). Similarly, a "*Titus and Andronicus*" is described as a new play by Henslowe under the date of January 22, 1593–1594.

Under any circumstances, *Titus Andronicus* stands outside the regular early Shakespearean dramas,—the gentle "love-plays" of his first period; its value, however, in literary history, is this:—crude as it is, it certainly belongs to the same type of play, as the greater tragedy of *Hamlet;* the *machinery* in both plays is much the same; both are Kydian dramas of Revenge; Nemesis triumphs in the end, entangling in her meshes the innocent as well as the guilty, the perpetrators of crime as well as the agents of vengeance.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

It is remarkable that popular as was the story of *Titus Andronicus* in the sixteenth century, no direct source of the play has yet been discovered, and nothing can be added to Theobald's comment. "The story," he observes, "we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor anybody else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of; not till after the translation of the Empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol."

The ballad given in Percy's *Reliques* was evidently based on the present play, though formerly considered as its source.[1]

---

[1] *Cf. Roxburghe Ballads* (*Ballad* Society), Vol. 1; the version cannot, according to Chappell, be earlier than the reign of James I, and is more probably of that of Charles I. The title of the ballad is "*The lamentable and tragical history of Titus Andronicus.* With the fall of his Sons in the Wars with the Goths, with the manner of the Ravishment of his daughter Lavinia," etc.

THE TIME OF THE PLAY

The period covered by the play is four days represented on the stage; with, possibly, two intervals.

Day 1. Act I; Act II, sc. i.
Day 2. Act II, sc. ii–iv; Act III, sc. i. *Interval.*
Day 3. Act III, sc. ii. *Interval.*
Day 4. Acts IV and V (*v.* P. A. Daniel's *Time-Analysis*, p. 190).

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus, as it is called in the folio of 1623, is extant in two editions, published during Shakespeare's life, and bearing date 1600 and 1611. Of the first of these only two copies are now known, one of which, as Mr. Collier informs us, is in the collection of Lord Francis Egerton, the other in the Signet Library at Edinburgh, and but lately discovered. The first edition is a quarto pamphlet of forty leaves, with a title-page reading as follows: "The most lamentable Roman Tragedy of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times been played by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Sussex, and the Lord Chamberlain their Servants. At London, Printed by J. R. for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at the little North door of Paul's, at the sign of the Gun. 1600." The only considerable change in the title-page of 1611 has reference to the acting of the play, merely saying,—"As it hath sundry times been played by the King's Majesty's Servants"; which, as we have repeatedly seen, was the same company that was known as the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, till the accession of James I, in 1603.

Though no earlier edition than 1600 is now known to exist, it is altogether probable the play was printed in 1594, as Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets,* published in 1691, speaks of an edition of that date. That there were copies of such an edition known to Langbaine, only ninety-seven years after, and now lost, might very well be, seeing only two copies of the edition of 1600 have survived till our time. Besides, his statement is confirmed by an entry at the Stationers' to John Danter, February 6, 1594, of "a book entitled a noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus."

In the folio of 1623, *Titus Andronicus* stands the third in the division of Tragedies, and is printed with a fair text, having the acts duly marked, but not the scenes. The folio copy has one scene, not in the earlier copies, the second in Act III: otherwise, it appears to have been reprinted from the edition of 1611. Whether the scene in question were omitted in the earlier copies, or added in the later, we have no means of ascertaining.

As to the date of the composition, our most important testimony is furnished by the Induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, which was written in 1614: "He that will swear, Jeronimo or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these *five-and-twenty or thirty years.* Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and, next to truth, a confirmed error does well: such a one the author knows where to find him." Taking the shortest period here spoken of, twenty-five years, we are thrown back to the year 1589, as the time when the play was first on the boards. Shakespeare was then twenty-five years old; and from the internal evidence of the play we should conclude it to have been written when he certainly was not past that age. That Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* was the one referred to by Jonson, may be reasonably inferred, from the known fact of its great and long-continued popularity on the stage, and as there was no other play with that title, that we know of, having sufficient foothold in the popular favor to make his reference anywise appropriate.

But it has been much questioned whether *Titus Andronicus* were written by Shakespeare. This question seems to have been started by Ravenscroft, who, having altered and of course *improved* the play, revived it on the stage about the time of the Popish Plot, in 1678. In the Prologue then supplied, Ravenscroft speaks as follows:

> "To-day the Poet does not fear your rage;
> Shakespeare, by him reviv'd, now treads the stage:
> Under his sacred laurels he sits down,
> Safe from the blast of any critic's frown."

Ravenscroft published his *Titus Andronicus* in 1687, but suppressed the Prologue of 1678; and gave a preface, stating, among other things, how he had "been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that the play was not originally Shakespeare's, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters": but Shadwell intimates that Ravenscroft got up this story with a view to exalt his own merit in having altered it.

Howbeit, a large number of critics and editors, from Theobald to Singer, agree in the opinion that the play was not written by Shakespeare; though Theobald and one or two others think he added "a few fine touches" to it. Their judgment in the matter is thus pronounced by Johnson: "All the editors and critics agree in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the color of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience, yet we are told by Jonson that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part of it, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing." The latest critic of much weight who pronounces the same way, is Hallam. "*Titus Andronicus*," says he, "is now, by common consent, denied to be, in any sense, a production of Shakespeare; and very few passages, I should think not one, resemble his manner."

These are pretty strong declarations, but there are two facts which they do not tell us how to get along with. One is, that Francis Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, names *Titus Andronicus* as one of Shakespeare's tragedies. Meres seems to have been fully competent for the work which he undertook to do. It is highly probable that he was personally acquainted with Shakespeare, perhaps his personal friend, as he speaks of "his sugared Sonnets among his private friends," though these were not printed till 1609, eleven years after the mentioning of them in his *Palladis Tamia*. All his other statements of fact respecting the Poet are admitted as true. There was not the least occasion for his assigning this play to Shakespeare, were it not so.

The second is, that *Titus Andronicus* was included by Heminge and Condell in their collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, in 1623. The editors were the Poet's old friends and fellow-actors: his connection with them was so close and intimate, that he mentioned them in his Will: "To my Fellows, John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, xxvi. s. viii. d. apiece, to buy them Rings." They had therefore every possible opportunity for knowing what plays were written by Shakespeare, and no conceivable motive for printing any as his that were not so; since, had they done such a thing, there could not but be men living, able to expose them.

Now, we will by no means affirm that there might not be qualities of style and workmanship sufficient to overbear such facts as these: but we have not the slightest hesitation in affirming that no inference grounded on the qualities of the play in question can be strong enough to outface them. Inferior it is, undoubtedly, in workmanship and style, to most of the other plays received as Shakespeare's; yet it differs not more in these respects from *The Comedy of Errors*, for example, than this does from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream;* nay, it hardly differs more from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, than this does from *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale*. Its comparative smoothness and regularity of versification, its frequency and occasional awkwardness of classical allusion, and its unartistic redundancy of blood and horror, are no more than were to be expected in the first efforts of the Poet's apprenticeship, when he could not but be ignorant of his powers, and would have to try what he could do with such elements of strength as lay around him in the theatrical antecedents of his time, before he could find, and in order to find, the strength that was in himself.

Accordingly, the play bears a close resemblance to the best specimens of dramatic production known on the English stage at the time we suppose it to have been written; and it resembles them in their best qualities. Marlowe, whose *Tamburlaine* was acted before 1587, had just unfettered the English drama from the shackles of rhyme, and touched its versification with the first beginnings of freedom and variety. As if to square the account for this advance upon the dramatic taste and culture of the time, he trained his verse to a stately and high-resounding march, and often made it puff well nigh to the cracking of its cheeks with rhetorical grandiloquence and smoke. The theatrical audiences then to be had would hardly bestow much applause on any tragedies but what gave them to "sup full of horrors"; and Marlowe was apt enough, without the stimulus of any such motives, to provide them banquets of that sort. To distinguish rightly between the broad and vulgar ways of the horrible, and the high and subtle courses of tragic terror, was a point of art which he did not live to reach, and probably could not have reached if he had lived. To discover these hidden courses required the far clearer and keener vision of Shakespeare; nor does it stand to reason that even he or any other man could have discovered them, without first practising in the ways already opened and approved. Of course, as experience gradually developed his native strengths, and at the same time taught him what they were sufficient for, he would naturally throw aside, one after another, the strengths of custom, of example, and public taste; since these would grow to be felt as incumbrances, as he grew able to do better without them.

And this would naturally be the case much more in his efforts at tragedy than at comedy. For the elements of comedy, besides being more light and wieldy in themselves, had been playing freely about his boyhood, and mingling in his earliest observations of human life and character: so that here he would be apt to cast himself more quickly and unreservedly upon nature as he had been used to meet and converse with her. Tragedy, on the other hand, must in reason have been to him a much more artificial thing; and he would needs require both a larger measure and a stronger faculty of observation and experience, before he could find the elements of it in nature, and become able to digest and modulate them into the many-toned, yet severe and nicely-balanced harmony of dramatic art. Is it not clear, then, that in proportion as he lacked the power to seize and wield the natural elements of tragedy in his first efforts that way, he would be governed by what stood before him, and the adventitious helps and influences of the time be prominently reproduced in his work? Therefore it is, we doubt not, that his earlier comedies are so much more Shakespearean in style and spirit and characterization, than his tragedies of the same period. For can it be questioned, that such a man so circumstanced would sooner *find himself*, and sooner make others find him, in comedy than in tragedy?

Our own opinion, therefore, runs entirely with those of the later editors, Knight, Collier, and Verplanck, that *Titus Andronicus* is *substantially* Shakespeare's work. Whether he be responsible for the whole of it, is another question,—one, we think, impossible to determine, and not easy even to make up an opinion upon. It has, to our mind, no such inequalities of style and execution as are found in *Pericles* and *Timon of Athens*. Inferior as it is in comparison with the Poet's later tragedies, its course seems tolerably sustained: at least, we do not discover that it anywhere either falls greatly below or rises greatly above itself. There is indeed a certain overwrought lustihood and incontinence of wickedness in Tamora and the Moor, which have no parallel or counterpart in the other characters; but this is nothing to the purpose. The play, therefore, nowise compels the supposal of more than one hand in the writing; and this is pretty much all we can say about it.

The play seems to be without any foundation in authentic history. How or whence the story originated, has not been revealed to us, unless in the play itself. The scene of the incidents seems to be nowhere, the time, nowhen. The classical allusions, though numerous enough, are but such as might have been supplied by the "small Latin and less Greek," accorded to Shakespeare by the greatest scholarship of the time. The sentiments and customs of ages and nations far asunder in time and space, Pagan gods and Popish observances, are jumbled together in "most admired confusion"; and indeed the matter generally seems to have been patched up at random from what the author had learned in books, instead of being a coherent projection from what he had seen or felt of the living nature within and around him. There may have been an older play on the subject, from which the Poet derived more or less of the plot and incidents; though none such has come down to us. Remains but to add that there is an old ballad on the same subject, which was entered at the Stationers' by John Danter at the same time with the play, and may be seen (for it is doubtless the same) in Percy's *Reliques:* but which of them was written first, we have no means of deciding, save that, as Percy remarks, "the ballad differs from the play in several particulars which a simple ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive tragedian."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

TAMORA

Saturnine braves and insults the benefactor who has given him a crown, and the Gothic Tamora prepares to wreak her vengeance, as empress, on the family that bereaved her of a son. The very morning after her marriage and that of Lavinia with Bassianus she takes the occasion of a hunt,—the courtly compliment of the yet unawakened Titus Andronicus, and with the aid of her paramour Aaron, the Moor, and her brutal sons, Chiron and Demetrius, she abuses and maims Lavinia, murders Bassianus, and destroys by false accusation two of the sons of Andronicus. Still the author does not allow us to take unhesitating party,—for Bassianus and Lavinia are as wanting in prudence as temper, and heap provocation upon her that she could scarcely be expected to bear. It is a point of art by which the black wickedness of Tamora is deepened to the imagination, that we are made to despise and detest her, notwithstanding that her wrongs and provocations have been such as might easily wean our sympathies from very compassionable victims. By mastery of dramatic chiaroscuro, however, we follow sympathetically the distinctive distances of hatefulness, and never lose our way so far as to palliate the atrocities of Tamora, or to refuse our pity to the woes of the Andronicus.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

AARON THE MOOR

More noteworthy, however, than Titus is Aaron the Moor, the arch-villain of the drama. In the cynical effrontery of his wickedness, he resembles some of Marlowe's creations, especially Barabas. But he further displays, though in rudimentary form, two leading characteristics of Shakspere's criminals: he has an acid humor, and he has the faculty of adroitly turning to his own purposes the vicious desires of his fellow-men. A redeeming touch, that keeps him within the pale of humanity, is his affection for his bastard child; but otherwise he is an incarnation of motiveless malignity, thus prefiguring, strangely enough, Iago, who ruins a very different type of the Moorish race. —BOAS, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

EVIDENCES OF SHAKESPEAREAN STYLE

The bloody drama of *Titus Andronicus*, replete with horrors of every kind (which reach a climax when Titus, as a preliminary to stabbing Queen Tamora, serves her in the garb of a cook with her two sons baked in a pie), was probably written by an amateur or "private gentleman" (*teste* Ed. Ravenscroft, 1687), at a time when Shakespeare was still in his experimental stage (1590–3). It may well have been written in emulation of Kyd or Marlowe: but the conception is a good deal lower than that of Marlowe, whose aspiration was rather after the impossible than the merely horrible. As a composition it is more suggestive of Kyd, but the versification is too complex to admit of its being attributed to him; while the complete absence of humor and the rarity of pathos preclude us from accepting it as undiluted Shakespeare. Nevertheless the internal evidence agrees perfectly with such slight external indication as we possess to the effect that Shakespeare revised the play, introducing graceful passages here and fine poetry there, remodeling the character of Titus, and recasting the closing scene, in which (in characteristic Shakespearean style) the reign of sane government and good sense is re-established after a harvest of horrors. It seems to have been a stage success as played by Shakespeare's company. Shakespeare was, in fact, probably set to work upon it because the "shambles" play was then in vogue, just as, later, we have the reigns of Farce, Chronicle, High Comedy, Tragedy, Romance, and Burlesque succeeding each other in the popular taste.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

The three great contrivers of the harms, Titus, Tamora, and Aaron, are shaped with a rude and somewhat uncertain hand; but a trait here and there suggests the future author of *Richard III*, of *Lear*, and *Othello* in this resolute emulator of Marlowe and Kyd. Titus and Tamora bear the stamp of the Kydian tragedy of Revenge. Their tragic career is provoked by a deadly, unpardonable wrong. Aaron, on the other hand, is related rather to the Marlowesque tragedy of dæmonic energy,—*virtù*—which dooms its victims out of pure malignancy. But Titus has touches of a Shakespearean magnanimity which remove him far from the blind pursuer of vengeance. His generous disclaimer of the imperial crown in the opening scene fitly preludes the nobly-imagined scene in which he hews off his hand to save his sons. The scene (III, ii) where the two brothers so passionately moralize the death of a fly, already heralds those apparently trivial moments of pause which the mature Shakespeare is wont to make pregnant of tragic suggestion. And the tenderness for his child which so suddenly and strangely intrudes upon the fiendish malignity of Aaron, is a trait which might well escape from the pen of the future delineator of Shylock and his daughter. Most critics have recognized Shakespearean touches in the style. Certainly, the bookish allusions which are so abundantly woven into its texture are tempered with many touches caught from the open-air life of nature such as nowhere fail in the young Shakespeare. A woodland brake—a "pleasant chase"—is the scene of the most tragic deed in the whole play, and we are not allowed to forget over the sufferings of Lavinia the morningdew upon the leaves or their chequered shadow upon the ground as they quiver in the breeze.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

Poetry, and especially dramatic poetry, is not to be regarded as a bit of joiner's work,—or, if you please, as an affair of jeweling and enameling. The lines which we have quoted may not be among Shakspere's highest things; but they could not have been produced except under the excitement of the full swing of his dramatic power—bright touches dashed in at the very hour when the whole design was growing into shape upon the canvas, and the form of Tamora was becoming alive with color and expression. To imagine that the great passages of a drama are produced like "a copy of verses," under any other influence than the large and general inspiration which creates the whole drama, is, we believe, utterly to mistake the essential nature of dramatic poetry. It would be equally just to say that the nice but well-defined traits of character, which stand out from the physical horrors of this play, when it is carefully studied, were superadded by Shakspere to the coarser delineations of some other man. Aaron, the Moor, in his general conception is an unmitigated villain—something alien from humanity—a fiend, and therefore only to be detested. But Shakspere, by that insight which, however imperfectly developed, must have distinguished his earliest efforts, brings Aaron into the circle of humanity; and then he is a thing which moves us, and his punishment is poetical justice. One touch does this—his affection for his child:—

> "Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
> For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
> I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
> And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
> And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
> To be a warrior, and command a camp."

Did Shakspere put in these lines, and the previous ones which evolve the same feeling, under the system of a cool editorial mending of a second man's work? The system may do for an article; but a play is another thing. Did Shakspere put these lines into the mouth of Lucius, when he calls to his son to weep over the body of Titus?—

> "Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
> To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
> Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
> Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
> Many a matter hath he told to thee,
> Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
> In that respect then, like a loving child,
> Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
> Because kind nature doth require it so."

Malone has not marked these; they are too simple to be included in his poetical gems. But are they not full to overflowing of those deep thoughts of human love which the great poet of the affections has sent into so many welcoming hearts?—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

UN-SHAKESPEAREAN

This is the period of Shakspere's tentative dramatic efforts. Among these, notwithstanding strong external evidence,—the testimony of Meres, and the fact that Heminge and Condell included the play in the first folio,—it is difficult to admit *Titus Andronicus.* That tragedy belongs to the pre-Shaksperian school of bloody dramas. If any portions of it be from Shakspere's hand, it has at least this interest—it shows that there was a period of Shakspere's authorship when the poet had not yet discovered himself, a period when he yielded to the popular influences of the day and hour; this much interest and no more. That Shakspere himself entered with passion or energy into the literary movement which the *Spanish Tragedy* of Kyd may be taken to represent, his other early writings forbid us to believe. The supposed *Sturm und Drang* period of Shakspere's artistic career exists only in the imagination of his German critics. The early years of Shakspere's authorship were years of bright and tender play of fancy and of feeling. If an epoch of storm and stress at any time arrived, it was when Shakspere's genius had reached its full maturity, and *Lear* was the product of that epoch. But *then*, if the storm and stress were prolonged and urgent, Shakspere possessed sufficient power of endurance, and had obtained sufficient grasp of the strong sure roots of life to save him from being borne away into the chaos or in any direction across the borders of the ordered realm of art. Upon the whole, *Titus Andronicus* may be disregarded. Even if it were a work of Shakspere we should still call it un-Shaksperean.—DOWDEN, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

But that which, in our opinion, decides against its Shakespeare authorship is the coarseness of the characterization, the lack of the most ordinary probability in the actions, and the unnatural motives assigned to them. The *style* of a young writer may be perverted, and his *taste* almost necessarily at first goes astray; but that which lies deeper than all this exterior and ornament of art—namely, the estimate of man, the deduction of motives of action, and the general contemplation of human nature—this is the power of an innate talent, which, under the guidance of sound instinct, is usually developed at an early stage of life. Whatever piece of Shakespeare's we regard as his first, everywhere, even in his narratives, the characters are delineated with a firm hand: the lines may be weak and faint, but nowhere are they drawn, as here, with a harsh and distorted touch. And besides, Shakespeare ever knew how to devise the most natural motives for the strangest actions in the traditions which he undertook to dramatize, and this even in his earliest plays; but nowhere has he grounded, as in this piece, the story of his play upon the most apparent improbability. We need only recall to mind the leading features of the piece and its hero. Titus, by military glory placed in a position to dispose of the imperial throne of Rome, in generous loyalty creates Saturninus emperor;

against the will of his sons he gives him his daughter Lavinia, who is already betrothed to Bassianus; and in his faithful zeal he even kills one of his refractory children. At the same time he gives the new emperor the captive Gothic queen, Tamora, whose son he had just slaughtered as a sacrifice for his fallen children. The emperor sees her, leaves Lavinia, and marries Tamora; and Titus, who thus experienced the base ingratitude of him whose benefactor he had been, now expects thanks from Tamora for her elevation, when he had just before murdered her son! The revengeful woman, on the contrary, commands her own sons to slay Bassianus; and to dishonor and mutilate Lavinia. The father, Titus, does not guess the author of the revengeful act. The daughter hears the authors of the deed guessed and talked over; she hears her brothers accused of having murdered her husband, Bassianus; her tongue cut out, she cannot speak, but it seems also as if she could not hear; they ask her not, she can only shake her head at all their false conjectures. At length *by accident* the way is found to put a staff in her mouth, by which she writes in the sand the names of the guilty perpetrators. The dull blusterer who hitherto has been Brutus indeed and in the literal sense of the word, now *acts* the part of Brutus, and the crafty Tamora suffers herself to be allured into the snares of revenge by the same clumsy dissimulation as that by which Titus himself had been deceived. Whoever compares this rough psychological art with the fine touches with which in the poet's first production, Venus and Adonis, even amid the perversion of an over-refined descriptive style, those two figures are so agreeably and truly delineated that the painter might without trouble copy them from the hand of the poet, will consider it scarcely possible that the same poet, even in his greatest errors, could have so completely deadened that finer nature which he nowhere else discards. If it be asked, how it were possible that Shakespeare with this finer nature could ever have chosen such a play even for the sake alone of appropriating it to his stage, we must not forget that the young poet must always in his taste do homage to the multitude, and that in the beginning of his career he would be stimulated by speculation upon their applause, rather than by the commands and laws of an art ideal.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

THE PRINCIPAL DEFECT OF THE PLAY

How much of what is horrible is met with in the universally admired Greek tragedies, the myths of Atreus and Thyestes, Orestes and Clytemnestra, Œdipus and his family, the sources of the Greek tragedy! Is not Gloster's fate in *King Lear* horrible? are we not also at times seized with horror in *Macbeth* and *Othello?* In single cases, therefore, it is perfectly allowable; the fault lies only in the fact that that which, in accordance with its nature, is but an isolated, special, and exceptional reality, appears here as the *general, sole,* form of the tragic element. The drama itself, its substance and ideal character is a mere representation of the tragic, degenerating into the horrible, which indeed necessarily takes place when, in the universal decay of the state and people, even a good and noble character (like Titus) breaks through the most indispensable, the most sacred ties of nature, owing to a want of clearness of moral consciousness, of power, and self-control, and tramples upon all parental feelings. It is this deed, which is spun out into the fearful tissue of the following scenes of horror, that first awakens the fiend in Tamora's nature, and the brute in Aaron. When evil is challenged by the good itself, it not only annihilates itself, but the good as well, which, of course, is then no longer truly good. It is from this point of view that the whole drama is composed; it forms the organic center in which all the separate rays converge. But the horrible, when so accumulated, and made such an ordinary, natural element of life, requires a deeper and more accurate foundation. It is not sufficient simply to presuppose a general state of decay, because the horrible is not necessarily the *general* form of the tragic, even in such a state of things. However even this fault is one that could be tolerated, at least, it is not wholly wanting in motive. The principal and actual defect is, in reality, the total absence of the *conciliatory* element in the tragic pathos. Titus Andronicus dies without having even once come to the consciousness and conviction of his guilt, to the duty of submitting to the will of the gods, in short, without that which is good and beautiful in him having been purified and sublimated by the tragic pathos. It is the same with his younger sons; nay, even Lavinia, whose character is intended to be one of noble womanliness, can, with cold indifference, hold the basin which is to catch the blood of the two victims, and is herself killed by the dagger of her own father while assisting at the horrible repast. Aaron, Tamora, and Saturnine die as they have lived, and Lucius marks his elevation to the dignity of governor with the command for the inhuman and revolting execution of the Moor. Thus the drama ends in a shrill discord which is but little relieved by the abrupt and cold declaration of the new ruler:

> "Then afterwards to order well the state
> That like events may ne'er it ruinate—"

although it somewhat reminds one of Shakspeare's later manner of concluding his tragedies. We do not feel sure that things will not continue to proceed, behind the scenes, in the way they have begun; we turn with horror from such a view of human nature, nay, we are almost forced in despair, to ask, Why was such a race ever called into existence?—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

A FINISHED PRODUCTION

Titus Andronicus is certainly as unlike Shakespear's usual style as it is possible. It is an accumulation of vulgar physical horrors, in which the power exercised by the poet bears no proportion to the repugnance excited by the subject. The character of Aaron the Moor is the only thing which shows any originality of conception; and the scene in which he expresses his joy "at the blackness and ugliness of his child begot in adultery," the only one worthy of Shakespear. Even this is worthy of him only in the display of power, for it gives no pleasure. Shakespear managed these things differently. Nor do we think it a sufficient answer to say that this was an embryo or crude production of the author. In its kind it is full grown, and its features decided and overcharged. It is not like a first imperfect essay, but shows a confirmed habit, a systematic preference of violent effect to everything else. There are occasional detached images of great beauty and delicacy, but these were not beyond the powers of other writers then living. The circumstance which inclines us to reject the external evidence in favor of this play being Shakespear's is, that the grammatical construction is constantly false and mixed up with vulgar abbreviations, a fault that never occurs in any of his genuine plays.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakspear's Plays.*

A PLAY NOT TO BE OVERLOOKED

It is quite unnecessary for any opponent of blind or exaggerated Shakespeare-worship to demonstrate to us the impossibility of bringing *Titus Andronicus* into harmony with any other than a barbarous conception of tragic poetry. But although the play is simply omitted without apology from the Danish translation of Shakespeare's works, it must by no means be overlooked by the student, whose chief interest lies in observing the genesis and development of the poet's genius. The lower its point of departure, the more marvelous its soaring flight.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

THE TRAGEDY
OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Saturninus, *son to the late Emperor of Rome, afterwards emperor*
Bassianus, *brother to Saturninus*
Titus Andronicus, *a noble Roman*
Marcus Andronicus, *tribune of the people, and brother to Titus*
Lucius,
Quintus, *sons to Titus Andronicus*
Murtius,
Mutius,
Young Lucius, *a boy, son to Lucius*
Publius, *son to Marcus Andronicus*
Æmilius, *a noble Roman*
Alarbus,
Demetrius, *sons to Tamora*
Chiron,
Aaron, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora*
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans and Goths

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths*
Lavinia, *daughter to Titus Andronicus*
A Nurse, and a black Child

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants

Scene: *Rome, and the country near it*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Titus Andronicus, a Roman noble and general, returns to Rome after a successful campaign in Gaul and just when the imperial succession is in dispute. Some of the people wish to make him emperor but he throws his influence on the side of Saturninus, the eldest son of the late emperor. He also promises his daughter Lavinia to Saturninus, but Bassianus, a younger brother of the new emperor, carries her off by force. Titus slays with his own hand one of his sons who had aided Bassianus; but in spite of this evidence of his loyalty Saturninus grows cool towards Titus and plans for his downfall. In these schemes he is ably seconded by Tamora, a Gothic queen, whom Titus had brought captive to Rome and who had been liberated by the emperor, and now made his empress in place of Lavinia. Tamora hates Titus because he allowed her first-born son to be offered as a sacrifice to his dead sons.

ACT II

Aaron, a Moor beloved by Tamora, takes advantage of a hunt which Titus has planned for the royal amusement, to meet Tamora. He encourages Tamora's two sons to kill Bassianus, to ravish Lavinia, to tear out her tongue, and to cut off her hands, so that she cannot accuse them either by speech or in writing. Aaron directs suspicion for the murder of Bassianus against two sons of Titus.

ACT III

The two young men are condemned to death and led to execution. Aaron tells Titus that if he will chop off his hand and send it to the emperor their lives will be spared. Titus does so and sends the hand by Aaron, but soon a messenger brings it back accompanied by the heads of his sons. Titus swears to right their wrongs. Lucius, his one remaining son, goes to Gaul, there to raise an army.

ACT IV

With a staff held in her teeth and guided by her stumps, Lavinia writes on the sands the names of her ravishers, and Titus, pretending insanity, sends strange messages to them. Tamora is delivered of a blackamoor child, the result of her intimacy with Aaron. Aaron flees out of the city with the child. Lucius returns to Rome with his Gothic army and Tamora sends word to him that she will meet him at his father's house.

ACT V

Some of the Goths come upon Aaron and the child and bring them to Lucius. Upon promising to preserve the child's life, Lucius learns the story of Aaron's plots against the Andronici. Tamora and her two sons go disguised to Titus's house to make arrangements for the parley. Titus continues to feign madness and after the empress's departure he kills her sons and bakes their bodies in a pie to be served at the feast he has prepared for the meeting. When all the guests are seated Titus slays his own daughter Lavinia and when the emperor presses him for his reason for doing so, he tells him how she had been ravished by Tamora's sons, and then he kills Tamora. Saturninus kills Titus, and Lucius kills the emperor. Lucius tells the Roman people the story of the wrongs done his family and they proclaim him emperor. Aaron, the Moor, is sentenced to be set breast-deep in earth and to die of starvation.

THE TRAGEDY OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter below, Saturninus and his Followers from one side, and Bassianus and his Followers from the other side, with drum and colors.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;

5–6. *"I am his first-born son, that was the last That ware";* so Qq.; Ff. 1, 2, 3 read *"I was the first-born son, that was the last That wore";* F. 4, *"I was the first-born Son of him that last Wore";* Pope, *"I am the firstborn son of him that last Wore";* Collier, *"I am his . . . That wore";* Collier MS., *"I am the first borne Sonne, of him the last That wore."*—I. G.

Then let my father's honors live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.
Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favorers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonor to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field.
And now at last, laden with honor's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, by honor of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honor and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honor thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes and the people's favor
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.
[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favor of my country
Commit myself, my person and the cause.
[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*

---

42. *"pretend";* claim.—C. H. H.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up into the Capitol.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honor and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter Martius and Mutius; after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then Lucius and Quintus. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora Queen of Goths, with Alarbus, Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,

---

62. *"gates"*; Capell reads *"gates, tribunes"*; Collier MS., *"brazen gates."*—I. G.

65. *"patron"*; advocate.—C. H. H.

Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*They open the tomb.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs and on a pile
'Ad manes fratrum' sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadows be not unappeased,

---

77. *"thou great defender of this Capitol"; i. e.* Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.—H. N. H.

99. *"earthy";* so the quartos; the folio, *earthly.*—H. N. H.

Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.
Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.
Tam. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.
Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

---

101. *"prodigies on earth"*; it was supposed that the ghosts of unburied people appeared, to solicit the rites of funeral.—H. N. H.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.
[*Exeunt the sons of Andronicus with Alarbus.*
Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favor Tamora, the queen of Goths,
When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen,
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter the sons of Andronicus, with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus

---

138. *"his tent"*; Theobald reads *"her tent"* (alluding to Hecuba beguiling Polymnestor into the tent where she and the other Trojan captives were).—I. G.

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*
In peace and honor rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned drugs; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honor rest you here, my sons!

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honor live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!
Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

---

154. *"drugs"*; Q. 1, *"drugges"*; Q. 2, *"grudgges"*; Ff., *"grudges."* —I. G.

167. To "outlive an eternal date" is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.—H. N. H.

Enter, below, Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes; re-enter Saturninus and Bassianus, attended.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!
Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.
Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honor's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.
Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I don this robe, and trouble you
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,

---

189. To "*don*" is to *do on,* that is, *put on.*—H. N. H.

And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honor for mine age,
But not a scepter to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right;
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honor thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honorable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,

---

201. *"obtain and ask";* obtain merely by asking.—C. H. H.

The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say 'Long live our emperor!'
Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'
[*A long flourish till they come down.*
Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honorable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?
Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honor'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate

---

224. *"create"*; elect.—C. H. H.
230. *"sort"*; class (of citizens).—C. H. H.
243. *"motion"*; proposal.—C. H. H.

My sword, my chariot and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honor's ensigns humbled at thy feet.
Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.
Tit. [*To Tamora*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honor and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.
Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?
Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honors, lords, with trump and drum.
[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show.*

Bas. [*Seizing Lavinia*] Lord Titus, by your leave,
this maid is mine.
Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bas. Aye, noble Titus, and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.
Marc. 'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's
guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised!
Sat. Surprised! by whom?
Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I 'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I 'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome?
[*Stabbing Mutius.*
Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*
[*During the fray, Saturninus, Tamora,
Demetrius, Chiron and Aaron go
out, and re-enter above.*

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;

My sons would never so dishonor me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promised love. [*Exit.*
Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I 'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonor me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?
Sat. But go thy ways; go give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.
Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.
Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.

Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.
[*Exeunt all but Titus.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonor'd thus and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Marc. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,

---

333. *"Pantheon";* the Pantheon; the temple built by Agrippa in the Campus Martius, A. D. 27.—C. H. H.

338. *"bid"; i. e.* invited.—H. N. H.

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonor'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!
Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.
Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.
Quin. *Mart.* And shall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And shall! what villain was it spake that word?
Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.
Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?
Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honor thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Marc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

---

368. *"not with himself";* this is much the same sort of phrase as *he is beside himself*, a genuine English idiom. A similar expression occurs in the *Yorkshire Tragedy:* "She'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and ne'er be her own woman again."—H. N. H.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*
Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—
Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honor and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonor'd by my sons in Rome!
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.
All. [*Kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.
Marc. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, Saturninus attended, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron; from the other, Bassianus, Lavinia, with others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!
Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.
Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honor wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favor, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou and those that have dishonor'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and honor'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonor'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonor you!
But on mine honor dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
[*Aside to Sat.*] My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I 'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andronicus;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus.
And let it be mine honor, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.
Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister's honor and our own.
Marc. That, on mine honor, here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;

I will not be denied: sweetheart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace bonjour.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

---

485. *"stand up"*; perhaps these words were, as Pope suggested, merely a stage-direction.—I. G.

491. *"love-day"*; day of reconciliation.—C. H. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Rome. Before the palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,

To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and commonweal's.
Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am graced,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passion for Lavinia's love.
Aar. [*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Aye, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. [*Coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonor'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.
Dem. Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breathed in my dishonor here
Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved.
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darest perform.
Aar. Away, I say!
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.
Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.
Aar. To achieve her! how?
Dem. Why makest thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.
Aar. [*Aside*] Aye, and as good as Saturninus may.
Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court it

---

79. *"a thousand deaths";* Chiron appears to mean, that, had he a thousand lives, such was his love for Lavinia, he would propose to venture them all to achieve her.—H. N. H.

82, 83; *cf. 1 Henry VI,* V. iii. 78, 79; *Richard III,* I. ii. 228, 229. —I. G.

85, 87. *"more water glideth by the mill";* there is a Scottish proverb, "Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps." This line is also a northern proverb, "It is safe taking a *shive* of a cut loaf."—H. N. H.

89. *"Vulcan's badge";* as the deluded husband of Venus.—C. H. H.

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
Chi. Aye, so the turn were served.
Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aar. Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tired with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?
Chi. Faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me, so I were one.
Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.

Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c., Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,

---

123. *"file our engines";* the allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by giving smoothness, facilitates the motion of the parts of an engine or piece of machinery.—H. N. H.

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully.
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal. Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, and their Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty;
Madam, to you as many and as good:
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have wrung it lustily, my lords;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Bas. Lavinia, how say you?
Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport. [*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.
Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.
Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A lonely part of the forest.

Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
[*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:

---

9. *"empress' chest"*; this is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it. —H. N. H.

11. *"make a gleeful boast"*; vies in glee.—C. H. H.

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yellowing noise;
And, after conflict such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,

---

20. *"yellowing"*; so Qq.; Ff. read *"yelping"*; Pope, *"yelling."*—I. G.

This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more; we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.
Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!
Aar. No more, great empress; Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him, and I 'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.
[*Exit.*

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?
Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!
Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:

---

69. *"Are singled forth";* have stolen out.—C. H. H.

Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.
Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honor of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?
Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-color'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
Bas. The king my brother shall have note of this.
Lav. Aye, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abused!
Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have ticed me hither to this place:
A barren detested vale, you see it is;

---

93. *"barren detested"*; Rowe reads *"barren and detested"*; Capell, *"bare, detested."*—I. G.

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.
[*Stabs Bassianus.*

---

104. *"fall mad, or else die suddenly"*; this is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the groan of the mandrake when torn up. The same thought, and almost the same expression, occur in *Romeo and Juliet.*—H. N. H.

110. *"Lascivious Goth"*; with a quibble on *goat,* as in *As You Like It,* iii. 3. 9. Probably, as in *mote, moth,* the *th* was pronounced *t.*—C. H. H.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.
[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*
Lav. Aye, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!
Tam. Give me the poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right you mother's wrong.
Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw;
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.
Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.
Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.
Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

---

126. *"painted hope braves your mightiness"*; so Qq., F. 1.; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"painted hope, she . . ."*; Warburton, *"painted cope she . . ."*; Capell, *"paint now braves your mightiness"*; Steevens conj. *"painted, braves your . . .,"* etc., etc.—I. G.

132. *"outlive us"*; Theobald's pointing; Qq., Ff., *"outliue us"*; Dyce (ed. 2), *"outlive ye."*—I. G.

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!
Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
[*To Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.
Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?
Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!
Tam. I know not what it means: away with her!
Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.

152. *"paws"*; Collier MS., *"claws."*—I. G.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Aaron with Quintus and Martius.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.
Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Mart. And mine, I promise you; were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[*Falls into the pit.*
Quin. What, art thou fall'n? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mart. O brother, with the dismal'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!
Aar. [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess

How these were they that made away his
brother. [*Exit.*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,

---

227. *"a precious ring, that lightens all the hole"*; old naturalists assert that there is a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Boyle believed in the reality of its existence. It is often alluded to in ancient fable. Thus in *The Gesta Romanorum:* "He farther beheld and saw *a carbuncle that lighted all the house.*" And Drayton in *The Muse's Elysium:*

> "Is that admired mighty stone,
> The *carbuncle* that's named;
> Which from it such a flaming light
> And radiancy ejecteth,
> That in the very darkest night
> The eye to it directeth."—H. N. H.

And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee.
[*Falls in.*

Enter Saturninus with Aaron.

Sat. Along with me: I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left them there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though grieved with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. [*Giving a letter*] Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
Sat. [*Reads*] 'An if we miss to meet him handsomely—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this and purchase us thy lasting friends.'
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.
Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
Sat. [*To Titus*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,

---

275. *"purchase us"*; win us as.—C. H. H.

Have here bereft my brother of his life.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!
Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them—
Sat. If it be proved! you see it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.
Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my fathers' reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Another part of the forest.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.
Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

Horns winded within. Enter Marcus, from hunting.

Mar. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast!
Cousin, a word; where is your husband? 12

---

5. *"scrowl"*; Qq., *"scrowle"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"scowle"*; Ff. 3, 4, ***"scowl"***; Delius, *"scrawl."*—I. G.

9. *"case"*; Pope's emendation of Qq., Ff., *"cause."*—I. G.

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

---

13. *"If I do dream"*; if this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking.—H. N. H.

26. *"Tereus"*; the husband of Procne, violated her sister Philomela, and then cut her tongue out.—C. H. H.

Fair Philomel, why she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!
[*Exeunt.*

38, 39. *"Philomela,"* after losing her tongue, made her sister Procne aware of her husband's crime by working a representation of it in a sampler.—C. H. H.

49. *"Which that sweet tongue hath made"*; so Qq., Ff.; Hanmer, *"Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made"*; Collier MS., *"Which that sweet tongue hath made in minstrelsy,"* etc.—I. G.

51. *"the Thracian poet"*; Orpheus.—C. H. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Rome. A street.

Enter Judges, Senators, and Tribunes, with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to the place of execution; Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honor's lofty bed.
[*Lieth down; the Judges, Etc., pass by him, and Exeunt.*
For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:

---

12. *"For these, tribunes"*; so Qq., F. 1; F. 4, *"For these, these, Tribunes"*; Malone, *"For these, good tribunes"*; Jackson conj. *"For these two tribunes"*; Collier conj. *"For these, O tribunes."*—I. G.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawn.

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. A noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them . . . . . .
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;

---

17. *"urns"*; Hanmer's emendation of Qq., Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"ruines"*; F. 4, *"ruins."*—I. G.

34–36. Q. 2 reads *"or if they did marke, All bootlesse unto them"*; Ff., *"oh if they did heare They would not pitty me"*; Capell, *"or, if they did mark, All bootless unto them, they would not pity me,"* etc.—I. G.

Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death. [*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.
Luc. Aye me, this object kills me!
Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.
Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou camest;
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands to do Rome service is but vain.
Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!
Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,

67. *"sight"*; Theobald, *"spight."*—I. G.

86. *"Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear"*; Collier MS. reads *"Rich varied notes, enchanting old and young"*; F. 4, *"Sweet various . . .,"* etc.—I. G.

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my dear; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance because she knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

---

125. *"as"*; the reading of Collier, from Collier MS. and Long MS.; Qq., Ff., *"in"*; Rowe, *"like."*—I. G.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I 'll send the emperor
My hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.
Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?

O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.
Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.
Marc. My hand shall go.
Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!
Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.
Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.
Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.
Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.
Luc. Then I 'll go fetch an ax.
Marc. But I will use the ax.
[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*
Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I 'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
Aar. [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:
But I 'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say, ere half an hour pass.
[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.
[*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call! [*To Lav.*] What, would thou kneel with me?
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,

---

210. *"would"*; so Qq.; Ff. read *"wilt"*; Capell conj. *"wou't."*—I. G.

Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

---

226. *"blow"*; the reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, Qq., *"flow."*—I G.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*
Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.
Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?
Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here,
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?
Tit. Ha, ha, ha!
Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.
Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss

Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things:
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let 's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt all but Lucius.*

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The woefull'st man that ever lived in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.

282–283. *"employ'd in these things,"* etc.; so Ff.; Qq., *"imployde in these Armes"*; perhaps, as the Cambridge editors suggest, the original MS. had as follows:—

"And thou, Lavinia, shalt be imployd,
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth,"

the Quarto reading being due to a correction of *"teeth"* to *"armes"*; the latter being taken by the printer as belonging to the previous line.—I. G.

292. *"leaves"*; Rowe's emendation of Qq., Ff., *"loues."*—I. G.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

Scene II

A room in Titus's house. A banquet set out.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.
[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

The whole of this scene is omitted in Qq.—I. G.

13. *"with outrageous beating";* F. 1 reads *"without ragious beating."*—I. G.

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!
Come, let 's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks:
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. 'But!' How, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favored fly,

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd
him.
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah!
Yet, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on
him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Tit. Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me:
I 'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Rome. Titus's garden.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Then enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Aye, when my father was in Rome she did.
Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean:
See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

---

9. *"Fear her not"*; so Qq.; Ff. read *"Feare not"*; Rowe, *"Fear thou not."*—I. G.
13. *"her sons"*; Tiberius and Caius Gracchus.—C. H. H.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad for sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books and fly,
Causeless perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books which Lucius has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact; aye, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses:
My mother gave it me.
Marc. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:
What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see!
Aye, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—
O, had we never, never hunted there!—
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

---

45. *"Soft! so busily"*; Qq., Ff., reads *"Soft, so busily"*; Rowe, *"Soft! see how busily"*; Capell, *"Soft, soft; how busily"*; Knight, *"Soft! how busily"*; Keightley, *"Soft, soft! so busily"*; Collier MS., *"Soft! see how busily."*—I. G.

48. *"treason"*; treachery.—C. H. H.

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me.
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!
My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me. [*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*]
I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Cursed be the heart that forced us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece; and here display at last
What God will have discovered for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
'Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.'

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;

81–82. *"Magni Dominator poli, Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?"; i. e.* Great ruler of the skies, dost thou so tardily hear and see crimes committed? (Seneca's *Hippolytus*, ii. 671); Theobald, *"Magne Dominator"*; Hanmer, *"Magne Regnator."*—I. G.

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me, as, with the woeful fere
And father of that chaste dishonor'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and if she wind you once,
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where 's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Aye, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armory;

---

109. "*bondmen*"; as being prisoners of war, and therefore of the status of slaves.—C. H. H.

Lucius, I 'll fit thee, and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Aye, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I 'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house: 120
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court;
Aye, marry, will we, sir; and we 'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and young Lucius.*

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield,
But yet so just that he will not revenge.
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!
[*Exit.*

Scene II

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door; and at another door, young Lucius, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius;

---

129. *"Revenge, ye heavens,"* Johnson conj.; *"Reuenge the heauens,"* so Qq., Ff.—I. G.

He hath some message to deliver us.
Aar. Aye, some mad message from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honors from Andronicus.
[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!
Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what 's the news?
Boy. [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,
My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armory
To gratify your honorable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside*] like bloody villains. [*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*
Dem. What 's here? A scroll, and written round about!
Let 's see:
[*Reads*] 'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'
Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.
Aar. Aye, just; a verse in Horace; right, you have it.

8, 76; omitted in Ff.—I. G.

20–21. "He who is pure in life, and free from sin, needs not the darts of the Moor, nor the bow" (Horace, *Odes,* I. 22).—I. G.

[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here 's no sound jest: the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. [*Trumpets sound within.*

---

26. *"sound"*; Theobald conjectured *"Fond,"* *i. e.* foolish; but *"sound"* is probably to be taken ironically.—I. G.

28. *"beyond their feeling"*; without their perceiving it.—C. H. H.

38. *"insinuate"*; insinuate himself, wind into our favor.—C. H. H.

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor Child

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace!
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.
Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam;
A joyful issue.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. That which thou canst not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.
Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!
Chi. It shall not live.
Aar. It shall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem. I 'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.
Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.
[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
Aar. My mistress is my mistress, this myself,
The vigor and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This mauger all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.
Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.
Aar. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here 's a young lad framed of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say 'Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.
Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit.*
Dem. How many women saw this child of his?
Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.
But say, again, how many saw the child?
Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.
Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:
Go to the empress, tell her this I said.
[*He kills the nurse.*
Weke, weke!
So cries a pig prepared to the spit.
Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?
Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no:

---

144. *"two may keep counsels,"* etc.; this proverb is introduced in *Romeo and Juliet,* Act ii.—H. N. H.

And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanced,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the Nurse's body.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I 'll bear you hence;

---

164. *"gallant grooms";* stout fellows.—C. H. H.

165. *"take no longer days";* Collier MS., *"make no long delays."*—I. G.

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I 'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE III

The same. A public place.

Enter Titus, bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him, Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen (Publius, Sempronius, and Caius), with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astræ reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch her in the sea;
Yet there 's as little justice as at land:
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost center of the earth:

---

2. *"let"*; so Qq., F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"now let."*—I. G.

4. *"Terras Astræa reliquit"; i. e.* Astræa (the goddess of Justice) left the earth (Ovid. *Metam.* i. 150).—I. G.

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And then it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night to attend him carefully,
And feed his humor kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

---

16. *"then,"* a misprint for *"that."*—I. G.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus; [*He gives them the arrows.*
'Ad Jovem,' that 's for you: here, 'Ad Apollinem:'
'Ad Martem,' that 's for myself:
Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There 's not a god left unsolicited.
Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.
Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.
Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;

---

51. *"wreak"*; revenge.—H. N. H.

56. *"To Saturn, Caius"*; Capell's emendation; Qq., Ff. read *"To Saturnine, to Caius"*; Rowe (ed. 1), *"To Cælus and to Saturn"*; (ed. 2), *"To Saturn and to Cælus."*—I. G.

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.
Tit. Ha, ha!
Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.
Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.
Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Aye, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here 's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Aye, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I 'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will. [*Exit.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The same. Before the palace.

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, Lords, and others; Saturninus with the Arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egal justice used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd
But even with law against the willful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What 's this but libeling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humor, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if he sleep,
He 'll so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. [*Aside*] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you godden: I have brought you a letter and

---

37. *"Thy life-blood out"*; F. 2, *"ont"*; F. 3, *"on't"*; Walker suggested that a previous line had been lost, but the text seems correct,—"and drawn thy life-blood out."—I. G.

couple of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*
Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.
Clo. How much money must I have?
Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.
Clo. Hanged! by 'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*
Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds;
May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honor shall shape privilege:
For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.

What news with thee, Æmilius?
Æmil. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause.
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.
Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head

As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms:
Aye, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.
Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?
Sat. Aye, but the citizens favor Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succor him.
Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.
Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.
Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ears
With golden promises; that, were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
[*To Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambassador:
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
Sat. Æmilius, do this message honorably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
[*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.
Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.
[*Exeunt.*

103. Omitted in Q. 2 and Ff.; the reading of Q. 1.—I. G.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Plains near Rome.

Flourish. Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and colors.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.
First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honorable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we 'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

All the Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.
Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron with his Child in his arms.

Sec. Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewry whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!'—even thus he rates the babe—
'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,

---

17. *"All the Goths,"* should be *"The other Goths,"* as "the first Goth" is kept distinct.—I. G.

27. *"tawny"; i. e.* a hue between black and white. This is in palpable contradiction with the previous statement that the Moor's child is a "blackamoor."—C. H. H.

Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.
Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye;
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.
Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.
Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.
[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.*
Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I 'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'
Luc. Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.
Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;

---

42. An allusion to the old proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye" (Malone).—I. G.

For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.
Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believest no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my god I sware to thee I will.
Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.
Luc. O most insatiate, and luxurious woman!

---

79. Referring to the *"bauble,"* which was a part of the official furniture of a professed fool. See *All's Well that Ends Well,* Act iv. sc. 5.—H. N. H.

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:

---

93. *"And cut her hands"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"And cut her hands off"*; Collier MS., *"Cut her hands off."*—I. G.

102. *"a dog"*; the mastiff, which attacks the bull's or bear's head. —C. H. H.

I pried me through the crevice of a wall
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

First Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Aye, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Aye, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

---

122. A proverb found in *Ray's* collection.—I. G.

132. *"break their necks"*; Malone conj. *"break their necks and die"*; Jackson conj. *"stray and break their necks"*; Collier MS., *"ofttimes break their necks,"* etc.—I. G.

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.
Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!
Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Third Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Luc. Let him come near.

Enter Æmilius.

Welcome, Æmilius: what 's the news from Rome?
Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.
First Goth. What says our general?

---

145. *"Bring down"; i. e.* from the ladder.—C. H. H.

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II

Rome. Before Titus's house.

Enter Tamora, Demetrius, and Chiron, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*Knock.*

Enter Titus, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.
Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.
Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?
Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death;
There 's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.
Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;

And then I 'll come and be thy wagoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the wagon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I 'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers and come with me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are,
And you the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.
[*Exit above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I 'll make him send for Lucius his son;

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I 'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or at the least make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus, below.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house:
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?
Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
Dem. Show me a murderer, I 'll deal with him.
Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.
Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.
Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that 's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he 's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he 's a ravisher.

---

80. *"ply"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"play."*—I. G.

Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.
Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?
Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths:
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Tam. [*Aside to her sons*] What say you, boys? will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determined jest?
Yield to his humor, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.
Tit. [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.
Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.
Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell. [*Exit Tamora.*
Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius and others.

Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you these two?
Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.
Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.
[*Exit.*
[*Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter Titus, with Lavinia; he bearing a knife, and she a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest;

162; iii. 52. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged:
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I 'll play the cook,
And see them ready against their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III

Court of Titus's house. A banquet set out.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.
Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!

---

204. *"the Centaurs' feast"*; the battle between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ at the marriage feast of Pirithous.—C. H. H.

3. *"ours with thine befall what fortune will"*; and our *content* runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may.—H. N. H.

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in,
[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Æmilius, Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament moe sons than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?
Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honorable end,
For peace, for love, for league and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will.
[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.*

Enter Titus, like a Cook, placing the meat on the table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face, young Lucius, and others.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd?
Sat. It was, Andronicus.
Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?
Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!
[*Kills Lavinia.*
Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage, and it now is done.
Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.
Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slain thy own daughter thus?
Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point. [*Kills Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed! [*Kills Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There 's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and others go up into the balcony.*

Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars sever'd, as a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
[*To Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend: as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night,

---

73. "*Lest Rome*"; Capell's reading; Qq., Ff., "*Let Rome*"; Malone, "*Lest Rome.*"—I. G.

When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy:
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despised, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold the child:
[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak, and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

---

124. *"And as he is"*; so Qq., Ff.; Theobald reads *"Damn'd as he is."*—I. G.

131. *"the poor remainder of Andronici"*; that is, *we* the poor remainder, etc., will cast us down.—H. N. H.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand
Lucius our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.
All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!
Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
[*To Attendants.*
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Lucius, Marcus, and the others descend.

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!
Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task;
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kissing Titus.*
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!
Marc. Tear for tear and loving kiss for kiss

---

146. *"Rome's gracious governor"*; modern editions generally assign this and the first line of the speech to the assembled Romans. All the old copies make the two lines a part of Marcus' speech. Of course it is to be understood that the people present signify their assent. Moreover, Marcus is Tribune, and so speaks the people's voice, as their organ.—H. N. H.

Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well:
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants with Aaron.

A Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand and rave and cry for food:

If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offense he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.
Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.
Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abused, deceived; II. iii. 87.
Accited, cited, summoned; I. i. 27.
Acheron, the river of the infernal regions; (Qq., F. 1, *"Acaron"*); IV. iii. 44.
Achieve, obtain; II. i. 80.
Actæon, the Theban prince transformed by Diana into a stag; II. iii. 63.
Advice; "upon a.," on reflection, on consideration; I. i. 379.
——; "good a.," deliberate consideration; (Collier conj. *"acvice"*); IV. i. 92.
Advised; "well a.," not mad, in his right senses; IV. ii. 10.
Advise thee, consider, deliberate; IV. ii. 129.
Affect, desire; II. i. 105.
Affected, loved; II. i. 28.
Affy, confide; I. i. 47.
Afoot; "well a.," in good health; IV. ii. 29.
After, afterwards; II. iii. 123.
Age, seniority; I. i. 8.
Aim; "give me a.," "give room and scope to my thoughts"; V. iii. 149.
Alcides, Hercules; IV. ii. 95.
Anchorage, anchor; I. i. 73.
Annoy, grief, suffering; IV. i. 49.
Appointed, furnished, equipped; IV. ii. 16.
Approve, prove; II. i. 35.
Approved, tried; V. i. 1.
As, so that; II. iii. 103.
Associate, join; V. iii. 169.
At, on; IV. iii. 9.
Author, cause; I. i. 435.

Baleful; "b. mistletoe," with reference to the supposed poisonous berries of the plant; II. iii. 95.
Bane, mischief; V. iii. 73.
Bay; "at a b.," in my power; (a term taken from hunting); IV. ii. 42.
——, barking; II. ii. 3.
Beholding, beholden; I. i. 396.
Belike, I suppose; IV. ii. 50.
Bewray, betray, reveal; II. iv. 3.
Blowse, "a ruddy fat-faced wench"; IV. ii. 72.
Bonjour, good morning; I. i. 494.
Boots, avails; V. iii. 18.
Brabble, quarrel; II. i. 62.
Bravely, finely, properly; IV. iii. 114.
Braves, defiance, threatening; II. i. 30.
——, defies; II. iii. 126.
Break the parle, open the parley; V. iii. 19.
Brethren (trisyllabic); I. i. 348.
Broach, spit; IV. ii. 85.
Buzz, whisper; IV. iv. 7.

Candidatus, candidate; I. i. 185.
Careful, full of care; IV. iii. 30.

Castle, (?) a close helmet (Theobald, *"casque"*; Walker, *"crest"*); III. i. 170.

Challenged, accused; I. i. 340.

Chaps, wrinkles; V. iii. 77.

Charm, affect by magic power; II. i. 23.

Charming, having the power of fascination; II. i. 16.

Chase, hunting-ground; II. iii. 255.

Cheer, countenance; I. i. 264.

Chequer'd, variegated; II. iii. 15.

Children (trisyllabic); II. iii. 115.

Clean, entirely; I. i. 129.

Close, secret; IV. ii. 118.

Closing with, humoring; V. ii. 70.

Closure, end; V. iii. 134.

Clubs, Clubs, "in any public affray the cry was 'Clubs! Clubs!' by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); II. i. 37.

Cocytus, the infernal river; II. iii. 236.

Codding, lustful; V. i. 99.

Coffin, the crust of a pie; V. ii. 189.

Coil, confusion, ado; III. i. 225.

Common, general; I. i. 21.

Compact, made of, composed; V. iii. 88.

Compassion, compassionate, pity; IV. i. 124.

Complot, plot; II. iii. 265.

Complots, plots; V. i. 65.

Conceit, device, invention; IV. ii. 30.

Conduct, guidance; IV. iv. 65.

Confederate, in league, allied; V. i. 108.

Consecrate, consecrated; I. i. 14; II. i. 121.

Continence, moderation; (Collier MS., *"conscience"*); I. i. 15.

Controll'd, hindered; I. i. 420.

Convenient, proper, becoming; V. ii. 90.

Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; IV. i. 12.

Couch, lie hidden; V. ii. 38.

Cousin, niece; (used for any kinsman or kinswoman); II. iv. 12.

Cozen'd, cheated; V. iii. 101.

Cut, cut off; V. i. 93.

Cyclops, the giant servants of Vulcan; IV. iii. 46.

Dancing-rapier, a sword worn only for ornament at dancing; II. i. 39.

Days; "no longer d.," no more time; IV. ii. 165.

Deadly-standing, menacing death; II. iii. 32.

Dear, grievous; (Hanmer, *"dire"*); III. i. 257.

——, dearly; IV. i. 23.

Decipher'd, detected; IV. ii. 8.

Decreed, decided, determined; II. iii. 274.

Decrees, resolutions; V. ii. 11.

Despite; "in my d.," in defiance of me; I. i. 361.

Detect, expose; II. iv. 27.

Dian, Diana; II. iii. 61.

Discover, reveal; V. i. 85.

Dispose, dispose of; IV. ii. 173.

Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 26.

Dominator, ruler; II. iii. 31.

Doubted, suspected; II. iii. 68.

Dreadful, full of dread; II. i. 128.

Drive upon, rush upon, attack; II. iii. 64.

Dumps, melancholy; I. i. 391.

Ecstasies, madness; IV. iv. 21.
Ecstasy, excitement; IV. i. 125.
Egal, equal; IV. iv. 4.
Embracement, embrace; V. ii. 68.
Embrewed, bathed in blood; II. iii. 222.
Emperial's, a blunder for *emperor's;* IV. iii. 94.
Empery, empire, dominion; I. i. 19.
Empress (trisyllabic; Q. 1, Ff. 1, 2, *"Empresse"*; Q. 2, *"Emperesse"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Emperess"*); I. i. 320.
Enacts, working; IV. ii. 118.
Enceladus, a giant of ancient fable; IV. ii. 93.
Enforced, forced; V. iii. 38.
Engine, instrument; III. i. 82.
Entreats, entreaties; I. i. 449.
Escape, escapade, transgression; IV. ii. 113.
Exclaims, outcries, lamentations; (Keightley, *"exclaim"*; Anon. conj. *"extremes"*); IV. i. 86.
Extent, maintenance, application; IV. iv. 3.

Fact, evil deed; IV. i. 39.
Fat, fatten; III. i. 204.
Fear, fear for; II. iii. 305.
Feed, food; IV. iv. 93.
Fell, fallen; II. iv. 50.
Fere, spouse; IV. i. 89.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. i. 127.
Flood, sea; IV. ii. 103.
Fond, foolish; II. iii. 172.
For, as for; IV. iii. 39.
——, through; IV. i. 21.
Forfend, forbid; I. i. 434.
Forth, out of; III. i. 84.
Found, found out, discovered; IV. ii. 26.
Framed, formed, fashioned; IV. iii. 46.
Fraught, freight; I. i. 71.
Funeral, burial; IV. ii. 163.
Funerals, obsequies; I. i. 381.

Gad, sharp point; IV. i. 103.
Gear, business; IV. iii. 52.
Gentleness, kindness; I. i. 237.
Glad, gladden; I. i. 166.
Glistering, glittering; II. i. 7.
Gloze, make mere words; IV. iv. 35.
God-den, good evening; IV. iv. 43.
Good; "were as g.," might just as well; IV. iii. 57.
Gramercy, many thanks; I. i. 495.
Gratulate, make glad, gratify; I. i. 221.
Gray; "morn gray,"= blue; (Hanmer, *"gay"*); II. ii. 1.
Griefs, grievances; I. i. 443.

Hale, drag; V. ii. 51.
Hap, chance; V. ii. 101.
Happily, perchance, perhaps; IV. iii. 8.
Happy, opportune; II. iii. 23.
Head; "fought at head"; "an allusion to bulldogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front and seizing his nose" (Johnson); V. i. 102.
Heaviness, sadness, sorrow; III. ii. 49.
Heavy, sad; III. i. 277.
——, sad; IV. iii. 25.
Hecuba, the wife of Priam, King of Troy; IV. i. 20.
High-witted, sly, cunning; IV. iv. 35.
Himself; "not with h.," *i. e.* beside himself; I. i. 368.
His, its; III. i. 97.
Holp'st, didst help; IV. iv. 59.

Home, to the quick; II. i. 118.
Honesty, chastity; II. iii. 135.
Honey-stalks, *i. e.* "Clover flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die" (Johnson); IV. iv. 91.
Horse, horses; II. ii. 18.
Hyperion, the Sun god; V. ii. 56.

Ignomy, ignominy, shame; IV. ii. 115.
Imperious, imperial; (Q. 2, Ff., *"imperiall"*); I. i. 250; IV. iv. 81.
Incorporate, incorporated; I. i. 462.
Increase, produce; V. ii. 192.
Indifferently, impartially; I. i. 430.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; V. i. 12.
Inherit, possess; II. iii. 3.
Insult on, exult, triumph; III. ii. 71.
Intercepted, restrained; II. iii. 80.

Jet upon, *i. e.* "treat with insolence," (Qq., *"iet"*; Ff., *"set"*; Malone, *"jut"*); II. i. 64.
Joy, enjoy; II. iii. 83.
Just, just so, exactly; IV. ii. 24.

Kind, nature; II. i. 116.

Laertes' son, Ulysses; I. i. 380.
Lamenting doings, lamentations; [Anon. MS. conj. apud Theobald, *"dronings"* for *"doings"*]; III. ii. 62.
Lasting, everlasting; II. iii. 275.
Lave, wash, bathe; IV. ii. 103.
Learn, teach; II. iii. 143.
Leave, cease; I. i. 424.
Leer, complexion; IV. ii. 119.
Leisure; "by l.," in no hurry; I. i. 301.
Like, equal; V. iii. 200.
Limbo, the borders of hell, or hell itself; the *Limbus patrum,* as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighborhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his "Paradise of Fools"; III. i. 149.
List, pleases; IV. i. 100.
Lively, living; III. i. 105.
Loaden, laden; V. ii. 53.
Loose, loosen my hold; II. iii. 243.
——, loosen your bow, let fly; IV. iii. 58.
Luxurious, lustful; V. i. 88.

Madded, maddened; III. i. 104.
Manes; "ad manes fratrum," *i. e.* "to the shades of my brothers," (Qq., Ff. 1, 2, *"manus"*); I. i. 98.
Mauger, in spite of; IV. ii. 110.
Mean, means; II. iv. 40.
Meed, recompense; V. iii. 66.
Mesh'd, mashed; (a brewer's term); III. ii. 38.
Mightful, full of might; IV. iv. 5.
Minion, pert, saucy person; II. iii. 124.
Mistership, a blunder for "mistress-ship"; IV. iv. 40.
Mock, derision, scorn; IV. iv. 58.
Moe, more; V. iii. 17.

Napkin, handkerchief; III. i. 140.
Nilus, the Nile; III. i. 71.
Note, notice; (Pope's emendation of Qq., Ff., *"notice"*); II. iii. 85.

O'ercome, covered; II. iii. 95.
Of, by; II. iii. 167.
——, from; III. ii. 44.
——, on; IV. iii. 59.
Officious, ready, helpful; V. ii. 202.
On, in; II. iii. 223.
——; "set fire on," *i. e.* set fire to; V. i. 133.
Onset, beginning; I. i. 238.
Opinion, reputation; I. i. 416.
Over-ween; "dost o.," art presumptuous; II. i. 29.

Pack, plot; IV. ii. 155.
Painted hope, (*v.* Note); II. iii. 126.
Palliament, robe; I. i. 182.
Parcel, part; II. iii. 49.
Part, depart; I. i. 488.
Passing, surpassingly; II. iii. 84.
Passion, violent sorrow; I. i. 106.
Passionate, express sorrowfully; III. ii. 6.
Patient; "p. yourself," *i. e.* be patient; I. i. 121.
Perforce, of necessity; II. i. 107.
Per Styga, per manes vehor, *i. e.* I am borne through the Styx, through the kingdom of the dead; II. i. 135.
Philomel, the daughter of Pandion, ravished by Tereus, who afterwards cut out her tongue to prevent her exposing him; II. iii. 43.
Phœbe, Diana; (Qq., F. 1, *"Thebe"*); I. i. 316.
Piece, used contemptuously of a person; I. i. 309.
Pitch, used of the height to which a falcon soars; II. i. 14.
Piteously, in a manner exciting pity; (Heath conj. *"pitilessly"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"piteousless"*; Collier MS., *"despiteously"*); V. i. 66.
Plots, spots of ground; II. i. 115.
Power, armed force; III. i. 300; IV. iv. 63.
Present, immediate, instant; II. iii. 173.
Presently, immediately; II. iii. 62; IV. ii. 166.
Prize; "played your p.," "a technical term in the ancient fencing-school"; I. i. 399.
Progne, wife of Tereus, to whom, in revenge for her sister Philomela, she slaughtered and served up his son Itys to eat; V. ii. 196.
Propose, be ready to meet; II. i. 80.
Put it up, put up with it; I. i. 433.
Put up, *i. e.* sheathe your swords; II. i. 53.

Quit, requite, revenge; I. i. 141.
Quotes, observes, examines; IV. i. 50.

Rapier, small sword; IV. ii. 85.
Rapine, rape; V. ii. 59.
Re-edified, restored; I. i. 351.
Remembered; "be you r.," remember; IV. iii. 5.
Reprehending, reproving, reprimanding; III. ii. 69.
Requite, revenge; III. i. 297.
Reserved, preserved, kept safe; I. i. 165.
Resolve, tell; V. iii. 35.
Rolled, coiled; (Collier MS., *"coiled"*); II. iii. 13.

Rue, pity; I. i. 105.

Ruffle, be turbulent and disorderly; I. i. 313.

Sacred; (used ironically, with perhaps a quibble on the Latin use = accursed); II. i. 120.

Sanguine, blood-colored; IV. ii. 97.

Saturn, the planet of hate and gloom; II. iii. 31.

Scath, injury; V. i. 7.

Secure of, safe from; II. i. 3.

Self-blood, selfsame blood; IV. ii. 123.

Semiramis, the queen of Assyria, proverbial for her voluptuousness and cruelty; II. iii. 118.

Sensibly; "endowed with the same feelings as you"; IV. ii. 122.

Sequence; "in s.," one after the other; IV. i. 37.

Sequester'd, separated; (Qq., Ff., *"sequestred"*); II. iii. 75.

Servile, slavish; (Q. 2, Ff., *"idle"*); II. i. 18.

Shall, will; IV. iv. 107.

Shape, form; IV. iv. 57.

Shive, slice; II. i. 87.

Sibyl, one of the Roman prophetesses; IV. i. 105.

Single, isolate; "s. you," bring unattended; II. i. 117.

Sinon, the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to carry the wooden horse into Troy; V. iii. 85.

Sit fas aut nefas, be it right or wrong; (a popular Latin phrase); II. i. 133.

Sith, since; I. i. 271.

——, since; IV. iii. 49.

Slip, scion; V. i. 9.

Smooth, flatter; IV. iv. 96.

Solemn, ceremonious; II. i. 112.

Solon's happiness, alluding to Solon's saying that no man can be pronounced happy before his death; I. i. 177.

Some deal, somewhat; III. i. 245.

Somewhat, something; IV. i. 9.

Somewhither, somewhere, to some place or other; IV. i. 11.

Speak fair, humor; V. ii. 140.

Speed, succeed; (Delius conj. *"speak"*); I. i. 372.

Spleenful, hot, eager; II. iii. 191.

Spurn, hurt, stroke; III. i. 101.

Square, quarrel; II. i. 100.

——, shape; III. ii. 31.

Stale, laughing-stock; I. i. 304.

Stand on, insist on; IV. iv. 105.

Starved, benumbed with cold; III. i. 252.

Stay'd, detained; II. iii. 181.

Still, always, continually; III. ii. 30.

——, constant; III. ii. 45.

Stint, stop, silence; IV. iv. 86.

Stood upon, set a high value upon; II. iii. 124.

Straight, straightway, immediately; I. i. 127.

Stuprum, violation; IV. i. 78.

Subscribe, submit; IV. ii. 130.

Succeed, succeeded; I. i. 40.

Successantly, (?) following after another, or, perhaps, successfully; (Rowe, *"successfully"*; Capell, *"incessantly"*; Collier conj. *"thou instantly"*; Cartwright conj. *"you instantly"*); IV. iv. 113.

Successive; "my s. title," "my title to the succession"; I. i. 4.

Suppose, supposition; I. i. 440.

Surance, assurance; V. ii. 46.

Suum cuique, to every man his due; I. i. 280.

Swarth, swarthy, black; (Q. 1.

"swartie"; Capell, *"swarty"*); II. iii. 72.
Sweet water, perfumed water; II. iv. 6.
Swelling, full to bursting; V. iii. 13.
Swounded, swooned, fainted; V. i. 119.

Take up, make up; IV. iii. 92.
Tedious, laborious; II. iv. 39.
Temper, shape, mould; IV. iv. 109.
——, mix; V. ii. 200.
Tendering, caring for; I. i. 476.
That, that which; I. i. 408.
Threat, threaten; II. i. 40.
Threats, threatens; IV. iv. 67.
Ticed, enticed; II. iii. 92.
Timeless, untimely; II. iii. 265.
Titan, the sun-god; I. i. 226.
To, into; I. i. 421.
Tofore, before; III. i. 294.
Train'd, enticed; V. i. 104.
Tribunal plebs, a blunder for "tribunus plebis"=the tribune of the people; IV. iii. 92.
Trump, trumpet; I. i. 275.
Tully's Orator, *i. e.* Cicero's *De Oratore;* IV. i. 14.
Turn, return; V. ii. 141.
Typhon, *i. e.* Typhœus, one of the giants of ancient fables; IV. ii. 94.

Uncouple, loosen the hounds; II. ii. 3.
Uncouth, strange, perplexing; II. iii. 211.
Undertake, answer for, guarantee; I. i. 436.
Unfurnish'd, deprived; II. iii. 56.
Unjustice, injustice; IV. iv. 18.
Unkind, unnatural; V. iii. 48.
Unrecuring, past cure, incurable; III. i. 90.
Unroll, uncoil; II. iii. 35.
Up and down, exactly, at all points; V. ii. 107.
Uprise, rising; III. i. 159.
Urchins, hedgehogs; II. iii. 101.

Virgo, the constellation of that name; (in the old myth it represents Astræa, after she left the Earth); IV. iii. 64.
Voice, vote; I. i. 21.
Vouch, make good; I. i. 360.

Wags, moves; V. ii. 87.
Wall-eyed, fierce-eyed; V. i. 44.
Ware, wore; I. i. 6.
Weeds, garments; I. i. 70.
Welkin, sky; III. i. 212.
Well said, well done; IV. iii. 63.
What, why; I. i. 189.
Whenas, when; IV. iv. 92.
White-limed, white-washed; IV. ii. 98.
Who, whom; II. iii. 55.
Wind, scent; IV. i. 97.
——; "have the w. of you," keep an eye upon you; IV. ii. 133.
Wit, mental power; (Warburton, *"will"*); II. i. 10.
With, by; II. iii. 78.
Witty, possessed of wit; IV. ii. 29.
Wot, know; II. i. 48.
Wreak, vengeance; IV. iii. 33.
Wreaks, resentments; IV. iv. 11.
Wrongfully, wrongful; IV. iv. 76.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Jean M. Vincent, A.B.

GENERAL

1. What was the origin of the play? To what well-known early writer are portions of the play directly traceable?

2. Give the date of the first printing of *Titus Andronicus.*

3. What is the general opinion of critics regarding the authorship of this play?

4. In the history of the Roman Empire what account is found of a war with the Goths?

5. What passion is this play the portrayal of?

ACT I

6. Through what achievements has Titus Andronicus merited the favor of the Romans?

7. Upon what claims do Saturninus and Bassianus base their rights to the throne?

8. Describe the influence of Marcus Andronicus upon the entire action of the play.

9. To whom does Titus Andronicus refer as the "great defender of this Capitol?"

10. What plea does Tamora make to Titus? How does the refusal influence the future action?

11. What is the flaw in the character of Titus?

12. To what superstition does Lucius refer in lines 100 and 101 of scene i, when he says "That so the shadows be not appeased, Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth."

13. How does Saturninus repay the honor done him by Titus Andronicus?

14. Is Saturninus' choice of an empress instigated by love or policy?

15. Describe the death of Mutius? How does it further convey the impression of the degrading influence of forty years of war on Titus?

16. How does the character of Tamora appear in her advice to Saturninus—lines 442–455, scene i?

ACT II

17. What are the ambitions of Aaron as revealed in his speech at the opening of Act II?

18. How is the revenge of Tamora worked out in the course suggested by Aaron to Demetrius and Chiron?

19. What two well-known proverbs are referred to by Demetrius?

20. What dramatic details in scenes i and ii suggest the doubt of the authenticity of the play?

21. How is Shakespeare's fondness of presentiments suggested by the troubled sleep of Titus?

22. Show how the plot is unfolded by the passage between Tamora and Aaron.

23. How is the motive power of Tamora felt through the entire play? What are her characteristics?

24. What is the story of Tereus referred to by Marcus?

ACT III

25. Show the contrast between the characters of Titus and Lucius in the opening of this Act.

26. How does the extremity of sorrow affect the character of Titus?

27. What motive had Saturninus in asking for the hand of Titus?

28. Describe the nobility of Lucius in scene i. How does he offer to spare his father?

29. Is it like Shakespeare to portray a character which has no redeeming trait, such as that of Aaron?

30. Was the hatred of Saturninus for Titus on his own account or was it nourished by Tamora? What action shows his extreme hatred and scorn?

31. What purpose does Lucius express in response to Titus?

32. What is the dramatic use of the character of the Boy?

33. When does Titus begin to feign madness? Is there reason for thinking it may not be feigned?

ACT IV

34. How does Lavinia contrive to tell her story?

35. What is the meaning of the lines from Horace which Titus sends to the sons of Tamora?

36. What does the scene with Aaron and his chief show in regard to his nature?

37. When is the madness of Titus, whether feigned or real, first recognized by Marcus and others?

38. Why is the clown introduced into scenes iii and iv?

39. Compare the strength of the character of Tamora with that of Saturninus?

40. What does Tamora mean when she says "But Titus, I have touched thee to the quick"? and what by, "if Aaron now be wise"?

41. How does Saturninus show his knowledge of his lack of popularity with the Romans?

ACT V

42. How is the treatment given by Saturninus to Titus looked upon by the Goths? Does this show the worthiness and nobility of Titus as well as the treachery of Saturninus?

43. What is the appeal of Aaron to Lucius and what does he offer him?

44. What tribute does Aaron pay Lucius in this scene?

Is not Lucius the only character to whom he shows respect?

45. How does Lucius treat the message brought by Æmelius?

46. Is Tamora deceived by the madness of Titus? Describe the battle of wits between the two.

47. How is the action of Lavinia in scene iii inconsistent with the previous representation of her character?

48. Are the exaggerated cruelties of this play intended only to give the idea of the evil of Revenge? Does the author seek to show that the innocent as well as the guilty are sacrificed by this passion?

49. What is the motive for the killing of Lavinia?

50. Show the final punishment of Tamora and Aaron.

51. How does Lucius triumph in the end?

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H. = Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H. = C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EARLY EDITIONS

Pericles, Prince of Tyre, was first published, in quarto, in 1609, with the following title-page:—

"The late, | And much admired Play, | Called | Pericles, Prince | of Tyre. | With the true Relation of the whole Historie, | aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince: | As also, | The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter | MARIANA. | As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by | his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on | the Banckside. | By William Shakespeare. | Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson*, and are | to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in | Paternoster row, &c. | 1609. | "[1]

A second quarto appeared in the same year; a third in 1611; a fourth in 1619; a fifth in 1630; a sixth in 1635.

These quarto editions are sufficient evidence for the popularity of the play; its omission from the First and Second Folios is all the more significant: it was reprinted, however, from the Sixth Quarto, in the Folios of 1664 and 1685, which included "seven plays never before printed in Folio," viz.: *Pericles, Prince of Tyre; The London Prodigal; The History of Thomas, Lord Cromwell; Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham; The Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy; The Tragedy of Locrine.*

---

[1] This quarto and the Second have been reproduced in facsimile in Dr. Furnivall's Quarto-Series.

THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE PLAY

In dealing with the authorship of *Pericles* two facts must be borne in mind:—(i) the verdict of the Editors of the First Folio in rejecting it from their volume; (ii) the early allusions and early traditions which associate the play with Shakespeare's name; thus, in 1646, S. Shepherd wrote:—

"with Sophocles we may
Compare great Shakespeare: Aristophanes
Never like him his Fancy could display,
Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles."

The writer of these lines must have been voicing the opinion of many enthusiastic spectators of "the much-admired play"; J. Tatham, however, uttered the views of the more critical faction, when in 1652 he quoted this censure:—

"Shakespeare, the Plebeian driller, was
Foundered in's Pericles, and must not pass."

Pericles indeed seems to have become almost proverbial for a bad play successful in hitting the tastes of the masses.

"And if it prove so happy as to please,
We'll say 'tis fortunate like Pericles";

so wrote Robert Tailor, in the Prologue to *The Hog hath lost his Pearl.*

Ben Jonson in his Ode "*Come leaue the loathed stage*" (1629–1630), singled out for special scorn

"some mouldy tale
Like Pericles";

while Owen Feltham reminded him frankly that certain portions of his own *New Inn*

"throw a stain
Through all the unlikely plot, and do displease
As deep as Pericles."

It must be observed that there is no reference in these latter quotations to Shakespeare's alleged authorship. Subsequently, Dryden accepted the play, while Pope rejected it, and the early editors down to the time of Malone followed his example; since the time of Steevens it has been included in the Canon, its doubtful character, however, being generally recognized. "I must acquit," wrote Steevens in opposition to Malone's views, "even the irregular and lawless Shakespeare of having constructed the fabric of the drama, though he has certainly bestowed some decoration on its parts. Yet even this decoration, like embroidery on a blanket, only serves by contrast to expose the meanness of the original materials." Happily modern criticism corroborates the judgment of the First Editors, condemns a great part of *Pericles* as altogether un-Shakespearean, and relieves the poet of all the offensive and loathsome scenes of "the moldy tale." Shakespeare's hand cannot be traced in the first two Acts, nor in the coarse portions of Act IV, viz. scenes ii, v, and vi; his work is "the strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life of Marina," and is to be found in the last three acts of the play. Mr. Fleay has extracted the precious metal from the alloy, and the result is a charming Shakespearean Romance [1]—"a kind of prologue" to the glorious group of "Romances" belonging to the close of his literary career.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The date inferred from the connection of the "Marina portion" of *Pericles* with the last plays of Shakespeare is borne out by external evidence, as well as by more minute internal considerations. The title-page of the first edition, the reference to it as "a new play" in a metrical pamphlet entitled *Pimlyco* published in 1609, the publication in 1608 of a novel based upon it "as lately represented," all point to *circa* 1607–1608 as the date of Shakespeare's part: this view is strongly confirmed by metrical tests which make it contemporary with *Antony and Cleopatra.*

---

[1] Published by the *New Shakespeare Society,* 1874.

No scholar would now venture to support Dryden's statement in his Prologue to Davenant's *Circe*, 1675:—

> "Shakespear's own Muse her Pericles first bore,
> The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
> 'Tis miracle to see a first good play;
> All Hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day."

GEORGE WILKINS AND PERICLES

It is possible to differentiate no less than three styles in the play of *Pericles.* Shakespeare's share has already been assigned to him: in all probability Act IV, scenes v and vi, are not by the author of the first two Acts and the short line chorus. The author of the latter portion was certainly George Wilkins, who in 1608 brought out a novel, "being the true history of the play, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower"; he lays claim to the play as a "poor infant of his brain," and his claim is justifiable, (*vide* Delius, *Preface to Pericles*, and especially Mr. Fleay's valuable essay on *Pericles*, read before the *New Shakespeare Society*, 1874).

The third author may have been W. Rowley, who was joined with Wilkins and John Day in writing *The Travels of the three English Brothers*, etc.; this point is, however, a matter of conjecture, and the evidence is not altogether convincing.

SOURCES OF THE PLOT

The direct sources of *Pericles* were Laurence Twine's *Patterne of Paineful Adventures*, published in 1576, and Gower's collection of metrical tales called "*Confessio Amantis*"; both these works were consulted for the famous story of *Apollonius of Tyre.* Gower was indebted for his tale to Godfrey of Viterbo's *Pantheon*, a Latin work of the 12th century; Twine probably reprinted an earlier 16th century version, derived from a French source. The story was among the most widespread stories of the Middle Ages; its original was probably in Greek; the earliest allusion to the Latin version belongs to the middle of the 8th century. A West-Saxon translation was made in the 11th century (*cp.* Ward's *Catalogue of Romances in the British Museum;* P. Z. Round's *Preface to Quarto-Facsimile;* Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, etc.).

The name "Pericles" in place of "Apollonius" may have been derived from Sidney's *Arcadia.*

DURATION OF ACTION

The action of the play covers a period of from fifteen to sixteen years, of which fourteen days are represented on the stage: the chief intervals are accounted for in the Choruses:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i.—*Interval.*

Day 2. Act I, sc. ii, iii.—*Interval.*

Day 3. Act I, sc. iv.—*Interval, 2nd Chorus.*

Day 4. Act II, sc. i.

Day 5. Act II, sc. ii, iii, iv.

Day 6. Act II, sc. v.—*Interval, 3rd Chorus.*

Day 7. Act III, sc. i.

Day 8. Act III, sc. ii.—*Interval.*

Day 9. Act III, sc. iii, iv.—*Interval, 14 years, 4th Chorus.*

Day 10. Act IV, sc. i.—*Interval.*

Day 11. Act IV, sc. ii, iii.—*Interval, 5th Chorus* (Act IV, sc. iv).

Day 12. Act IV, sc. v, vi.—*Interval, 6th Chorus.*

Day 13. Act V, sc. i.—*Interval, 7th Chorus* (Act V, sc. ii).

Day 14. Act V, sc. iii (*cp.* Daniel's "*Time-Analysis of Shakespeare's Plays*").

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

"The late and much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true relation of the whole History, Adventures, and Fortunes of the said Prince; as also the no less strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life of his Daughter Marina. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by his Majesty's Servants, at the Globe on the Bank-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the sign of the Sun in Paternoster-row, &c., 1609."

Such is the title-page of the earliest known edition of *Pericles*, which was a quarto pamphlet of thirty-five leaves. The play was also reissued in 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635; but was not included in any collection of the Poet's dramas, till the folio of 1664.

There can be little doubt that the first issue of *Pericles* was unauthorized; and from the broken and disordered state of the text it seems not improbable that the copy may have been made up, in part at least, from short-hand reports taken at the theater. The play, along with *Antony and Cleopatra*, was entered at the Stationers by Edward Blount, on May 20, 1608, as "The Book of Pericles, Prince of Tyre." Whether the issue of 1609 had any connection with this entry, and, if so, why it was "imprinted" for Gosson instead of Blount, are matters not likely to be ascertained. Blount may have transferred his interest to Gosson, or the latter may have managed to get a copy in advance of the former. As the play was vastly popular on the stage, this of course would render the company the more unwilling to let it be printed, and at the same time render publishers the more eager to get hold of it. Mr. Collier has discovered that different copies of the first issue vary considerably in the text; which shows that corrections were made while the matter was going through the press. It seems not unlikely, too, from this circumstance, that the work was done with some haste, and perhaps alterations made as they were gathered from the lips of the actors while the printing was going on.

Touching the authorship of *Pericles*, there is room for a good deal of discussion. That Shakespeare did enough in the play to warrant the assigning of it to him, we have no doubt. Even if there were no external evidence to the point, his mighty hand is too manifest in some parts, to admit of any question on this score. And it is very considerable, that where his workmanship is most apparent, it is clearly the workmanship of the master, not of the apprentice. And here it is to be noted, that the play was regarded as *new* in 1608. We have already seen that in the title-page of the first edition it was called "the *late* and much admired play." A novel, also, of which more presently, expressly founded on the play, and published in 1608, speaks of it as "*lately* presented"; and it is spoken of as "a *new* play" in a poetical tract called Pimlico or Run Red-cap, printed in 1609. That the play could not *all* have been written by Shakespeare at or about that time, is evident enough. But whether the whole of it were written then, Shakespeare working at it conjointly with another person; or whether it were an old play by some other hand, then repaired and brought upon the stage by Shakespeare; or whether it were a juvenile effort of his, at that time revised by him, and enriched in some parts with the effluence of his full-blown genius;—these are questions about which there have been and will most likely continue to be various opinions.

Our own opinion, so far as we have any, runs strongly, we confess, to the latter alternative; though much the greater number of critics and editors have taken to one of the others. But their judgment, in this as in several other like cases, seems not a little disqualified by the circumstance of its having mainly proceeded on what we regard as utterly false grounds. For, in effect, they do not allow the Poet ever to have been a boy in the drama: the principle of nearly all their reasoning on such points is, that he was indeed a man of wonderful genius, but of little judgment; and that both his genius and his art were nearly or quite full-grown as soon as born. As we hold his judgment to have been at least equal to his genius; as we fully believe that there was, after all, a good deal of human nature in him, and that he grew and ripened up, faster, indeed, and higher than others, but yet by the usual methods of practice and experience; of course our conclusion in this and other like cases is something different from theirs. And, to bring the whole of this play within the probable range of Shakespeare's workmanship, nothing seems wanting but the simple admission that, beginning we know not how feebly and unskillfully, he had to go through some exercise of the "prentice hand" in order to attain the master's hand. With this understanding, and making, withal, due allowance for the way in which the first edition appears to have been got up, we can discover nothing in the play below the boyhood of such a man as Shakespeare; though it certainly has many things not above the manhood of several who were contemporary with him.

Nor are we without some pretty good evidence that *Pericles* was in fact among the Poet's earliest performances. Dryden, in his Prologue to Charles Davenant's *Circe*, written in 1675, which was less than sixty years after Shakespeare's death, has the following:

> "Shakespeare's own Muse his Pericles first bore;
> The Prince of Tyre was elder than his Moor."

Dryden was at this time in his forty-fourth year, and had been a writer for the stage twelve years. He was an intimate friend of Sir William Davenant, whose last work was an alteration of *The Tempest* executed in conjunction with Dryden. Sir William was the sometime reputed son of Shakespeare, born in 1606, and a writer for the stage as early as 1626. The rest of the argument for the competency of Dryden's testimony is thus stated by Knight: "Of the original actors in Shakespeare's plays, Dryden himself might have known, when he was a young man, John Lowin, who kept the Three-Pigeons Inn at Brentford, and died very old, a little before the Restoration; and Joseph Taylor, who died in 1653, although, according to the tradition of the stage, he was old enough to have played *Hamlet* under Shakespeare's immediate instruction; and Richard Robinson, who served in the army of Charles I, and has an historical importance through having been shot to death by Harrison, after he had laid down his arms. It is impossible to doubt, then, that Dryden was a competent reporter of the traditions of the stage. We can picture the young poet, naturally anxious to approach as closely to Shakespeare as possible, taking a cheerful cup with poor Lowin in his humble inn, and listening to the old man's recital of the recollections of his youth amidst those scenes from which he was banished by the violence of civil war and the fury of Puritanical intolerance."

Another point of no little weight has reference to Sidney's *Arcadia*. Sir Philip Sidney died in 1586, and his *Arcadia* was published in 1590, under the care of his sister, the celebrated Countess of Pembroke. But even before publication, the *Arcadia* had become largely known in manuscript, and a great favorite wherever known. Soon afterwards, it grew to be the most popular book of the age. Shakespeare, from his early social and poetical connections after establishing himself in London, could not have been either ignorant or incurious respecting a treasure of romance so much distinguished. That he had some acquaintance, either by reading or hearing, with its contents, before it came from the press, is, to say the least, highly probable. And it is certain that *Pericles* was written when the author's mind was fresh and warm from the hearing or the reading of that then literary wonder. We subjoin the argument on this point as given by Steevens:

"It is remarkable that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage, and, when his subordinate heroes were advanced to such honor, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? Musidorus his companion, Argalus and Parthenia, Phalantus and Eudora, Andromana, etc., furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney had once such popularity that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. All circumstances therefore considered, it is not improbable that Shakespeare designed his chief character to be called *Pyrocles*, not *Pericles*, however ignorance or accident might have shuffled the latter into the place of the former. This conjecture will amount almost to certainty, if we diligently compare *Pericles* with the *Pyrocles* of the *Arcadia*. The same romantic, versatile, and sensitive disposition is ascribed to both characters, and several of the incidents pertaining to the latter are found mingled with the adventures of the former personage; while, throughout the play, the obligations of its author to various other parts of the romance may be frequently and distinctly traced, not only in the assumption of an image or a sentiment, but in the adoption of the very words of his once popular predecessor; proving incontestably the Poet's familiarity with the *Arcadia* to have been very considerable."

To which we have but to add, that the names *Pyrocles* and *Pericles* are so nearly the same in sound, that the slight change may be well enough accounted for by supposing the Poet's acquaintance with the *Arcadia* to have been made by the ear, not by the eye; and that the resemblances between the play and the romance are such as would naturally result from a vivid recollection of the contents of the latter, rather than from a present study of them or reference to them. Allowing, then, the play to have been originally written as early at least as 1590, and some parts of it re-written in 1608, this will sufficiently account for the great diversity of style, without supposing more than one hand in the composition, and at the same time account for its being regarded as a new play at the latter date.

But we have not yet fully given the external evidence for assigning *Pericles* to Shakespeare. We lay no stress, here, on the appearance of his name in the title-page of the first edition; as several other plays were in like manner fathered upon him, such as *The Life of Sir John Oldcastle* and *The London Prodigal,* which it is all but certain he had no hand in writing. In the case of *Pericles,* however, there seems to have been a constant and unquestioned tradition, inferring that it was rightly published as his. In *The Times Displayed,* a poem published in 1646, and dedicated by S. Shepherd to the Earl of Pembroke, occurs the following:

> "See him whose tragic scenes Euripides
> Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
> Compare great Shakespeare: Aristophanes
> Never like him his fancy could display:
> Witness The Prince of Tyre, his Pericles."

And six years later, J. Tatham, in some lines prefixed to Richard Brome's *Jovial Crew,* compliments himself at Shakespeare's expense, thus:

> "But Shakespeare, the plebeian driller, was
> Founder'd in his Pericles, and must not pass."

All which, together with the lines before quoted from Dryden, the title-pages of the five quarto issues, and the including of it in the folio of 1664, is external evidence amply sufficient to offset the non-appearance of the play in the folio of 1623; while the still stronger evidence furnished by the play itself quite precludes any doubt being made as to the authorship from that circumstance. Still the question arises, why *Pericles* alone of Shakespeare's plays should not have been included in that collection. This, we apprehend may be sufficiently accounted for in that the copyright was already vested in another party, while the great and long-continued popularity of the play made it for his interest to retain the exclusive control of it. However, on this point, we may as well give the statement of Mr. Collier; which we the rather do, that it differs in some respects from our own judgment as already expressed.

"An opinion," says he, "has long prevailed, and we have no doubt it is well founded, that two hands are to be traced in the composition of *Pericles.* The larger part of the first three acts were in all probability the work of an inferior dramatist: to these Shakespeare added comparatively little; but he found it necessary, as the story advanced and the interest increased, to insert more of his own composition. His hand begins to be distinctly seen in the third act, and afterwards we feel persuaded that we could extract nearly every line that was not dictated by his great intellect. We apprehend that Shakespeare found a drama on the story in possession of one of the companies performing in London, and that, in accordance with the ordinary practice of the time, he made additions to and improvements in it, and procured it to be represented at the Globe Theater. Who might be the author of the original piece, it would be vain to conjecture. Although we have no decisive proof that Shakespeare ever worked in immediate concert with any of his contemporaries, it was the custom with nearly all the dramatists of his day, and it is not impossible that such was the case with *Pericles.*

"The circumstance that it was a joint production may partly account for the non-appearance of *Pericles* in the folio of 1623. Ben Jonson, when printing the volume of his works, in 1616, excluded for this reason *The Case is Altered,* and *Eastward Ho!* in the composition of which he had been engaged with others; and when the player-editors of the folio of 1623 were collecting their materials, they perhaps omitted *Pericles* because some living author might have an interest in it. Of course we only advance this point as a mere speculation; and the fact that the publishers of the folio of 1623 could not purchase the right of the bookseller, who had then the property in *Pericles*, may have been the real cause of its non-insertion."

The story on which *Pericles* is founded is very ancient, and is met with in a great variety of forms. It occurs in that old store-house of popular fiction the *Gesta Romanorum*, and its antiquity is shown by the existence of an Anglo-Saxon version which was printed not many years since under the care of Mr. Thorpe. It is said that Latin manuscripts of it are in existence, dating as far back as the tenth century. The story was accessible to Shakespeare in at least two forms. One of these was a prose translation from the *Gesta Romanorum* by Lawrence Twine, first printed in 1576, and republished in 1607, with the following title: *The Pattern of Painful Adventures: Containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable History of the strange accidents that befel unto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter.* The other of these forms was the version of old John Gower, who rendered it into English verse, and made it a part of his *Confessio Amantis*, with the title *Appollinus, the Prince of Tyre.* Gower, it scarce need be said, lived at the same time with Chaucer, and well deserves to be remembered and studied as one of the masters of English poetry in that age. His *Confessio Amantis* was first printed by Caxton in 1483. In Shakespeare's day it was very popular; but in later times the author has been well-nigh lost sight of in the outshining brightness of his great contemporary. In the story of Prince Appollinus, Gower avowedly took his incidents from a metrical version in the *Pantheon, or Universal Chronicle* of Godfrey of Viterbo, which was made in the latter part of the twelfth century. The fact of the story being so well-known and so popular in Gower's poem was of course the reason why he was made to serve as Chorus in the play. Mr. Collier seems to think that the incidents of *Pericles* were rather borrowed from Twine's version of the story than from Gower's. That this could not have been the case is evident from the fact, that wherever the names of the persons vary in the two versions the play follows Gower: moreover, there are a few expressions in the play which must have been taken directly from the poem. Beyond this, the play indicates no borrowing from either source except the naked story; nor even here does it follow Twine's version in any point where this varies from Gower's.

There is one more old performance to be briefly noticed in this connection. This is the novel mentioned above, which was originally published with a title-page reading thus: *The Painful Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet John Gower. At London: Printed by T. P. for Nat. Butter. 1608.* The novel was evidently made up partly from Twine's version of the story, and partly from notes taken of the play as performed on the stage. The great popularity of the drama, and the impossibility of getting any copy of it for the press, most likely induced Nathaniel Butter to employ some person at the theater for that purpose. The novel is of considerable value in helping to clear up some points in the text of the play. And the greater length and completeness of some of the speeches, as there given, strongly favors the belief, which is otherwise very probable, that the drama has reached us in a mutilated and imperfect state. For our knowledge of this novel we are indebted to a tract printed in 1839, and entitled *Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works.*

Respecting the dramatic merits of *Pericles* there is not much to be said. It is emphatically, not to say exclusively, a play of incidents, with but little of clear and pointed characterization. It has indeed a goodly number of superb strains of poetry; but these for the most part are introduced in such a way as to render it evident that the germs of them were not in the original conception of the characters: they strike us rather as choice pearls held together mechanically by a string, than as the organic adornings of nature, growing forth from an innate virtue, and so cohering in a common center or principle of life.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

PERICLES

Nathan Drake regarded him [Pericles] as buoyant with hope, ardent in enterprise, a model of knighthood, the devoted servant of glory and love. So much may praise be misplaced. This romantic sufferer exhibits far rather features of character entirely opposed to chivalrous feeling. His depth of soul and intellect and a touch of melancholy produce in him painful sensitiveness, which indeed, as long as he is unsuspicious, leaves him indifferent to danger; but after he has once perceived the evil of men, renders him more faint-hearted than bold, and more agitated and uneasy than enterprising. The motives which induce him to venture the dangerous wooing of Antiochus' daughter have not been previously depicted by the poet, but are subsequently intimated. The man who, when he perceives the dishonor of the house into which he has fallen, recognizes so quickly and acutely the danger that threatens him, who penetrates in a moment the wicked nature of the sinning father, declaring that he blushes no more for his own shame, and upon its discovery "seem'd not to strike, but smooth"; who, modest as he is prudent, ventures not to name openly, and scarcely even to himself, the perceived connection, and who thoughtfully considers his position; the man who speaks riddles proves that he is able also to solve them. And he, whose imagination, after fear has been once excited in him, is filled with ideas of a thousand dangers, whose mind is seized with the darkest melancholy, appears also in these touches to be a nature of such prominent mental qualities that, trusting rather to these than to chance, he ventured to undertake to guess the dangerous riddle of the daughter of Antiochus. Agitation, fear, and mistrust now drive him out into the wide world, and beset him in his happiness at Pentapolis, as in his danger in Antiochia; yielding to adversity, and more noble and tender than daring, he carefully conceals himself, and in a perfectly different position fears the same snares as with Antiochus; these are without doubt intentional additions by the last elaborator, for in the story and in the English narrations of it Pericles declares at once his name and origin. The tender nature of his character, which makes him anxious in moments of quiet action, renders him excited in misfortune, and robs him of the power of resistance in suffering. The same violent emotion, the same sinking into melancholy, the same change of his innermost feelings, which he remarks in himself in the first act, after his adventure in Antiochia, we see again rising in him after the supposed death of his wife and child; as at that time he again casts himself upon the wide world and yields to immoderate grief, forgetful of men and of his duties, until the unknown daughter restores him to himself, and he at the same time recovers wife and child. The ecstatic transition from sorrow to joy is here intimated in the same masterly manner as the sudden decline from hope and happiness to melancholy and mourning was before depicted.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PLAY

A play which has such various and frequently shifting scenes as Pericles must always be read to a certain degree of disadvantage beyond the fortune of others of less diversified stage accident. These changes furnish a source of fatigue and refreshment to the spectator, which an experienced dramatist knows how to manage and control, and makes the most of by corrections which are lost or go counter in the closet. Even a reader, who is also a playgoer, finds much difficulty in saving these effects, and they slip from others entirely. Taking however, as well as one may, the point of view of the parterre, I confess I find much to admire in the skill with which the play of *Pericles* is constructed and put together. Whether we take the outline of the story in the form of argument, or read it in the verses that furnished it to the playwriter, we may be honestly struck with the ingenuity that could group, divide and connect it for dramatic purposes, with the requisite clearness and facility that are successfully attained. The story rambles dispersedly in various countries and by sea and land, and the incidents are of every degree of importance and insignificance; but the stages of the story as enacted are cleverly made to correspond with the relief of the divisions of the acts.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

POPULARITY OF THE PLAY

Pericles was surpassed by few of Shakespeare's most authentic plays in popularity. In 1609 an anonymous satirist compared a crowd of outstretched throats to an audience come "to see *Shore* or *Pericles.*" The name of Pericles became a by-word for good fortune, and Boult seems, like Pandarus, to have given a new sobriquet to his class. But the immense vogue of *Pericles* was chiefly among the populace of all ranks. Grave and scholarly persons resented its monstrous defects as a drama, as well as its pardonable if not legitimate grossness: and presently their voices began to be heard. Jonson, smarting from the derisive rejection of his *The New Inn* (1629), turned savagely upon the "mouldy tale" which it was still a safe venture to perform; and even Owen Feltham's Reply seems to admit that there were many whom *Pericles* "deeply displeased." After the Restoration it passed from the stage, on account of its offenses against art rather than against decency, though its grossness was of too primitive a type to please the contemporaries of Etherege. Dryden singles it out, with the English histories collectively, as a type of the "ridiculous incoherent story which in one play many times took up the business of an age"; and in an unfortunate, but often-quoted, line used it to illustrate the contention that no first plays are good, since

> Shakespeare's own Muse his *Pericles* first bore.

—HEREFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

THE PLAY NOT SHAKESPEAREAN

The play does fall into a number of scenes that are only externally connected; it wants that organic arrangement, that internal and central point of unity which penetrates all the parts, and alone forms the various parts into an harmonious whole. Life is here not conceived from the center which determines the circumference, but more from without, that is, peripherically; the drama follows the different turns of the periphery and only touches upon what lies directly in its path. Several of the characters, therefore, are admitted into the action simply from without, and retire as the action advances; in short, the composition is certainly not Shakspearean in the eminent sense of the word—as denoting Shakspeare's masterly style. In like manner the dramatic personages are characterized more from without than from within, that is, more in the mirror of their surroundings and conditions, of their doings and sufferings, than described from their inner nature, their mental life, disposition and feelings. Delineation and coloring are indeed everywhere correct, but there is wanting the depth of conception and the sharpness of individualization, the full rounding, the grandeur and beauty of the figures. Lastly, the tone and character of the diction corresponds with this—so far as can be judged from the exceedingly corrupt state of the text in the early prints; for although pervaded throughout by a poetical spirit, still, with the exception of a few passages, it lacks Shakspeare's pregnant expressions, his depth of thought, his power in the representation of passion, his grandeur and fullness in the description of emotion. Besides this, the diction appears unequal, in some instances more like Shakspeare's, in others less so, and frequently obscure, involved, rich in ellipses and passages in rhyme; the versification and rhythm unequal, irregular, or treated very carelessly.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

AN EARLY WORK OF SHAKESPEARE

We advocate the belief that *Pyrocles*, or *Pericles*, was a very early work of Shakspere, in some form, however, different from that which we possess. That it was an early work we are constrained to believe; not from the evidence of particular passages, which may be deficient in power or devoid of refinement, but from the entire construction of the dramatic action. The play is essentially one of movement, which is a great requisite for dramatic success; but that movement is not held in subjection to an unity of idea. The writer, in constructing the plot, had not arrived to a perfect conception of the principle "That a tragedy is tied to the laws of Poesy, and not of History, not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical convenience." But with this essential disadvantage we cannot doubt that, even with very imperfect dialogue, the action presented a succession of scenes of very absorbing interest. The introduction of Gower, however inartificial it may seem, was the result of very profound skill. The presence of Gower supplied the unity of idea which the desultory nature of the story wanted; and thus it is that, in "the true history" formed upon the play which Mr. Collier has analyzed, the unity of idea is kept in the expression of the title-page, "as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower." Nevertheless, such a story we believe could not have been chosen by Shakspere in the seventeenth century, when his art was fully developed in all its wondrous powers and combinations. With his perfect mastery of the faculty of representing, instead of recording, the treatment of a story which would have required perpetual explanation and connection would have been painful to him, if not impossible. —Knight, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

RELATED TO OTHER PLAYS

Our chief interest in *Pericles* lies in the fact that it contains work by Shakespeare which is preparatory to others of his romantic plays. That *Pericles* is thus closely related to the other romances, and these to one another, is proved by a resemblance of language, style, sentiment, plot, and incident, and above all, by the kinship of the central figures in each play, Marina, Imogen, Perdita, and Miranda, whose very names, like their characters, are fashioned after one fair and pure pattern. It may be that Pericles was not completed by Shakespeare, owing partly to the fact that it anticipated the leading elements in all the other romances; their main theme, for instance, which is the losing and the finding of wife or child.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

METRICAL DEVELOPMENT

The development of Shakespeare's art might be traced in detail along the line of his characterization, but it can be as well and more simply traced through the development of his metrical power; for his verse, always supple and adequate, from first to last fits his thought like a skin. The plays have been subjected throughout to the most minute metrical analysis. It has been clearly shown that the metrical structure of all plays known to be early in date differs profoundly from that of all plays known to be late; while every intermediate stage between this early and this late verse is also found. The change from the earliest to the latest verse being traceable through a regular series of gradations, the character of the verse alone enables us approximately to date a particular play. Approximately only: since it would be absurd to contend that by the use of the metrical tests, as they are called, we are able to establish any exact chronological order among the plays. A slight increase in the percentage of unstopped lines or weak endings does not suffice to show that one play is later than another: it is only when the difference of metrical structure is very strongly marked between two plays that certainty is reached. Taken in connection with what is certainly known as to the order of the plays, the metrical tests would prove positively that *Henry V* is later than *Love's Labor's Lost*, and *Hamlet* than *Henry V:* they would not suffice to prove that *Henry V* is earlier or later than *Much Ado* or *The Merchant of Venice*. The results of the application of metrical tests, however, coincide remarkably closely with the order worked out by critics on grounds of external evidence, and of critical conjecture based upon other than metrical grounds. The verse of Shakespeare's early dramas is fluent and facile, full of antithesis, abounding in rhyme, quick and trim in movement, but lacking in melody and in variety of cadence. Formally, it is highly conventional and careful to assert itself unmistakably as verse. The line is so absolutely the unit of it that it is rarely unstopped: that is, a distinct pause usually occurs at the end of a line, and comparatively very rarely before the end of one. The verse has a tendency to resolve itself into a series of couplets, whether "blank" or rhymed. As Shakespeare's power developed his verse became continually more flexible and free, more various in cadence, and more regardless of regularity. Unstopped lines and light endings continually increase in frequency. Rhyme becomes more and more rare, and extra syllables are more and more often placed at the end of the line. The line itself becomes less and less insistent. The verse pauses anywhere, at quite irregular intervals, and the tendency to pause at the end of a line as such disappears almost completely if not altogether. It depends less and less on line structure, or any orderly and regular sequence of sound within the line, and more and more on the balance of sentences and on emphasis. Gradually it approaches prose. But though Shakespeare's latest blank verse not infrequently verges on a cadenced and magnificent prose, it never actually becomes prose even in *Henry VIII.* The fact that the poet clung to blank verse as the right and legitimate form of the romantic or tragic drama is full of significance. An increasing use of double or feminine endings, that is, of a redundant syllable at the end of a line, is another important feature of Shakespeare's metrical development. In Shakespeare's hands blank verse gradually became a measure capable of almost unlimited variety of music and expression. If there is comparatively little verse in his plays which strikes us as of quite extraordinary, pure musical quality, that is because the utterance of passion or thought not merely ideal but positive, the result of an actual and defined situation, can rarely be made perfectly musical without psychological untruth. The language of passion is not that of epic or of lyric. Nor indeed is it that of Shakespeare's drama: but though Shakespeare's diction is ideal, it is not employed in the presentment of ideal, but of real passions, positive and complex. He rarely finds occasion for verse of purely magnificent sound; and whether his melody suffer or not, Shakespeare in his maturity is always equal to the occasion. He is never preoccupied with verbal music, but it comes from him when it should come and as far as it should come.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

THE METRICAL TEST

Yet when internal evidence is brought to bear upon the authorship of the play, we find that in so far as it supports Shakspere's claim, it proves the work to belong not to his first but his last period. The incidents of the birth of Marina at sea, her separation from her parents and ultimate recovery, and the restoration of Thaisa, as from the dead, to her husband's arms, are so strikingly similar to the events in *The Winter's Tale* that it is evident that the scenes in which they occur must have been written by the same author within the same period of his career. This is fully borne out by the metrical evidence; the language in these portions of *Pericles*, which include the greater part of Acts II to V, has the elliptical pregnancy characteristic of Shakspere's final period; there are few rhyming lines, and the percentage of light and weak endings is 4–17. If, therefore, the play was an early production of the dramatist, the last three Acts must have been completely remodeled about 1608–9, just before the issue of the first quarto, and it would be in the first two Acts that we must look for the youthful Shakspere's handiwork. When we turn to them we find them indeed marked off from the rest of the play by a looser rhythm and by the frequent occurrence of rhymed lines in the dialogue. But the metrical effect is not akin to that of Shakspere's earlier plays; double endings are too frequent, and, as Delius has pointed out, the rhyming couplets are often introduced into the middle of speeches in a manner unusual with Shakspere. Moreover, the incidents in these first two Acts, the visit of Pericles to the palace of the incestuous King Antiochus, his guessing of the riddle, his subsequent wanderings, his shipwreck near Pentapolis, and his achievements at the court of Simonides, have scarcely any connection with the later events of the play. Had Shakspere been revising a youthful production of his own it seems improbable that he would have left us this dramatic hotch-potch as the result of his labors.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

SHAKESPEARE PERSONIFIED IN PERICLES

When, weary and sad, he consented to re-write parts of this *Pericles*, it was that he might embody the feeling by which he is now possessed. Pericles is a romantic Ulysses, a far-traveled, sorely tried, much-enduring man, who has, little by little, lost all that was dear to him. When first we meet him, he is threatened with death because he has correctly solved a horrible riddle of life. How symbolic this! and he is thus made cautious and introspective, restless and depressed. There is a touch of melancholy about him from the first, accompanied by an indifference to danger; later, when his distrust of men has been aroused, this characteristic despondency becomes intensified, and gives an appearance of depth of thought and feeling. His sensitive nature, brave enough in the midst of storm and shipwreck, sinks deeper and deeper into a depression which becomes almost melancholia. Feeling solitary and forsaken, he allows no one to approach him, pays no heed when he is spoken to, but sits, silent and stern, brooding over his griefs (Act IV, sc. i). Then Marina comes into his life. When she is first brought on board, she tries to attract his attention by her sweet, modest play and song; then she speaks to him, but is rebuffed, even angrily repulsed, until the gentle narrative of the circumstances of her birth and the misfortunes which have pursued her arrests the king's attention. The restoration of his daughter produces a sudden change from anguished melancholy to subdued happiness.

So, as a poet, had Shakespeare of late withdrawn from the world, and in just such a manner he looked upon men and their sympathy until the appearance of Marina and her sisters in his poetry.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTIOCHUS, *king of Antioch*
PERICLES, *prince of Tyre*
HELICANUS, } *two lords of Tyre*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *king of Pentapolis*
CLEON, *governor of Tarsus*
LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mytilene*
CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus*
THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch*
PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon*
LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza*
Marshal
A Pandar
BOULT, *his servant*

The daughter of Antiochus
DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon*
THAISA, *daughter to Simonides*
MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa*
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina*
A Bawd

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers

DIANA

GOWER, *as Chorus*

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Pericles, Prince of Tyre, is anxious to win for his wife the beautiful daughter of Antiochus, King of Antioch. Antiochus desires to keep his daughter single for a wicked purpose and therefore puts to death all of her suitors who do not solve a riddle which he propounds to them. Pericles expounds this riddle and in so doing discovers the king's sin. Antiochus then seeks to have Pericles put to death in order that the secret may be preserved. Pericles flees first to his own city of Tyre and then to Tarsus. The latter city is suffering from a severe famine and he brings provisions to it.

ACT II

Finding that he is not safe at Tarsus from the wrath of Antiochus, Pericles again takes ship but is overtaken by a storm and every man on board perishes excepting himself. He is cast upon the shore of Pentapolis, whose king, Simonides, is to give a tournament the following day in honor of his daughter's birthday. Pericles joins in the games and is fortunate in finding favor with both the king and the princess. The king bestows the hand of his daughter upon Pericles, supposing him to be a private gentleman of Tyre.

ACT III

A few months after Pericles and Thaisa were married, Pericles receives word that Antiochus is dead. He discloses his identity to Simonides and sails with Thaisa for

Tyre. A tempest arises, in the midst of which Thaisa gives birth to a daughter, which is named Marina because she is born at sea. Thaisa becomes unconscious at the birth of the child and is believed to be dead. The sailors insist that the body be cast overboard to allay the tempest. Pericles places her in a box and with his own hands sorrowfully lowered the chest into the sea. The box drifts ashore at Ephesus and when it is opened Thaisa is found alive. She recovers and becomes a priestess of Diana. Pericles leaves the infant with Cleon, governor of Tarsus, and his wife to be cared for and educated by them. He himself continues his journey to Tyre.

ACT IV

Until she is fourteen years of age, Marina lives at Tarsus with Cleon and his wife. Cleon's wife becomes jealous of the beauty and accomplishments of the maiden because they overshadow those of her own daughter. She therefore plots to have Marina murdered but the girl is seized by pirates and carried to Mytilene where she is sold as a slave. She becomes so renowned for her virtue and beauty that the governor, Lysimachus, desires to marry her. Meantime Pericles visits Tarsus and is told that his daughter is dead.

ACT V

Unable to endure the scene of this last sorrow, Pericles again puts to sea intending to return to Tyre. But adverse winds compel him to put in at Mytilene. Lysimachus pays him a visit on board his ship, and finding him despondent sends for Marina to amuse him with her dancing and singing. Pericles recognizes her and acknowledges her as his daughter. They go on a pilgrimage to Ephesus and there Pericles finds and is united to his long-lost wife. The enraged inhabitants of Tarsus kill Cleon and his wife.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

ACT FIRST

Enter Gower.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times
When wit 's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like taper-light.
This Antioch then Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria:

---

16. *"waste"*; spend.—C. H. H.

I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe and full of face
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow:
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I

Antioch. A room in the palace.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles and Followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.
Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter Antiochus' Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, apparel'd like the spring,

---

1. *"prince of Tyre"*; it does not appear that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *regnant*. In the *Gesta Romanorum* Apollonius is *king* of Tyre; in Twine's translation he is repeatedly called *prince of Tyrus*, as he is in Gower.—H. N. H.

6. *"Bring in our daughter"*; Qq. and Ff. prefix "Music" to these words, as a part of the speech. Malone distinguished "Music" as a stage direction; and Dyce transferred it to v. 11.—C. H. H.

8. *"till Lucina reign'd"*; until her birth.—C. H. H.

9. *"to glad her presence"*; the words *whose* and *her* refer to the daughter of Antiochus. The leading thought may have been taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, book ii.: *"The senate-house of the planets* was at no time to *set* for the decreeing of perfection in a man."—H. N. H.

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods that made me man and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!
Ant. Prince Pericles,—
Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.
Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,

---

13. *"the king of every virtue"*; "the Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts the sovereign of every virtue *that* gives renown to men."—H. N. H.

24. *"boundless"*; Rowe's emendation of Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"bondlesse."* —I. G.

27. *"Hesperides"* is here taken for the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept.—H. N. H.

29. *"death-like dragons here affright"*; Daniel conj. *"death, like dragons, here affrights"*; S. Walker conj. *affront"*; Hudson conj. *"affronts."*—I. G.

Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance
pale,
That without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it error.
I 'll make my will then, and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling
woe
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did,
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
[*To the Princess.*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice: read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!

---

44. *"to what I must"*; that is, "to prepare this body for that state to which I must *come.*"—H. N. H.

55–57. The arrangement of the text, confused in Qq. and Ff., was first made by Malone.—I. G.

59, 60. *"Of all 'say'd yet"*; Mason conj. *"In all, save that"*; Mitford conj. *"O false! and yet."*—I. G.

Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!
Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

'I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labor
I found that kindness in a father:
He 's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.'
[*Aside*] Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he 's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.

---

62. *"Nor ask advice";* these words are in the novel founded on the play: "Pericles armed with these noble armors, *faithfulness and courage.*" The text shows the author's reading in Sidney's *Arcadia,* the third book of which has the following: *"Asking advice of no other thought but faithfulnesse and courage,* he presently lighted from his own horse."—H. N. H.

72. *"sharp physic is the last";* that is, the intimation in the last line of the riddle, that his life depends on resolving it.—H. N. H.

79. *"on whom perfections wait";* that is, he is no *perfect* or *honest* man, that knowing, etc.—H. N. H.

You are a fair viol and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods, to hearken,
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.
Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that 's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expired:
Either expound now or receive your sentence.
Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He 's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd

---

87. *"touch not"*; this is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves.—H. N. H.

100. *"to stop the air"*; "the man who knows the ill practices of princes is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes. When the blast is over, the eyes that have been affected by the dust, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them."—H. N. H.

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law 's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.
Ant. [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! He has found the meaning:
But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenor of our strict edict
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honor and your worth.
[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*
Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad

---

113. *"cancel of"*; Malone's emendation; Ff. 3, 4, *"cancel off"*; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, *"counsell of"*; Q. 5, *"counsel of."*—I. G.

As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you 're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Aye, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:

---

128. *"untimely"*; Wilkins, in the Novel, writes *"uncomely,"* which may, perhaps, give the correct reading of the line.—I. G.

135. *"blush," i. e. "who blush"*; the omission of the pronoun, personal or relative, is characteristic of the non-Shakespearean portions of the play.—I. G.

And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honor must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call?
Ant. Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.
Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot
From a well experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'
Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,

I 'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succor to my head. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter Pericles.

Per. [*To Lords without*] Let none disturb us. Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

---

1. *"change of thoughts,"* *i. e.* perturbation of thought; Steevens conj. *"charge of thoughts?"*; Mason conj. *"change of thoughts?"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"charge our thoughts?"*; Staunton conj. *"change our thoughts?"*; Bailey conj. *"child of thought"*; Daniel conj. *"cast of thought."*—I. G.

3. *"Be my so used a guest as"*; Dyce's emendation; Q. 1, *"By me so vsde a guest, as"*; Malone (1780), *"By me's so us'd a guest, as"*; Jackson conj. *"Be by me so us'd a guest?"*—I. G.

8. *"arm"*; so F. 4; Dyce reads *"aim."*—I. G.

Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
And so with me: the great Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he 's so great can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honor him,
If he suspect I may dishonor him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He 'll stop the course by which it might be known:
With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offense:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

---

15. *"cares it be not done";* is anxious lest it should be done.—C. H. H.

30. *"Who am";* Farmer conj.; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"Who once";* Malcne (1780), *"Who owe";* (1790), *"Who wants."*—I. G.

Enter Helicanus, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!
Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading 's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.
Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

---

41. *"blast"*; Mason conj.; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"spark"*; Malone (1790), *"breath"*; Steevens conj. *"wind."*—I. G.

44. *"Signior Sooth"*; a near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale:* "And his pond fished by his next neighbor, by *Sir Smile.*"—H. N. H.

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.
Hel. [*Kneeling*] I have ground the ax myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
Per. Rise, prithee, rise: sit down: thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counselor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?
Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.

---

55. *"plants"*; so Q. 1; Malone's emendation of Qq. and Ff., *"planets."*—I. G.

62. *"hear their faults hid"*; hear the flattery which hides their faults.—C. H. H.

74. A line is probably lost between 73 and 74, such as: *Worthy to heir my throne; for kingly boys* (Sydney Walker).—C. H. H.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretense of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call offense,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprovest me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

86. *"doubt it"*; Steevens conj.; Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"doo't"*; Qq. 4, 5, 6, and Ff., *"thinke."*—I. G.

93. *"spares"*; so Q. 1; Qq. 2–6, and Ff. 3, 4, *"feares"* and *"fears."*—I. G.

95. *"reprovest"*; Malone, *"reprov'st"*; Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"reprow'dst"*; Qq. 4, 5, 6, *"reprovedst"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"reproved'st."*—I. G.

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:

Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now I do see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he 's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes, with other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:

4–7. *Cp.* "I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who, being demanded by King Lisimachus what favor he might do unto him, for that he loved him, made him answer to the king, that your Majesty would never impart unto me any of your secrets" (Barnabie Riche's *Soldier's Wish to Briton's Welfare*).—I. G.

His seal'd commission left in trust with me
Doth speak sufficiently he 's gone to travel.
Thal. [*Aside*] How! the king gone!
Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I 'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—
Thal. [*Aside*] What from Antioch?
Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he 'ld correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal. [*Aside*] Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now, although I would; but since he 's gone, the king's seas must please: he 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea. I 'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come

28–33. This being "aside" it seems probable that the prose may be here intended to mark the distinction between Thaliard's informal soliloquies (as in vv. 1–10) and his ceremonial addresses. It is therefore retained.—C. H. H.

29–30. *"but since he's gone, the king's seas must please"*; Mason conj. *"But since he is gone, the king, seas must please"*; Percy conj. *"But since he's gone, the king it sure must please"*; Collier (ed. 2), *"But since he is gone the king's ease must please"*; Perring conj. *"But since he's gone, the king this news must please"*; Dyce conj. *"But since he's gone the king's ears it must please."*—I. G.

With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon the Governor of Tarsus, with Dionyza and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?
Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they 're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,

---

8. *"mischief's eyes"*; Steevens, *"mistful eyes"*; Anon. conj. (1814), *"mischief-size"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"mistie eyes"*; S. Walker conj. *"misery's eyes"*; Kinnear conj. *"weakness' eyes"*; Mr. T. Tyler's suggestion, *"not seen with mischief's eyes," i. e.* "not seen with the eyes of despair," seems to be the most ingenious correction of the line, if any change is necessary.—I. G.

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.
Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I 'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.
Dio. I 'll do my best, sir.
Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,

---

9. *"topp'd";* lopp'd. The attempt to diminish grief by reciting the griefs of others is like lopping trees, which only grow the higher for it.—C. H. H.

13–14. *"Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep Our woes";* Hudson reads *"Our tongues do sound our sorrows and deep woes":* ——; *"sorrows do";* Cartwright conj. *"sobbings do";* Bailey conj. *"bosoms too";* Anon. conj. *"sorrowing bosoms do."*—I. G.

15. *"tongues";* Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"toungs";* Steevens conj. *"lungs."*—I. G.

And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.
Dio. O, 'tis too true.
Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, who but of late earth, sea and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?
Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.
Cle. O, let those cities of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

---

39. *"yet two summers younger"*; Mason conj.; Q. 1, *"yet too sauers younger"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"yet to savers younger."*—I. G.

54. *"With their superfluous riots"*; running riot in superfluity.—C. H. H.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where 's the lord governor?
Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.
Lord. We have descried, upon our neighboring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.
Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighboring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.
Lord. That 's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favorers, not as foes.
Cle. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.

---

61. *"sail"*; fleet.—C. H. H.

69. *"of unhappy me"*; Malone (1780), *"of unhappy men"*; Steevens conj. *"of unhappy we"*; Jackson conj. *"O unhappy me."*—I. G.

70. *"Whereas no glory's got to overcome"*; where victory brings no glory.—C. H. H.

74. *"him's"*; *i. e.* *"him who is"*; Malone's reading; Q. 1, *"himnes"*; Qq. 2, 3, F. 3, *"hymnes"*; Qq. 4, 5, *"hymmes"*; Q. 6, *"hywmes"*; F. 4, *"hymns"*; Steevens conj. *"him who is."*—I. G.

But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground 's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes and whence he comes
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we 'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise:

---

93. *"like the Trojan horse";* that is, are like the Trojan horse, *which* was stuff'd with bloody veins. Some modern editions change *was stuff'd* into *war-stuff'd,* and *veins* into *views.*—H. N. H.

We do not look for reverence, but for love
And harborage for ourself, our ships and men.
Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I 'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

---

9. *"the good in conversation";* that is, the good prince (on whom I bestow my blessing) is still at Tharsus, where every man pays as much respect to all he can speak, as if it were holy writ.—H. N. H.

14. *"make him glorious";* this circumstance is found in the *Confessio Amantis:*

> "That thei *for ever in remembrance*
> *Made a figure in resemblance*
> *Of hym,* and in comonne place
> Thei set it upp; so that his face
> Miht every maner man byholde:
> It was of latonn over gylte."—H. N. H.

Dumb Show.

Enter, at one door, Pericles, talking with Cleon; all the train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shows the letter to Cleon; gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From other's labors; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And to fulfill his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there 's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
Make such unquiet that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;

---

19. *"for though"*; Steevens, *"forth"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"for thy"*; Nicholson conj. *"for-though"*; Kinnear conj. *"for through."*—I. G.

22. *"Sends word"*; Steevens conj.; Qq. 1-5 read *"Sau'd one"*; Q. 6, Ff. 3, 4, *"Sav'd one."*—I. G.

27. *"doing so"*; *i. e.* following Helicanus' counsel.—C. H. H.

Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text.
[*Exit.*

Scene I

Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.

Enter Pericles, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he 'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!
Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets!
First Fish. What, Patchbreech, I say!

---

40. *"this longs the text";* this belongs to the play, not to the "Chorus."—C. H. H.

Third Fish. What say you, master?

First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wanion.

Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they 're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they 've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside*] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

---

29. *"but I look to be washed";* sailors have observed, that the playing of porpoises round a ship is a certain prognostic of a violent gale of wind.—H. N. H.

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside*] Simonides!

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what 's that?

---

54. *"finny"*; Steevens conj. (from Wilkins' novel); Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"fenny."*—I. G.

58. *"Peace be at your labor,"* etc. We give these speeches just as they stand in the old copies. The only way to get any sense out of it, is by supposing that the fisherman takes *honest* as an epithet meant to be descriptive of the *day*. So that the sense appears to be something thus: "If the day be according to your ideas of what is honest, you must search out of the calendar for it; and may nobody look after such a kind of an honest day." The *lucky* and *unlucky* days were marked in the old calendars; and Farmer thinks there may be an allusion in the text to the *dies honestissimus* of Cicero. Steevens supposes something to have been lost, and supplies the deficiency thus:

"*Per.* Peace be at your labor, honest fisherman:
The day is rough, and thwarts your occupation.

"*2 Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *scratch it* out of the calendar, and nobody *will* look after it."—H. N. H.

60. *"search"*; Steevens conj. *"scratch it"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"scratch't"*; Staunton, *"scratch"*; Anon. conj. *"steal it"*; Hudson, *"steal't."*—I. G.

If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here 's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practiced it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here 's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid 't!

---

62. *"May see the sea hath cast upon your coast"*; so Qq.; Ff. 3, 4, *"Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast"*; Malone (1780), *"You may see the sea hath cast me on your coast"*; Steevens, adopted by Malone (1790), *"Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—."* —I. G.

66. *"have made the ball"*; thus in Sidney's *Arcadia*, book v.: "In such a shadow mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare, and are, *like tenis bals, tossed by the racket of the higher powers."*—H. N. H.

And I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we 'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I 'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I 'll go draw up the net.

[*Exit with Third Fisherman.*

Per. [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labor!

First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I 'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Aye, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I 'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here 's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armor.

Per. An armor, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,

125, 126. *"what a man cannot get . . . his wife's soul"*; obscure and doubtful. If the text is correct the meaning is: if a man cannot directly win the affections of his (future) wife, he is free to bargain for them (by the tourney, of which her love was the prize).—C. H. H.

'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death:'—and pointed to this brace—
'For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend thee.'
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again:
I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you 'ld guide me to your sovereign's court.
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
I 'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

Fish Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give thee good on 't!

Sec. Fish. Aye, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe 't, I will.
By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea
This jewel holds his building on my arm:
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We 'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I 'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honor be but a goal to my will,
This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege,
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honor of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat

For men to see and seeing wonder at.
[*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

Sim. It 's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honor, daughter, to entertain
The labor of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honor, I 'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun;
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.
[*The Second Knight passes.*
Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that 's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, 'Piu por dulzura
que por fuerza.' [*The Third Knight passes.*

---

14. *"entertain"*; Steevens conj. *"explain"*; Anon. conj. *"entreat"*; Anon. conj. *"emblazon"*; Schmidt conj. *"interpret."*—I. G.

18. *"A knight of Sparta"*; of the five knights who precede Pericles, the fourth and fifth have no specified nationality. Wilkins mentions five knights respectively of Macedon, Corinth, Antioch, Sparta, Athens.—C. H. H.

Sim. And what 's the third?
Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, 'Me pompæ provexit apex.'
[*The Fourth Knight passes.*
Sim. What is the fourth?
Thai. A burning torch that 's turned upside down;
The word, 'Quod me alit, me extinguit.'
Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.
[*The Fifth Knight passes.*
Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides.'
[*The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes.*
Sim. And what 's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?
Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that 's only green at top;
The motto, 'In hac spe vivo.'
Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.
First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honor'd triumph strangely furnished.
Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armor rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*
[*Great shouts within, and all cry* 'The mean knight!'

Scene III

The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you 're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.
Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

---

57. *"by the inward man";* that is, that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit. Such inversions are not uncommon in old writers.—H. N. H.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labor'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.
Knights. We are honor'd much by good Simonides.
Sim. Your presence glads our days: honor we love;
For who hates honor hates the gods above.
Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.
Per. You are right courteous knights.
Sim. Sit, sir, sit.
[*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.
Thai. [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavory,

---

19. *"Marshal"*; Malone's emendation; Qq., F. 3, *"Martiall"*; F. 4, *"Martial."*—I. G.

29. *"resist"*; Collier conj. *"distaste."*—I. G.

——; *"he not"*; so Qq. 2–6, Ff. 3, 4; Malone *"she not"*; Malone conj. *"he now"*; Steevens conj. *"be not"*; Mason conj. *"she but"*; Dyce conj. *"he but."*—I. G.

Wishing him my meat.—Sure he 's a gallant gentleman.
Sim. He 's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.
Thai. [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to glass.
Per. [*Aside*] Yon king 's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None but beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men;
He 's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Sim. What, are you merry, knights?
Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence?
Sim. Here, with a cup that 's stored unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.
Knights. We thank your grace.
Sim. Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,

---

50. *"stored"*; Steevens conj.; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, *"stur'd"*; **Ff. 3, 4**, *"stirr'd"*; Mason conj. *"stow'd."*—I. G.

As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?
Thai. What is it to me, my father?
Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honor them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offense,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.
Thai. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.
Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

---

63. *"kill'd are wonder'd at"*; Daniel, *"still ne'er wondered at"*; Anon. conj. *"kill'd are scorned at"*; Kinnear *"little are wonder'd at."*—I. G.

69. *"impudence"*; immodesty.—C. H. H.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.
Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armors, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
[*The Knights dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir,
Here 's a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practice them they are, my lord.
Sim. O, that 's as much as you would be denied

---

104. *"measures";* slow and solemn dances.—C. H. H.

Of your fair courtesy.
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[*To Pericles*] But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that 's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offense,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,

A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
Esca. 'Twas very strange.
Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.
Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
Third Lord. And cursed be he that will not second it.
First Lord. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.
Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.
First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you love.
First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.

11. *"those eyes adored them";* that is, *which* ador'd them.—H. N. H.

If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there;
And be resolved he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give 's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death 's indeed the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honor's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield;

---

41. *"For honor's cause";* Dyce's reading; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"Try honours cause";* Steevens conj. *"Try honour's course";* Jackson conj. *"Cry, honour's cause!";* Anon. conj. *"By honour's cause."*—I. G.

43. *"seas";* the troubled waters of sovereignty.—C. H. H.

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavor it.
Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we 'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter, at one door: the Knights meet him.

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.
Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she 'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from her by no means can I get.
Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?
Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
Tied her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honor will not break it.
Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*
Sim. So,

They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well: nay, how absolute she 's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing: what do you think of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.
Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you,
Aye, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. [*Aside*] What 's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honor her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offense;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Aye, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honor's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he 's honor's enemy.
Sim. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

---

62. *"her"; i. e.* honor's. But the corresponding passage in Wilkins makes it probable that the word should be *your.*—C. H. H.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.
Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offense at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[*Aside*] I am glad on 't with all my heart.—
I 'll tame you; I 'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled by me, or I 'll make you—
Man and wife:
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too
And being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleased?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.
Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep y-slaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is molded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What 's dumb in show I 'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter: Pericles shows it Simonides; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter Thaisa with child, with Lychorida, a nurse: the King shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her

---

4. *"pompous"*; splendid.—C. H. H.

father, and depart with Lychorida and their attendants. Then exeunt Simonides and the rest.

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,

---

15. The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.—H. N. H.

21. *"can stead the quest"*; that is, *help*, befriend, or assist the *search.*—H. N. H.

35. *"Y-ravished"*; Steevens conj.; Q. 1, *"Iranyshed"*; Q. 2, *"Irany shed"*; the rest, *"Irony shed."*—I. G.

'Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire—
Which who shall cross?—along to go.
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea: their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grisled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

59. *"this stage the ship";* it is clear from these lines that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship.—H. N. H.

Scene I

Enter Pericles, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

---

1. *"this great vast";* it should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is supposed to be in the cabin beneath.—"This great *vast*" is "this *wide expanse.*"—H. N. H.

7–8. *"Thou stormest venomously; Wilt";* Dyce's reading; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"then storme venomously, Wilt";* Malone, *"Thou storm, venomously, Wilt";* Steevens, *"Thou, storm, thou! venomously Wilt";* Collier, *"Thou storm, venomously Wilt."*—I. G.

8. *"The seaman's whistle"; i. e.* the whistle regularly carried by the boatswain of a ship.—C. H. H.

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.
Per. How, how, Lychorida!
Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honor with you.
Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.
Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first

---

14. *"travails"*; F. 3, *"travels"*; Dyce, *"travail."*—I. G.

26. *"Use honor with you"*; Steevens reads *"Vie honour with yourselves"*; Mason conj. *"Vie honour with you."*—I. G.

34. *"to herald thee from the womb"*; a part of this most Shakespearian passage is found in the novel made out of this play. The words in Italic will show that one of the Poet's most characteristic

Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That 's your superstition.

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;

---

expressions has been lost out of the text: *"Poor inch of nature!* quoth he, thou art as rudely welcome to the world, as ever princess' babe was; and hast as chiding a nativity, as fire, air, earth, and water can afford thee."—H. N. H.

35. *"Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here";* the child's loss even at the outset is such that all that it inherits by birth falls short of what its birth has cost. This seems to be the clear meaning, irregularly expressed.—C. H. H.

No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[*Exit Lychorida.*

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I 'll leave it

---

63. *"aye-remaining lamps"*; Malone's conj.; Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"ayre remayning lampes"*; Qq. 4, 5, 6, *"ayre remaining lampes"*; F. 3, *"ayre remaining lamps"*; F. 4, *"air remaining lamps"*; Jackson conj. *"areamanesing,"* etc.—I. G.

76. *"thy course for Tyre"*; *i. e.* thy course which is at present for Tyre. Wilkins' novel has "from Tyre"; a simpler but less exact expression, which the novelist is likely in any case to have preferred. —C. H. H.

At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:
I 'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endured.
Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There 's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon*] Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.
[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.
Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
First Gent. Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances

---

17. *"all-to topple"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"al-to topple"*; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"all to topple"*; Dyce, *"all to-topple."*—I. G.

22. *"Rich tire"*; Steevens conj. *"Such towers"*; Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"Rich tire"*; the rest, *"Rich attire"*; Jackson conj. *"Rich Tyre"*; Collier (ed. 2), *"Rich 'tire."*—I. G.

That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honor has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never. . . .

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What 's that?

First Serv. Sir,
Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
This chest: 'tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let 's look upon 't.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

---

41. *"treasure"*; Steevens' emendation for *"pleasures"* and *"pleasure"* of Qq., Ff. 3, 4.—I. G.

42. Steevens explained the words as an allusion to an old print exhibiting *Death* in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* standing behind, and grinning at the process.—I. G.

46. *"pain"*; labor.—C. H. H.

48. *"time shall never. . . ."*; so Qq. 1, 2, 3; Qq. 4, 5, 6, Ff. 3, 4, *"neuer shall decay"*; Malone, *"time shall never—"*; Dyce, *"time shall never raze"*; Staunton, *"time shall ne'er decay"*; Anon. conj. *"time shall never end."*—I. G.

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.
Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed! Did the sea cast it up?
First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as toss'd it upon shore.
Cer. Wrench it open:
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.
Sec. Gent. A delicate odor.
Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!
First Gent. Most strange!
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and entreasured
With full bags of spices! Passport too!
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!
[*Reads from a scroll.*

'Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane coast.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!'

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart

---

55. "Fortune has done well in forcing it to disgorge upon our coast."—C. H. H.

That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-night.
Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.
Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my chest.
[*Exit a servant.*
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.
Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.
Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live; nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced

---

84. This passage is probably corrupt. The corresponding place in the novel makes the cure exercised by, not upon, "Egyptians": "I have read of some Egyptians who, after four hours' death, . . . have raised impoverished bodies like to this, unto their former health." Hudson has plausibly restored the lines thus:—

Of an Egyptian
I have heard who had by good appliances
Recover'd bodies nine hours lying dead.

(but *lying* for *lien* is clearly wrong).—C. H. H.

Above five hours: see how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds
Of a most praised water do appear
To make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where 's my lord? What world is this?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbors!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!
[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*

---

106. *"what world is this"*; this is from the *Confessio Amantis:*

"And first hir eyen up she caste,
And when she more of strength caught,
Her armes both forth she straughte;
Held up hir honde and piteouslie
She spake, and said, *Where am I?*
Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?"—H. N. H.

SCENE III

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, and Lychorida with Marina in her arms.

Per. Most honor'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyre stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!
Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.
Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!
Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.
Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think

---

7. *"wanderingly"*; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"wondringly"*; Schmidt conj. *"woundingly."*—I. G.

Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honor and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honor, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We 'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and

---

29. *"Unscissar'd shall this hair"; Steevens' emendation;* Qq. 1–4, *"vnsisterd . . . heyre";* Q. 5, *"unsisterd shall his heyres";* Q. 6, *"unsisterd . . . heire";* Ff. 3, 4, *"unsister'd . . . heir."*—I. G.

30. *"show ill";* Qq. and Ff. read *"show will";* the correction was made independently by Malone and Dyce; this and the previous emendations are confirmed by the corresponding passage in the Novel.—I. G.

The gentlest winds of heaven.
Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are
At your command. Know you the character?
Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.
Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.
Thai. My recompense is thanks, that 's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there as a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage rite; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she

---

10. *"both the heart and place";* the old copies read, "Which makes *hie* both the *art* and place." The emendation is by Steevens. We still use the *heart* of oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land in much such another sense. *Place* here signifies *residence.*—H. N. H.

17. *"marriage rite";* Collier's reading; Percy conj. *"marriage rites";* Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"marriage sight";* Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, *"marriage fight";* Steevens conj. *"marriage night."*—I. G.

Would ever with Marina be:
Be 't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;

---

26. *"night-bird"*; Malone's emendation of Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"night bed."* —I. G.

46. *"your content"*; the satisfied attention of the spectators (who will see it represented instead of hearing it reported).—C. H. H.

Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

Scene I

Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.

Enter Dionyza with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death. Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

---

5. *"inflaming love i' thy bosom";* Knight's emendation of Q. 1, *"in flaming, thy loue bosome,"* etc.—I. G.

7. *"be a soldier";* be resolute.—C. H. H.

11. *"only mistress' death";* Malone (1790), *"old mistress' death";* Percy conj. *"old nurse's death,"* etc., etc.—I. G.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Aye me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing:
You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your favor 's
Changed with this unprofitable woe!
Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I 'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father and yourself
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find

---

21. *"whirring me"*; thus the earliest copy. The second quarto, and all subsequent impressions, read, *"Hurrying* me from my friends." *Whirring* or *whirrying* had formerly the same meaning; a bird that flies with a quick motion is still said to *whirr* away.—H. N. H.

27. *"ere the sea mar it"*; that is, ere the sea by the coming in of the tide mar your walk.—H. N. H.

Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.
[*Exit Dionyza.*
Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent;

---

40. *"reserve"* has here the force of *preserve.*—H. N. H.

And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls and trebles their confusion.
Leon. Come, say your prayers.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?
Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.
Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favor'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,

---

62. *"a canvas-climber"*; that is, a *sailor*, one who climbs the mast to furl or unfurl the *canvas* or *sails*.—H. N. H.

64. *"stem to stern"*; Malone's emendation; Qq., *"sterne to sterne"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"stern to stern."*—I. G.

When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch. [*He seizes her.*

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*

Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!

Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.
Come let 's have her aboard suddenly.
[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*

Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There 's no hope she will return. I 'll swear she 's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I 'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.
[*Exit.*

97. *"the great pirate Valdes"*; "perhaps there is here a scornful allusion to Don Pedro de Valdes, a Spanish admiral taken by Drake in 1588" (Malone).—I. G.

Scene II

Mytilene. A room in a brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Boult!

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Aye, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they 're too unwhole-

---

18. *"brought them down again";* that is, brought them up as far as to eleven years of age, and then brought them down again.—H. N. H.

some, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Aye, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I 'll go search the market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! aye, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it 's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter Boult, with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. [*To Marina*] Come your ways. My masters, you say she 's a virgin?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

---

35. *"commodity wages not"*; that is, is not equal to it.—H. N. H.
50. *"piece"*; creature.—C. H. H.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there 's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What 's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. 60

[*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the color of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you. 70

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

---

58. *"I cannot be bated"*; I cannot get them to reduce the price to me.—C. H. H.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Aye, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you 're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boult 's returned.

Re-enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

---

82. *"live"*; pass your life.—C. H. H.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Aye, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Bault. Well, if we had of every nation a traveler, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where

---

119. To *"cower"* is to sink or crouch down.—H. N. H.

127. *"scatter his crown in the sun"*; the allusion is to the French coin *écus de soleil, crowns of the sun.* The meaning of the passage is merely this, That the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his *money* there.—H. N. H.

130. *"with this sign"*; if a traveler from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin.—H. N. H.

you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Aye, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you 'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving

---

138. *"a mere profit";* that is, an absolute, a certain profit.—H. N. H.

156. *"you'll lose nothing by custom";* you will profit by the customers you procure.—C. H. H.

162. *"awake the beds of eels";* thunder is supposed to have the

out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined.
I 'll bring home some to-night.
Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.
Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!
Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray
you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.* 170

Scene III

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?
Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!
Dion. I think
You 'll turn a child again.
Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I 'ld give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too:
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness

---

effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so render them more easy to take in stormy weather. Marston alludes to this in his *Satires*:—

> "They are nought but eeles, that never will appeare
> Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare
> Their slimy beds."—H. N. H.

Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?
Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'
Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.
Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are
And of how coward a spirit.
Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honorable sources.
Dion. Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,

---

17. *"pious"*; Mason conj., and Wilkins' novel, adopted by Collier; Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"impious"*; the rest omit the word.—I. G.

Not worth the time of day. It pierced me through;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.
Cle. Heavens forgive it!
Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.
Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.
Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

47–48. *"dost, with thine angel's face, Seize";* Malone conj. *"dost wear thine angel's face; Seize";* Steevens, *"doth wear an angel's face, Seize";* Hudson (1881), *"doth use an angel's face, Then seize."*—I. G.

48. *"talons";* Rowe's emendation of Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"talents."*—I. G.

50. *"swear to the gods";* this passage appears to mean, "You are so affectedly humane, that you would appeal to heaven against the cruelty of winter in killing the flies."—H. N. H.

SCENE IV

Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tarsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for ’t;
Making, to take our imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon’d, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i’ the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life’s delight.
Old Helicanus goes along; behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought:

---

2. *“have an wish but for ’t”;* have a wish merely by wishing.—C. H. H.

13–16. The arrangement of the lines is according to Hudson’s edition (1881).—I. G.

18. *“his pilot thought”;* Steevens conj. *“his pilot wrought”;* Mason

So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,— 19
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

Dumb Show.

Enter Pericles at one door, with all his train; Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb; whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt Cleon, Dionyza, and the rest.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershower'd,
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, 30
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.
[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*
'The fairest, sweet'st and best, lies here,

---

conj. *"this pilot-thought"*; Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"this Pilat thought"*; the rest, *"this Pilate thought."*—I. G.

19. *"steerage"*; steering.—C. H. H.

30. His *"mortal vessel"* is the same that Cleopatra calls her *mortal house;* that is, his *body.*—H. N. H.

Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd:
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter 's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilene. [*Exit.*

39. *"swallowed some part of the earth";* the Poet ascribed the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element; and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores (Mason).—H. N. H.

42. *"stint";* that is, never *cease.*—H. N. H.

48. *"scene must play";* Malone's emendation (1790); Qq., Ff. 3, 4 read *"Steare must play";* Steevens conj., adopted by Malone (1780), *"tears must play";* Malone conj. *"stage must play";* Steevens, *"scenes display."*—I. G.

SCENE V

Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I 'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she 's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she 'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honor!

Boult. I am glad to see your honor in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honor knows what 'tis to say well enough.

---

23. *"how a dozen of virginities"*; this is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price of a different kind of commodity: *"How* a score of ewes now?"—H. N. H.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [*Exit Boult.*

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter Boult with Marina.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honor, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honorable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honorable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal

---

44. *"gives a good report to a number to be chaste"*; (outward modesty) gives many the reputation of chastity.—C. H. H.

fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she 's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honor and her together. Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.*

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honorable parts and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

---

69. *"she 's not paced yet"*; a term from the equestrian art; but still in familiar language applied to persons chiefly in a bad sense with its compound *thorough-paced.*—H. N. H.

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honor, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How 's this? how 's this? Some more; be
sage.

Mar. For me
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,

---

102. *"make the judgment good"*; the novel founded on the play gives the following as Marina's speech on this occasion; which is in such a strain that we cannot but regret there is not more of it in the text: "If, as you say, my lord, you are the governor, let not your authority, which should teach you to rule others, be the means to make you misgovern yourself. If the eminence of your place came unto you by descent and the royalty of your blood, let not your life prove your birth bastard: if it were thrown upon you by opinion, make good that opinion which was the cause to make you great. What reason is there in your justice, who hath power over all, to undo any? If you take from me mine honour, you are like him that makes a gap into forbidden ground, after whom many enter, and you are guilty of all their evils. My life is yet unspotted, my chastity unstain'd in thought: then, if your violence deface this building, the workmanship of Heaven, made up for good, and not to be the exercise of sin's intemperance, you do kill your own honour, abuse your own justice, and impoverish me."—H. N. H.

104. *"Some more; be sage"*; Lysimachus must be supposed to say this sneeringly: "Proceed with your fine moral discourse."—H. N. H.

O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!
Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!
Mar. The good gods preserve you!
Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savor vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here 's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter Boult.

Boult. I beseech your honor, one piece for me.
Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away!
[*Exit.*
Boult. How 's this? We must take another

course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We 'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what 's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

---

133. *"under the cope"*; that is, under the *cope* or *canopy* of heaven.—H. N. H.

154. *"make the rest malleable"*; Steevens thinks that there may be some allusion here to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius, and by Pliny. A skillful workman, who had discovered the art of *making glass malleable,* carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately,

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be plowed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;

---

lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the *Gesta Romanorum.*—H. N. H.

163. *"with rosemary and bays"*; anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.—H. N. H.

179. A *"coistrel"* is a *low mean person.* See *Twelfth Night,* Act i. sc. 3. *"Tib"* was a common name for a *strumpet.*—H. N. H.

To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here 's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst

---

180. *"fisting";* clutch.—C. H. H.

them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there 's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I 'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervor hies.

In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.
[*Exit.*

Scene I

On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them Helicanus.

Tyr. Sail. [*To the Sailor of Mytilene*] Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
O, here he is.
Sir, there is a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?
Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.
[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

---

21. *"In your supposing once more put your sight of heavy Pericles"*: once more imagine that you see the sorrowful Pericles.—C. H. H.

Enter from thence, Lysimachus, and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.
Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!
Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.
Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honoring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.
Hel. First, what is your place?
Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.
Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?
Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
Lys. May we not see him?
Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.
Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered*] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.
Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
First Lord. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side. [*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.*
Hel. Sure, all 's effectless; yet nothing we 'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,

---

36. "[*Pericles discovered.*]"; Wilkins describes his condition in more detail: "with a long overgrown beard, diffused hair, undecent nails on his fingers, and himself lying upon his couch, grovelling on his face."—C. H. H.

47. *"deafen'd"*; Malone's emendation; Q. 1, *"defend"*; the rest, *"defended."*—I. G.

49. *"happy"*; accomplished.—C. H. H.

50, 51. *"upon the leafy shelter"* appears to mean "Upon a spot which is sheltered."—H. N. H.

Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.
Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with Marina, and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!—
Is 't not a goodly presence?
Hel. She 's a gallant lady.
Lys. She 's such a one, that, were I well assured
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I 'ld wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

---

67. *"that, were I well assured came";* the construction is idiomatic, the subject of *came* being supplied from the relative *that.*—C. H. H.

72. *"prosperous and artificial feat"; i. e. "gracefully and skillfully performed";* Mason conj. *"prosperous artifice and fate";* Steevens, *"prosperous-artificial feat."*

——; *"feat";* Percy conj., adopted by Steevens, Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"fate."*—I. G.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.
Lys. Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! 80
[*Marina sings.*
Lys. Mark'd he your music?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.
Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.
Per. Hum, ha!
Mar. I am a maid,

---

80. "[*Marina sings*]"; Marina's song is not given in any old copy of the play. In the novel founded on the play, she is made to sing as follows:

"Amongst the harlots foul I walk,
Yet harlot none am I:
The rose, among the thorns it grows,
And is not hurt thereby.

"The thief that stole me, sure I think,
Is slain before this time.
A bawd me bought, yet am I not
Defil'd by fleshly crime.

"Were nothing pleasanter to me
Than parents mine to know:
I am the issue of a king;
My blood from kings doth flow.

"I hope that God will mend my state,
And send a better day.
Leave off your tears, pluck up your heart,
And banish care away.

"Show gladness in your countenance,
Cast up your cheerful eyes:
That God remains, that once of nought
Created earth and skies."—H. N. H.

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

101. *"You would not do me violence";* this refers, apparently, to something not found in any printed copy of the play. And afterwards, Pericles says to Marina,—"Didst thou not say, *when I did push thee back,* thou cam'st from good descending?" Probably a good deal of the play, as written by the Poet, never got into print: the broken and disordered state of the text shows that such is the case. In the *Confessio Amantis,* and in the *Painful Adventures,* the discovery of Marina is not made till Pericles has broken forth into violence against her person. Thus, in the former:

> "Bot as a madde man, atte laste
> His hed wepyng awey he cast,
> And half in wrath he bade here go:
> Bot yit she wolde nouht do so;
> And in the derke forth she goth
> Til she hym towchith, and he wroth,
> And after hire with his honde
> He smote: and thus whan she hym fonde
> Diseasyd, courtesly she seide,
> Avoy, my lorde, I am a mayde;
> And if ye wiste what I am,
> And owte of what lynage I cam,
> Ye wolde not be so salvage."—H. N. H.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?
Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight,
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?
Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
Per. Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?
Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.
Per. Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace

For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest
From good descending?
Mar. So indeed I did. 129
Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.
Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling 139
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.
Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither

To make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I 'll cease.
Per. Nay, I 'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power,
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea! what mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop there a little!
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter 's buried.—Well: where were you bred?

I 'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.
Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my lord?
Per. Thou art a grave and noble counselor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep.
Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.
Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honor'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees; thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.
Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?
Per. I
Am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.
Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.
Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus:

209–210. The passage is so corrupt that the Cambridge editors found themselves obliged to leave it as it stands in the Quartos and Folios.—I. G.

She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess. Who is this?
Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.
Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?
Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. None!
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?
Lys. My lord, I hear.
[*Music.*
Per. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*
Lys. A pillow for his head:
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,

---

217. *"should have been";* was said to be.—C. H. H.
235. *"nips";* Collier conj. *"raps."*—I. G.

I 'll well remember you.
[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

Diana appears to Pericles in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Marina.

Hel. Sir?
Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I 'll tell thee why.
[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
Lys. Sir,

---

247. *"life"*; Charlemont conj., adopted by Malone; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"like."*—I. G.

249. *"do it and happy"*; that is, "do it, and *thou liv'st* happy." Modern editions, generally, print, *"Do't,* and *be* happy."—H. N. H.

With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.
Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.
Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Enter Gower, before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilene,
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,

---

277. *"till he"*; that is, Pericles.—H. N. H.

Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE III

The temple of Diana at Ephesus; Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter Pericles, with his train; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

---

7. *"wears yet thy silver livery";* that is, her white robes of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity. —H. N. H.

Thai. Voice and favor!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*Faints.*
Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!
Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.
Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
Per. 'Tis most certain.
Cer. Look to the lady. O, she 's but overjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her.
Here in Diana's temple.
Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.
Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!
Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.
[*Shows a ring.*
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to Thaisa.*
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.
Thai. Blest, and mine own!
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.
Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power: that can
From first to last resolve you.
Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I 'll beautify.
Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father 's dead.
Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We 'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves

---

79. *"Heavens make a star of him"*; this notion is borrowed from the ancients, who expressed their mode of conferring divine honors and immortality on men, by placing them among the stars.—H. N. H.

Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead 's the way.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed and honor'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending. [*Exit.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Absolute, faultless, perfect; Prol. IV. 31.

Account, accounted; (Qq., *"account'd," "accounted"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"counted"*); Prol. i. 30.

Address'd, prepared; II. iii. 94.

Afore me, on my word, by my soul; a slight oath; II. i. 86.

Amazement, confusion, bewilderment; I. ii. 26.

Appliance, appliances; III. ii. 86.

Approve, commend; II. i. 57.

Argentine, silver hued; V. i. 251.

As, as if; Prol. I, 24; I. i. 16.

——, that; I. ii. 3.

Attend, await; I. iv. 79.

Attend me, listen to me; I. ii. 70.

Attribute; "an honest a.," reputation for honesty; IV. iii. 18.

Avaunt, out of my sight; IV. vi. 127.

Awful, full of awe, reverent; Prol. II. 4.

Awkward, adverse; (Q. 1, *"augward"*); V. i. 94.

Bases, embroidered skirts which hung down from the middle to about the knees, or lower, worn by knights on horseback; II. i. 174.

Beholding, beholden; II. v. 25.

Belching, vomiting; III. i. 63.

Blown, swollen; V. i. 256.

Blurted at, held in contempt; IV. iii. 34.

Bolins, bowlines; III. i. 43.

Bonum quo antiquius, eo melius; *i. e.* a good thing for being old, the older the better; Prol. I. 10.

Bootless, without gain, profitless; V. i. 33.

Boots, avails, helps; I. ii. 20.

Bot's on't, an execration; II. i. 129.

Brace, armor worn on the arm; II. i. 139.

Braid, reproach, upbraid; (Malone, *"'braid"*); I. i. 93.

Breathing, exercise; II. iii. 101.

Buxom, lively, fresh; Prol. I. 23.

Can = gan, (an old auxiliary form) = did; Prol. III. 36.

Cates, delicacies; II. iii. 29.

Censure, opinion; II. iv. 34.

Chance, chances it; IV. i. 23.

Character, handwriting; III. iv. 3.

Cheapen, bid for; IV. vi. 11.

Chequin, an Italian gold coin; (Q. 1, *"Checkins"*; Qq. 2, 3, *"Chickins"*; Qq. 4, 5, 6, F. 3, *"Chickeens"*; F. 4, *"Chickens"*); IV. ii. 29.

Chiding, noisy; III. i. 32.

City, inhabitants of the city, citizens; V. iii. 97.

Clear, virtuous; IV. vi. 115.
Clerks, scholars; Prol. V. 5.
Cockles, mussel-shells; IV. iv. 2.
Coigns, corners; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"Crignes"*); Prol. iii. 17.
Commend, commendation; II. ii. 49.
Companion; "her mild c.," "the companion of her mildness"; (Daniel conj. *"her wild c."*; *"in her mild company"*); I. i. 18.
Conceit, ability to think; III. i. 16.
Conclusion, (?) problem; I. i. 56.
Conditions, disposition; III. i. 29.
Condolements, blunder for *doles;* II. i. 163.
Confound, waste, consume; V. ii. 14.
Consist, insist; I. iv. 83.
Conversation, conduct; Prol. II. 9.
Convince, overcome, defeat; I. ii. 123.
Copp'd, round-topped; I. i. 100.
Countervail, balance, equal; II. iii. 56.
Countless, infinite; I. i. 31.
Cunning, knowledge, skill; III. ii. 27.
Curious, elegant, nice; I. iv. 43.

Darks, darkens, obscures; Prol. IV. 35.
Date, appointed term of life; III. iv. 14.
Death-like, deadly; I. i. 29.
Deliver, tell, relate; V. iii. 63.
Deliver'd, told, related; V. i. 162.
Dern, secret, dreary; Prol. III. 15.
Desire (trisyllabic); I. i. 20.
Distain, stain; (Steevens conj.; Qq., and Ff. 3, 4, *"disdaine"*); IV. iii. 31.
Distemperature, disorder; V. i. 27.
Dole, sorrow; Prol. III. 42.
Dooms, judgment; Prol. III. 32.
Doubt, suspect; I. ii. 86.
Doubting, fearing; I. iii. 23.
Dropping, dripping wet; IV. i. 63.
Dumbs, makes dumb; Prol. V. 5.

Eaning time, time of delivery; III. iv. 6.
Earnest, money given beforehand; IV. i. 49.
Eche, eke out; (Qq., F. 3, (*"each"*); Prol. III. 13.
Eftsoons, soon, by and by; V. i. 256.
Ember-eves, evenings preceding the ember-days, days of fasting at four seasons of the year; Prol. I. 6.
Entertain, entertainment; I. i. 119.
Entrance (trisyllabic); II. iii. 64.
Erst, erewhile, formerly; I. i. 49.
Escapen, escape; Prol. II. 36.
Exposition, expounding, interpretation; I. i. 112.
Extremity, the extremity of suffering; V. i. 140.
Eyne, eyes; Prol. III. 5.

Fact, deed, (?) crime; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"face"*; Mason conj. *"feat"*); IV. iii. 12.
Fault, misfortune; IV. ii. 83.
Favor, face, appearance; IV. i. 25; V. iii. 13.
Fere, companion, spouse; (Qq., *"Peere"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Peer"*); Prol. I. 21.
Fits, befits; I. i. 157.

Flap-jacks, pancakes; II. i. 90.

Flaw, stormy wind; III. i. 39.

For, fit for; I. i. 7.

——, for fear of; I. i. 40.

——, in place of, instead of; III. i. 62.

——, because; III. iii. 13; V. i. 158; V. iii. 48.

Forbear, bear with; II. iv. 46.

'Fore, before; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"from"*); Prol. III. 6.

For that, because; II. i. 83.

Frame, go, resort; Prol. I. 32.

——, shape, mould; II. v. 81.

Furtherance, help; II. i. 167.

Gat, begat; II. ii. 6.

'Gins, begins; III. ii. 95.

Give him glad, make him glad; Prol. II. 38.

Give's, give us; II. iv. 32.

Glad, gladden; I. iv. 28.

Gloze, make empty words, use deceit; I. i. 110.

Gone through, bid high; IV. ii. 49.

Graff, graft; V. i. 60.

Greets, gratifies; IV. iii. 38.

Griefs, grievances; II. iv. 23.

Grieve, grieve us; II. iv. 19.

Gripe at, grasp at, catch at; I. i. 49.

Haling, dragging; (Malone, *"with hauling of the"*); IV. i. 55.

Happily, haply, perhaps; I. iv. 92.

Hatched, closed with a half door; IV. ii. 38.

Having, possession; II. i. 151.

Heap, mass, body; (Jackson conj. *"head"*; Collier (ed. 2), *"head"*; Bailey conj. *"shape"*); I. i. 33.

Hie thee, hasten; III. i. 69.

Hies, hastens; Prol. V. 20.

Hight, is called; Prol. IV. 18.

Holy-ales, rural festivals on saints' days; (?) church-ales, or wakes; (Steevens' emendation; Qq. and Ff., *"holy-dayes"*); Prol. I. 6.

Honor, honorable office; II. ii. 14.

Husbandry, economy of time; (?) attention to business; III. ii. 20.

In, even in; I. iv. 102.

Inflict, afflict; V. i. 61.

In hac spe vivo, in this hope I live; II. ii. 44.

Inkle, a kind of tape; here probably some kind of embroidery silk; Prol. V. 8.

Intend, bend, direct; I. ii. 116.

Intents, intentions; V. i. 259.

I-wis, truly, certainly; Prol. II. 2.

Jetted, stalked, strutted; I. iv. 26.

Joy, rejoice; II. i. 172.

Just, joust, tilt; II. i. 121.

Killen, kill; Prol. II. 20.

Late, lately; IV. iv. 15.

Level, aim; II. iii. 114.

Level at, aim at; I. i. 165.

Lien, lain; III. ii. 85.

Light, alighted, fallen; IV. ii. 81.

Like, equal, the same; I. i. 108; IV. v. 1.

Like, just as; II. iv. 36.

Like, likely; III. i. 17; IV. i. 80.

Longs, belongs to; (Singer, *"longs"*; Qq., *"long's"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"long's"*); Prol. II. 40.

Looks, faces, countenances; (alluding to the heads of suitors which were set up at the gate to terrify others who might come); Prol. I. 40.

Lop, cut off; I. ii. 90.

Loud music, made by clashing of armor; II. iii. 97.

Lown, base fellow; IV. vi. 20.

Lux tua vita mihi, thy light is life to me; II. ii. 21.

Malkin, slattern; (Q. 3, *"Mowkin"*; the rest, *"Mawkin"*; the old pronunciation); IV. iii. 34.

Manage, training; usually used of a horse; IV. vi. 70.

Mask'd, concealing as with a mask its cruel nature; (Dyce conj. *"vast"*; S. Walker conj. *"moist"*; Kinnear conj. *"mighty"*; Elze conj. *"calmest"*); III. iii. 36.

Me pompæ provexit apex, "the desire of renown drew me to this enterprise" (Wilkins' Novel); II. ii. 30.

Mis-dread, fear of evil; I. ii. 12.

Moons, months; Prol. III. 31.

Mortal, fatal; III. ii. 110.

Mortally, in the manner of mortals; V. i. 105.

Motion, a working pulse; (Pericles' exclamation after he has felt Marina's pulse); Steevens, *"no motion?" i. e.* "Are you not a puppet?"; V. i. 156.

Must, must come to; (Wray conj. *"must be"*); I. i. 44.

Ne, nor; Prol. II. 36.

Needle (pronounced *neeld*); Prol. IV. 23.

Neglection, neglect; III. iii. 20.

Nicely, scrupulously; IV. i. 6.

Nill, will not; Prol. III. 55.

Not, not only; III. ii. 46.

Nousle nurse; I. iv. 42.

Of, (?) on (Ff., *"on"*); Prol. V. 22.

Old, of old, long ago; Prol. I. i.

On, of; II. i. 7; II. i. 36; III. iii. 20.

Open, disclose, reveal; I. ii. 87; IV. iii. 23.

Opinion, public opinion; II. ii. 56.

Oppress, suppress; Prol. III. 29.

Orbs, spheres; I. ii. 122.

Ostent, ostentation, display; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"stint"*); I. ii. 25.

Owe, own; V. i. 118.

Parted, departed from; V. iii. 38.

Partakes, communicates; I. i. 152.

Passion, grief; IV. iv. 24.

Perch, measure, mile (according to some="resting-place"); Prol. III. 15.

Perishen, perish; Prol. II. 35.

Piece, masterpiece; IV. vi. 120.

Pilch,=leathern coat (used as a proper name); II. i. 12.

Piu por dulzura que por fuerza, more by gentleness than by force; (the Italian *"piu"* is used instead of the Spanish *"mas"*); II. ii. 27.

Plain, make plain; Prol. III. 14.

Porpus, porpoise; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"Porpas"*); II. i. 26.

Portly, imposing; I. iv. 61.

Pregnant, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 44.

Present, "his p.," that which he presents; II. ii. 42.

——, instant, immediate; Prol. IV. 38; V. i. 193.

Presently, immediately; III. i. 82.

Prest, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 45.

Principals, corner-posts; III. ii. 16.
Proportion, portion, fortune; IV. ii. 30.
Prorogue, draw out, linger out; V. i. 26.
Purchase, gain, profit; (Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, *"purpose"*); Prol. I. 9.

Quaintly, skillfully; Prol. III. 13.
Quick, invigorating; IV. i. 28.
Quirks, caprices; IV. vi. 8.
Quit, requite; III. i. 35.
Quod me alit, me extinguit, that which gives me life, gives me death; II. ii. 33.

Rapture, violent effort; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"rupture"*); II. i. 168.
Records, sings; Prol. IV. 27.
Reft, bereft; II. iii. 84.
Repeated, mentioned; told; I. i. 96.
Resist me, are distasteful to me; II. iii. 29.
Resolve, solve; I. i. 71.
——, satisfy; II. v. 68.
——, tell, inform; V. i. 1; V. iii. 61.
Resolved, satisfied, convinced; II. iv. 31.
Return them, announce to them; II. ii. 4.

'Say'd, assayed, those who have assayed; I. i. 59, 60.
Semblance, (trisyllabic); I. iv. 71.
Shall's, shall we; IV. v. 7.
Shine, brightness; I. ii. 124.
Shipman, seaman; I. iii. 25.
Shores, sewers; IV. vi. 189.
Sic spectanda fides, thus faith is to be tested; II. ii. 38.
Sleided, raw, untwisted; (Qq., F. 3, *"sleded"*; F. 4, *"sledded"*); Prol. IV. 21.
Smooth, flatter; I. ii. 78.
So, well and good; IV. ii. 50.
Sometime, once; II. i. 149.
Sometimes, formerly, sometime; I. i. 34.
Somewhat, something; II. i. 134.
Speeding, succeeding; II. iii. 116.
Speken, speak; Prol. II. 12.
Standing-bowl, a bowl resting on a foot; II. iii. 65.
Stay, await; II. ii. 3.
Stead, aid, help; Prol. III. 21; Prol. IV. 41.
Still, continually, always; Prol. I. 36.
Straight, immediately; III. i. 54.
Strain, race; IV. iii. 24.
Suddenly, quickly; III. i. 70.
——, at once, immediately; IV. i. 96.

Take, betake; III. iv. 10.
Tellus, the earth; IV. i. 14.
That, if; Prol. I. 13.
——, so that; Prol. V. 7.
Thetis, the sea goddess; IV. iv. 39.
Thorough, through; IV. iii. 35.
Thoughten, thinking; IV. vi. 117.
Throng'd up, pressed, numbed; II. i. 79.
Throng'd, pressed, crushed; I. i. 101.
Thwarting, crossing; IV. iv. 10.
Tire, furniture, bed-furniture, (?) = comfortably and richly furnished bed; III. ii. 22.
To, compared to; II. iii. 36.
To-bless, bless; (*to*, used intensively); IV. vi. 24.
Tourney, hold a tournament; II. i. 121.

Triumph, tournament; II. ii. 1.

Unscissar'd, uncut, untouched by the scissors; III. iii. 29.

Unto, according to, in comparison to; II. i. 170.

Vail, lower; II. iii. 42.

——, do homage; Prol. IV. 29.

Vails, perquisites received by servants; II. i. 163.

Vegetives, vegetables, plants; III. ii. 36.

Viol, vial, phial; (Qq. 4, 5, 6, Ff. 3, 4, *"viall"*); III. ii. 90.

Visor, mask; IV. iv. 44.

Wages, equals, weighs; IV. ii. 35.

Wanion; "with a w."="with a curse on you," "with a vengeance"; (probably ultimately derived from the phrase *"in the waniand,"* *i. e.* "in the waning moon," *i. e.* at an unlucky time, hence=with ill-luck); II. i. 17.

Weed, garment, robe; IV. i. 14.

Well-a-day, grief, woe; IV. iv. 49.

Well-a-near, alas! well-a-day; Prol. III. 51.

Well said, well done; III. ii. 87.

Where, whereas; I. i. 127; II. iii. 43.

Whereas, where; I. iv. 70.

Whipstock, the handle of a whip; II. ii. 51.

Who, he who; I. i. 94.

Wight, man; Prol. I. 39.

Wit, know; IV. iv. 31.

With, by; I. i. 4; II. i. 71.

Word, motto; II. ii. 21.

Would; "I w.," I wish; III. i. 42.

Writ, holy writ, gospel; (Qq. 2, 3, *"write"*; Steevens conj. *"wit"*; Nicholson conj. *"Writ"*); Prol. II. 12.

Younger, past, ago; I. iv. 39.

Y-slaked, sunk to repose; Prol. III. 1.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Jean M. Vincent, B.A.

GENERAL

1. What was the action of the Editors of the First Folio in regard to *Pericles* as a work of Shakespeare?

2. What acts of the play are generally conceded to be purely and distinctly Shakespearean?

3. To what authorship previous to Shakespeare has *Pericles* been ascribed?

4. What moral qualities are most prominently brought out in the play?

5. What is the duration of the action of the play?

ACT I

6. What relation has Gower to the play? What is the dramatic use of the prologues?

7. What are the ethical suggestions brought out in the prologue?

8. For what purpose does Pericles visit Antioch?

9. What is the effect of Pericles' first sight of the daughter of Antiochus?

10. Who was Lucina?

11. What does Pericles risk in announcing himself a suitor?

12. What is the significance of the reference to Hesperides?

13. Does the immediate solving of the riddle by Pericles indicate mental purity or otherwise?

14. What effect does Pericles' discovery have upon Antiochus?

15. What does the King mean by "Touch not"?

16. What action does Antiochus take upon finding that Pericles knows his guilt?

17. In what way does Pericles protect himself? Does he avail himself of the respite?

18. What advice does Helicanus give Pericles?

19. What incident does Thaliard recall in regard to a "king's secrets"?

20. As a reaction from the shock of the discovery made by Pericles concerning the character of the daughter of Antiochus what mental ideal of womanhood might be conceived?

21. What are the circumstances surrounding the city of Tarsus at this time?

ACT II

22. What details are supplied by Gower and the Dumb Show?

23. What parts of the invocation of Pericles are attributed to other authors than Shakespeare?

24. What important incident in the story of Pericles does the scene of the fishermen introduce?

25. Describe the Elizabethan Tournaments as mentioned by the first fisherman.

26. How does Pericles recover his armor? What is the story of the armor?

27. How is Thaisa introduced into the story?

28. Describe the procession of Knights and the working up to the effect of a climax in this scene.

29. What honors are bestowed upon Pericles in scene iii? What impression is made upon him by the scene?

30. Describe the death of Antiochus and his daughter.

31. How does Helicanus display the nobility of his character in scene iv?

32. What conditions exist at Tyre? What is the popular opinion of Pericles there?

33. What message does Thaisa send her father concerning her marriage?

34. How does Simonides dismiss the Knights from the palace?

35. By what ruse does Simonides bring about the betrothal of Thaisa and Pericles? Is there evidence of Shakespeare's perfect style in scene v?

ACT III

36. What important change in the life of Pericles is introduced by Gower and the Dumb Show?

37. What dangers are suggested in the prologue?

38. How does the invocation of scene i compare with that of Act II, sc. i?

39. What superstition is expressed by the sailors here?

40. How is the character of Cerimon described in scene ii?

41. Explain the reference to the Egyptian?

42. Describe the awakening of Thaisa. What future does she select as her own?

ACT IV

43. What time elapses between Act III and Act IV? What passage in Marina's life does Gower describe?

44. What fate does Dionyza prepare for Marina?

45. Describe the character of Dionyza as portrayed in scene i.

46. What intervention prevents Marina's death?

47. What scene in this Act calls forth the question of the authorship of Shakespeare?

48. In what company does Pericles make his journey to Tarsus to see his daughter?

49. Give a character-sketch of Lysimachus.

50. How does Marina escape from the brothel?

ACT V

51. What are the talents of Marina as described by Gower?

52. In what condition do we find Pericles in the opening of Act V?

53. What does Lysimachus state is the one thing lacking in Marina as a bride for him?

54. In what does Pericles find that Marina resembles his queen?

55. Describe the dream of Pericles?

56. Through what character is the supremacy of good brought out in this play?

57. Give some of the details which confirm the recognition between Pericles and Thaisa.

58. How does Gower describe the characters of Helicanus and Cerimon?

59. What is the fate of Cleon and Dionyza?

POEMS

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H. = Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H. = C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

CONTENTS

PAGE
VENUS AND ADONIS 1
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM 71
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE 101
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT 187
THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE 205

VENUS AND ADONIS

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

To the

Right Honorable HENRIE WRIOTHESLEY,

Earle of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

Right Honourable,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my vnpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde will censure me for choosing so strong a proppe to support so weake a burthen, onely if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vowe to take aduantage of all idle houres, till I haue honoured you with some grauer labour. But if the first heire of my inuention proue deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father: and neuer after eare so barren a land, for fear it yeeld me still so bad a haruest, I leaue it to your Honourable suruey, and your Honor to your hearts content which I wish may alwaies answere your owne wish, and the worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,

William Shakespeare.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

EARLY EDITIONS

Venus and Adonis was first printed in Quarto, in 1593, with the following title-page:—

VENVS
AND ADONIS

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua

Printer's
Device:—
An anchor with
the motto
"Anchora spei"

LONDON:
Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at
the signe of the White Greyhound in
Paules Churchyard.
1593.

The text of *Venus and Adonis* is remarkable for its accuracy, and there can be little doubt that the poet himself superintended the printing of the poem, and was responsible for the wording of the title-page. A significant fact is Shakespeare's choice of the printer: Richard Field was the son of Henry Field, a tanner of Stratford-on-Avon; he was apprenticed to a printer in London in the year 1579, and took up his freedom in 1587. Among his earliest enterprises was a beautiful edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 1589. In 1592 Shakespeare's father, at Stratford, was engaged in appraising Henry Field's goods; in 1593, in London, Richard Field was engaged in printing William Shakespeare's first poem: the copyright was registered by the printer, for himself, on April 18. The publisher of the first three editions was Field's friend, John Harrison. The popularity of the poem is attested by the issue of no less than twelve subsequent editions between 1593 and 1636;[1] of some of these editions only single copies have come down to us, and it is probable that some editions have been thumbed out of existence. The famous Isham unique copy of the 1599 issue was by mere chance discovered in 1867;[2] similarly, evidence may be found of other editions, more especially between the years 1596 and 1599, 1602 and 1627.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

Shakespeare, in his Dedication to the Earl of Southampton,[3] describes the poem of *Venus and Adonis* as "the first heir of my invention"; some critics, taking these words in their absolutely literal sense, refer the composition of the piece to the poet's younger days at Stratford-on-Avon, but there is little to be adduced in favor of this view, and there is no need to strain the words to bear this meaning. By the term "invention" Shakespeare probably implied lyrical or epic poetry, as opposed to dramatic writings; and with reference to the latter it must be remembered that no Shakespearean play had as yet been printed.[1]

---

[1] 1594; 1596; 1599; (?) 1600; 1602 (British Museum); 1602 (Bodleian); 1617; 1620; 1627; 1630; (?) 1630; 1636.

[2] *Cp.* Charles Edmond's reprint of his precious "find," 1870. A facsimile of the First Edition is among Dr. Furnivall's Quarto Facsimiles (No. 12).

[3] The Earl of Southampton was at this time about twenty; he was born October 6, 1573; his father died in 1581; at the age of twelve he entered St. John's College, Cambridge. Entered at Gray's Inn, London, 1589. He rose in the Queen's favor, but his love for Elizabeth Vernon (Essex's cousin) lost him the queen's interest, in 1595. He married Elizabeth Vernon in 1598. (A full biography is given in Massey's *Shakespeare's Sonnets.*)

Chettle was probably alluding to Southampton when, in his *Kind Heart's Dream* (1592) he refers "to divers of worship" who report Shakespeare's "uprightness of dealing," and his "facetious grace in writing."

Venus and Adonis must be taken in close connection with such poems as Lodge's *Glaucus and Scilla*, and Marlowe's *Hero and Leander;* to the former of these small "classical epics" (1589) Shakespeare's poem seems to have been indebted for its versification, as perhaps also for much of its characteristic tone and diction.[2] Marlowe's poem, left unfinished at its author's death on June 1, 1593, has certain points in common with Shakespeare's, but it is difficult to determine the question of priority. The famous quotation from *Hero and Leander* in *As You Like it* was made after the posthumous publication of the poem in 1598, and there is no direct evidence of Shakespeare's knowledge of Marlowe's work before that date. Marlowe's "*rose-cheek'd Adonis*" was perhaps therefore a reminiscence of the opening lines of Shakespeare's poem, and the debt was not the other way, as has been suggested. There can be no question that the two poems belonged to the same time.

---

[1] Shakespeare's "affectionate love of nature and natural objects," his many vivid pictures of country life, as evidenced in *Venus and Adonis*, are dwelt upon by those in favor of assigning an earlier date to the poem; they point specially to the famous hunted hare; the eagle turning on her prey; the description of the horse; the signs of weather, and the closing in of the day, etc. It must be borne in mind that the theme of the poem lent itself to the introduction of these rural reminiscences, which throughout Shakespeare's career, and more especially in his early plays, exercised their attraction; many links might be pointed out connecting *Venus and Adonis* and *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

[2] The following is a typical example of Lodge's verse:—

"He that hath seen the sweet Arcadian boy
Wiping the purple from his forced wound,
His pretty tears betokening his annoy,
His sighs, his cries, his falling on the ground,
The echoes ringing from the rocks his fall,
The trees with tears reporting of his thrall," etc.

An interesting problem is whether Shakespeare at first attempted a sonnet-sequence on the subject, and subsequently rejected that form in favor of the less monumental six-line stanza (vide *Passionate Pilgrim,* iv. v. ix.).

It is noteworthy that 1593 was a year of plague, and London was so sorely stricken that all theatrical performances were forbidden; this meant leisure for Shakespeare. The companies went on tour in the course of the year; whether Shakespeare was one of the traveling actors is not known.

EARLY REFERENCES TO "VENUS AND ADONIS"

The earliest references to "the first heir" of Shakespeare's "invention" belong to 1598, when Richard Barnfield in his "*Remembrance of some English Poets,*" celebrates Shakespeare's "honey-flowing vein":—

> "Whose 'Venus' and whose 'Lucrece,' sweet and chaste,
> Thy name in fame's immortal book have plac't";

in the same year Francis Meres published his famous "*Comparative Discourse of our English Poets* with the *Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets*"; "as the soul of Euphorbus," he observed, "was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and *honey-tongued Shakespeare;* witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugar'd Sonnets among his private friends," etc. Again, in 1599, in John Weever's verses "*Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare,*" the same epithet, "honey-tongued," is repeated:—

> "Honie-tongued Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,
> I swore Apollo got them and none other,
> Their rosie-tainted features cloth'd in tissue,
> Some heaven-born goddess said to be their mother;
> Rose-cheek'd Adonis with his amber tresses,
> Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her;

Chaste Lucretia, virgin-like her dresses,
Proud lust-stung Tarquin seeking still to prove her," etc.

Perhaps the most interesting of the early allusions to *Venus and Adonis* are to be found in the Cambridge play, *The Return from Parnassus* (the second of the three *Parnassus* plays), acted at St. John's College in 1599, where Gullio's preference for "Mr. Shakespeare's vein"[1] finds exuberant expression:—"O sweet Mr. Shakespeare! I 'll have his picture in my study at the court." . . . . . "Let this duncified world esteem of Spenser and Chaucer, I 'll worship sweet Mr. Shakespeare, and to honor him, will lay his *Venus and Adonis* under my pillow, as we read of one (I do not well remember his name, but I am sure he was a king), slept with Homer under his bed's head." The amorous Gullio was, however, not a typical representative of the University; a year or two later, in the third part of the Parnassus Plays, a more judicial utterance is delivered by "Judicio":—

"Who loves not Adon's love, or Lucrece rape?
His sweeter verse contains heart-throbbing life.
Could but a graver subject him content,
Without love's foolish lazy languishment."

The writer of the lines was not ignorant of "graver subjects" which had already contented the author of "Adon's love"; but these belonged to the department of drama, and were not to be classed with poetry. Not long after, a more experienced scholar than the author of the plays, the much-abused Gabriel Harvey, Spenser's "Hobbinol," wrote on the fly-leaf of a Chaucer folio:—"The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis;* but his *Lucrece*, and his Tragedy of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, have it in them to please the wiser sort." One thing is quite certain, to wit, that Shakespeare's first published venture brought him no little contemporary fame.[2]

---

[1] Similarly, in Heywood's *"Fair Maid of the Exchange"* (1607), the lover Bowdler "never read anything but *Venus and Adonis,* and quotes passages, and proposes to imitate Venus in his wooing.

[2] In 1598, John Marston, the satirist, published, as "The first bloome

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Bk. x, was certainly the direct source of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, though the story must have been familiar to the poet in various forms: whether he read Ovid in the original, or contented himself with Golding's translation (1567) cannot be definitely determined; Prospero's abjuration (*Tempest*, Act IV, sc. i) shows his indebtedness to the translator, but this does not prove that his Latin was too little to enable him to follow the story as printed in Field's dainty edition of the *Metamorphoses*, or in any other edition.[1] Anyhow, his plot departs from Ovid's in many details. Shakespeare may have read Constable's *Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*, which, though first published in *England's Helicon* (1600), had perhaps previously circulated in manuscripts, but the question of date is of no importance: Shakespeare's debt to Constable must have been very slight.

Bion's tender elegy, and the idylls of Theocritus and other poets of the Greek Anthology were evidently quite unknown to Shakespeare. His "Adonis" does not return from Hades. Folk-lorists can find in the poem only the Death, not the Resurrection of Vegetation,—only one part of that widespread nature-myth and nature-worship which passed, with much of its accompanying ritual, from the

---

of my poesie," an imitation of *Venus and Adonis,* under the title of *"The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image"*; in his *"Scourge of Villainy"* (Sat. vi.), Marston pretended that the poem was a satire on that kind of poetry; in 1599 it was ordered to be burned. In Cranley's *Amanda* (1635) it is mentioned together with *Venus and Adonis,* and *Hero and Leander,* as part of a courtezan's library. Shakespeare's allusion to *"Pygmalion's images,"* in *Measure for Measure,* should be noted. William Barksted's *Mirrha, the mother of Adonis, or Lust's Prodigies,* ends with an enthusiastic tribute to *Venus and Adonis* and its author.

[1] *Cp.* Prof. Baynes' articles in *Fraser's Magazine,* vol. xxi. pp. 83–102; 619–641.

In the Bodleian there is an edition of Ovid which may possibly be Shakespeare's own copy (*vide* account of the book, with facsimile page, in the German Shakespeare Society's Transactions).

East to Western Europe, captivating the minds of the masses, and inspiring the minds of the poets. Venus mourning for Adonis, Isis for Osiris, Astarte for Thammuz, are but variants of the same theme. It is not unhelpful to be reminded of the genesis of Shakespeare's sensuous and voluptuous theme.[1]

---

[1] Spenser's curious reference to the Gardens of Adonis should be noted (*Faerie Queene,* Book III. i. 34).

The Eastern origin of the myth is significantly preserved in the name of the hero: *"Adonis"="Adon," i. e.* Lord; again, *anemone* = *"naaman,"* "the darling"; the Arabs call the anemone the "wounds of the Naaman." According to Bion, the rose sprung from the blood of Adonis, the anemone from his tears.

In the Greek myth, *Aphrodite* has taken the place of *Astarte;* probably the name of the Greek Venus is itself a modification of some Eastern name.

The old translators of the Bible identified "Thammuz" with "Adonis," in Ezekiel viii. 14, where the English Bible translates the Hebrew correctly, *"And behold there set women weeping for Thammuz,"* the Vulgate renders, *"Et ecce ibi mulieres sedebant plangentes Adonidem."*

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The first edition of *Venus and Adonis* was a quarto pamphlet of twenty-seven leaves, the latter part of the title-page reading thus: "London: Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at the sign of the white Greyhound in Paul's Church-yard. 1593." On April 18, 1593, the poem was entered at the Stationers' by Field, as "his copy, licensed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Wardens." A second edition was made by the same publisher in 1594. There were also editions of it, by John Harrison in 1596 and 1600, and by William Leake in 1602. After this time it was often republished, and copies are known, bearing the dates of 1616 and 1620. It was also printed at Edinburgh by John Wreittoun in 1627.

This frequency of publication sufficiently witnesses the great popularity of the poem. It is often alluded to, also, by the Poet's contemporaries, and in such terms as show it to have been a general favorite. Meres, in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598, speaks of it thus: "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare: witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugar'd *Sonnets* among his private friends." What use was sometimes made of it, may be inferred from Sharpe's *Noble Stranger*, 1640, where Pupillus exclaims,—"O, for the book of *Venus and Adonis*, to court my mistress by!"

The tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, as translated by Arthur Golding, probably furnished Shakespeare the story of *Venus and Adonis*. Golding's translation was first published complete in 1567, and reissued in 1572, 1584, 1587, and 1593; so that it must have had a large circulation when the poem was written. The Poet evidently worked upon the plan of concentrating all the interest on the passion of the goddess, and took only so much of the story as would directly serve this end. His treatment of the subject is eminently original and inventive; his genius playing with, perhaps, all the freedom it could find out of the drama, where alone he could be thoroughly at home. The story is also briefly told in Spenser's description of the tapestry of Castle Joyous, and in *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by Henry Constable, published in England's Helicon, 1600. But Shakespeare's use and treatment of the subject are altogether different from Spenser's. Constable was not known as a poet till 1594, when his *Diana* was published; and, as *The Shepherd's Song* was not included in that collection, we may presume that it had not then been written.

In the dedication of *Venus and Adonis*, Shakespeare speaks of it as "the first heir of his invention"; yet he had then become so distinguished in the drama as to be squibbed by Robert Greene, and patronized by the Earl of Southampton. Whether Shakespeare dated the heirship of his poem from the time of writing or of publishing, is uncertain: probably the former; and if so, then of course it must have been written several years before 1593. The general opinion refers the composition of the poem to the period before he left Stratford; but this is a point on which we are without evidence of any sort either way.

The merit of *Venus and Adonis*, and indeed of the author's poems generally, sinks into littleness beside that of his dramas. We have already seen how great was its contemporary popularity. This excessive applause was followed by a long period of undue neglect or depreciation; but in later times the fashion has rather been to overpraise it. Hazlitt, who wrote at the time when this fashion was at its height, and who could hardly see an extravagance in one direction without becoming equally extravagant in the opposite, delivers himself on the subject as follows:

"In his plays, Shakespeare was as broad and casing as the general air: in his poems, on the contrary, he appears to be coop'd and cabin'd in by all the technicalities of art, by all the petty intricacies of thought and language which poetry had learned from the controversial jargon of the schools, where words had been made a substitute for things. His imagination, by identifying itself with the strongest characters in the most trying circumstances, grappled at once with nature, and trampled the littleness of art under its feet: the rapid changes of situation, the wide range of the universe, gave him life and spirit, and afforded full scope to his genius; but, returned into his closet again, and having assumed the badge of his profession, he could only labor in his vocation, and conform himself to existing models."

In this extract, the writer, as usual, has a knack of suggesting the truth while departing from it. Hazlitt is comparing the poems, not with the dramas written at or near the same time, but with those of a much later date, when the Poet, after working by "existing models," had constructed an art of his own. In his poems Shakespeare does indeed impress us rather as proceeding by rule and imitation, than by the free inspiration of genius and nature: he is not himself, but rather what others had been before him. He had not then found himself, and perhaps it was only by working awhile as others had done, that he could find himself. The inferiority, then, of the poems grew not so much from the conditions of the work, as from the state of his own mind: it was not merely because they were not dramas, but partly because his genius was not then mature, that they fall below the measure of his powers.

But, much as the poems carry the air of imitations, they show, withal, that he could not imitate without surpassing his models. *Venus and Adonis* abounds in verbal and fantastical tricks and antics caught from the taste and fashion of the age: often it may be said of the Poet, that he appears "singling out the difficulties of the art, to make an exhibition of his strength and skill in wrestling with them."

But what fulness of life and spirit there is in it! what richness and delicacy of imagery! what fresh, and airy, and subtle turns of invention and combination! Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, has the following remarks upon it:

"In the *Venus and Adonis*, the first and most obvious excellence is the perfect sweetness of the versification; its adaptation to the subject; and the power displayed in varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm than was demanded by the thoughts, or permitted by the propriety of preserving a sense of melody predominant. The delight in richness and sweetness of sound, even to a faulty excess, if it be evidently original, and not the result of an easily imitable mechanism, I regard as a highly favorable promise in the compositions of a young man. 'The man that hath not music in his soul' can indeed never be a genuine poet. Imagery; affecting incidents; just thoughts; interesting personal or domestic feelings; and with these the art of their combination or intertexture in the form of a poem; may all, by incessant effort, be acquired as a trade, by a man of talents and much reading, who has mistaken an intense desire of poetic reputation for a natural poetic genius. But the sense of musical delight, with the power of producing it, is a gift of imagination; and this, together with the power of reducing multitude into unity of effect, and modifying a series of thoughts by some one predominant thought or feeling, may be cultivated and improved, but can never be learned. It is in this sense that *Poeta nascitur, non fit*.

"A second promise of genius is the choice of subjects very remote from the private interests and circumstances of the writer himself. At least I have found, that where the subject is taken immediately from the author's personal sensations and experiences, the excellence of a particular poem is but an equivocal mark, and often a fallacious pledge, of genuine poetic power. In the *Venus and Adonis*, this proof of poetic power exists even to excess.

It is throughout as if a superior spirit, more intuitive, more intimately conscious, even than the characters themselves, not only of every outward look and act, but of the flux and reflux of the mind in all its subtlest thoughts and feelings, were placing the whole before our view; himself, meanwhile, unparticipating in the passions, and actuated only by that pleasurable excitement, which had resulted from the energetic fervor of his own spirit, in so vividly exhibiting what it had so accurately and profoundly contemplated. I think I should have conjectured, that even the great instinct which impelled the Poet to the drama was secretly working in him, prompting him by a series and never-broken chain of imagery, always vivid, and, because unbroken, often minute; by the highest effort of the picturesque in words, of which words are capable, higher perhaps than was ever realized by any other poet, even Dante not excepted; to provide a substitute for that visual language, that constant intervention and running comment, by tone, look, and gesture, which in his dramatic works he was entitled to expect from the players. His *Venus and Adonis* seem at once the characters themselves, and the whole representation of those characters by consummate actors. You seem to be *told* nothing, but to see and hear everything.

"Hence it is, that from the perpetual activity of attention required on the part of the reader; from the rapid flow, the quick change, and the playful nature of the thoughts and images; and, above all, from the alienation, and, if I may hazard such an expression, the utter *aloofness* of the Poet's own feelings, from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst; that though the very subject cannot but detract from the pleasure of a delicate mind, yet never was poem less dangerous on a moral account. Instead of doing as Ariosto, and as, still more offensively, Wieland has done; instead of degrading and deforming passion into appetite, the trials of love into the struggles of concupiscence, Shakespeare has here represented the animal impulse itself so as to preclude all sympathy with it, by dissipating the reader's notice among the thousand outward images, and now beautiful, now fanciful circumstances, which forms its dresses and scenery; or by diverting our attention from the main subject by those frequent witty or profound reflections, which the Poet's ever-active mind has deduced from, or connected with, the imagery and the incidents. The reader is forced into too much action to sympathize with the merely passive of our nature. As little can a mind thus roused and awakened be brooded on by mean and indistinct emotion, as the low, lazy mist can creep upon the surface of a lake, while a strong gale is driving it onward in waves and billows."

VENUS AND ADONIS

Even as the sun with purple-color'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
    Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
    And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
    Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
    Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favor, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
    Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
    And being set, I 'll smother thee with kisses;

---

3. *"Adonis,"* the son of Myrrha, and favorite of Aphrodite, was consigned to the care of Persephone, queen of the underworld, who refused to give him up to Aphrodite. Zeus, on appeal being made to him, decided that Adonis should spend four months of each year with Persephone, four with Aphrodite, and retain four for his own pleasure. He was wounded by a boar, and Aphrodite, unable to staunch the wound and save his life, won from Zeus the promise that Adonis should spend six months of each year with her.—C. H. H.

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
    A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
    Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
    Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
    Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
    She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
    He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens—O, how quick is love!—
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
    Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
    And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:

Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

---

53. *"miss"* was not unfrequently used as a substantive, meaning, of course, something done amiss.—In the next line, the first three editions have *murders;* later editions, *smothers.*—H. N. H.

61. *"forced to content";* that is, compelled to acquiescence, or forced *to be* content.—H. N. H.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
    Rain added to a river that is rank
    Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale;
    Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
    Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
    Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
    And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
    But when her lips were ready for his pay,
    He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
  'O, pity,' 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!
  'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
  Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
  And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

'Over my alters hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest;
  Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
  Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overruled I overswayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
  O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
  For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
    Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
    Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
    These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
    Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
    Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
    Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favor'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
    Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
    But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevel'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

---

144. *"would in thy palm dissolve";* what moisture of hand was thought to indicate, is shown in *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act i. sc. 2: "Nay, if an *oily palm* be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear." And in *Othello,* Act iii. sc. 4. "Here's a young and *sweating devil* here, that commonly rebels. 'Tis a good *hand;* a frank one."—H. N. H.

156. *"shouldst"; Q. 1, "should."*—I. G.

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them,
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side.

161. *"Narcissus,"* the son of Cephisus and Liriope, mistaking his own reflection in a fountain for its tutelary nymph, killed himself in his unavailing efforts to reach her.—H. N. H.

171. *Cp.* Sonnet I.—I. G.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapors when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, 'Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Aye me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind!
What bare excuses makest thou to be gone!
I 'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I 'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I 'll quench them with my tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth:
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
  Give me one kiss, I 'll give it thee again,
  And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
  Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
  For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
  And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
  And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
  And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
  She locks her lily fingers one in one.

---

211. *"lifeless"*; Q. 1, 2, 3, *"liuelesse."*—I. G.

213. *"Statue"*; Q. 1, 2, 3, *"Statüe"*; *cp.* l. 1013; Q. 3, 4, *"statües."*—I. G.

‘Fondling,’ she saith, ‘since I have hemm’d thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I ’ll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

‘Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.’

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open’d their mouths to swallow Venus’ liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

231; 239; 689. *“deer”*; Q. 1, 2, 3, *“deare.”*—I. G.

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
'Pity,' she cries, 'some favor, some remorse!'
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbors by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapors doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

272. *"stand,"* so Q. 1–4; the rest, *"stands."*—I. G.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried;
 And this I do to captivate the eye
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'Holla' or his 'Stand, I say'?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trappings gay?
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
 So did this horse excel a common one
 In shape, in courage, color, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
 Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

283. *"stir"*; Q. 1, 2, 3, *"sturre."*—I. G.

284. *"'Holla'"*; hold! enough! (a less peremptory phrase than "Stand!")—C. H. H.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he was enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

---

304. *"And whether"*; Qq., *"And where"* (*i. e.* *"whe'er"*).—I. G.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
    For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
    When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
    But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
    The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
    Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
    For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
    But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
    It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

334; 402. *"fire"*; Q. 1, 2, 3, *"fier"*; but *"fire,"* l. 494 (rhyming with *"desire"*).—I. G.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which chorus-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a jail of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,

---

353. *"tenderer"*; Q. 1, *"tendrer"*; the rest, *"tender."*—I. G.

359. *"his acts made plain"*; we have often seen that *his* was constantly used for *its* in the Poet's time, the latter not being then a legitimate word.—The closing couplet of this stanza is an evident allusion to the dumb shows, and accompanying choruses of the old stage.—H. N. H.

362. *"jail"*; Qq., *"gaile"*; *"Iaile."*—I. G.

370. *"thy heart my wound"*; thy heart wounded as mine is.—H. N. H.

My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he; 'why dost thou feel it!'
'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
    Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
    Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
    Who is so faint, that dares not be so bold
    To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
    O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
    And once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;

---

392. *"master'd"; Q. 1, 2, 3, "maister'd"; cp.* l. 114, *"mastering"; Q. 1, 2, 3, "maistring."*—I. G.

——, *"rein"; Q.* 1–10, *"raine."*—I. G.

412. *"is love but to disgrace it";* my inclination towards love is only a desire to render it contemptible.—H. N. H.

My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that 's back'd and burthen'd being young
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

429. *"mermaid's"*; early Qq., *"marmaides"*; *"marmaids"*; *cp.* l. 777; Q. 1, 2, 3, *"marmaids"*; Q. 4, *"mirmaides."*—I. G.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?'

Once more the ruby-color'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

434. *"invisible"*; Steevens conj. *"invincible."*—I. G.
454. *"wreck"*; Qq., *wracke," "wrack"* (cp. l. 558).—I. G.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

466. *"bankrupt"*; Qq., *"bankrout," "banckrout." "banqueront."*—I. G.

"love"; S. Walker conj. *"loss."*—I. G.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she; 'in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me: kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

---

507. *"verdure"*; Q. 1, 2, 3, *"verdour."*—I. G.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

'Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
'Good night,' quoth she; and, ere he says 'Adieu,'
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

529. *"gait"*; Qq., *"gate."*—I. G.

547. *"prey"*; Qq., *"pray"* (tho' rhyming with "obey"); so *"prayes,"* l. 724, and *"pray"* (rhyming with *"day"*), l. 1097.—I. G.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage,
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honor's wrack.

Hot, faint and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that 's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and pricks them all at last.

567. *"venturing"*; Qq., *"ventring."*—I. G.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
    The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
    He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I 'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?'
    He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
    To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar!' quoth she: whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
    She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
    He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
    That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
    To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

599. *"Tantalus"*; Qq., *"Tantalus."*—I. G.

Even so poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She 's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
'Fie, fie,' he says, 'you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised: thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchers where'er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

---

601. *"deceived with painted grapes";* alluding to the picture of Zeuxis, in which the grapes are said to have been represented so well that the birds mistook them for nature's own work.—H. N. H.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

'Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage—wondrous dread!—
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?

---

628. *"venture"*; Qq., *"venter"* (rhyming with *"enter"*).—I. G.
632. *"eyes pay"*; Q. 1, 2, *"eye paies."*—I. G.

Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggested mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry 'Kill, kill!'
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

---

680. *"overshoot,"* Steevens conj.; Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"over-shut."*—I. G.
684. *"amaze"*; bewilder.—C. H. H.

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe

705. *"doth";* Q. 1, 2, 3, "do."—I. G.

'Where did I leave?' 'No matter where,' quoth he;
'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent.' 'Why, what of that?' quoth she.
'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.'
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all. 720

'But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven's despite, 731
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

'And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favor, savor, hue and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

743. *"imposthumes"*; Qq., *"impostumes."*—I. G.

'So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that 's put to use more gold begets.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

781. "*run*"; Q. 1, 2, 3, "*ronne*" (rhyming with "*undone*").—I. G.

'What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

787. *"reprove"*; refute.—C. H. H.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawnd runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
    Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
    So glides he in the night from Venus' eye:

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
    So did the merciless and pitchy night
    Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
    Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
    Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbor caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled.
    'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times, 'Woe, woe!'
    And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

---

832. *"deeply"*; S. Walker conj. *"doubly."*—I. G.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men
 dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
 Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
 And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
 Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
 End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites;
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humor of fantastic wits?
 She says ''Tis so:' they answer all ''Tis so;'
 And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

837. *"thrall"*; enslaved —C. H. H.
854. *"cabinet"*; little cabin.—C. H. H.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

---

902. *"together"*; Qq., *"togither"* (rhyming with *"whither"*); *sp.* l. 971; Q. 1, 2, 3, *"all together"* (rhyming with *"weather"*); Q. 4, *"altogither."*—I. G.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
    Full of respects, yet not at all respecting:
    In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
    And here she meets another sadly scowling,
    To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
    Clapping their proud tales to the ground below,
    Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
    So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
    And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favor'd tyrant, ugly, meager, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she Death,—
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his stroke;
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provokest such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigor,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigor.'

940. *"random"*; Qq. 1–4, *"randon."*—I. G.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
    But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
    And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
    But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
    Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labors so
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
    But none is best: then join they all together,
    Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some buntsman holloa;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labor to expel;
    For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
    And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass:
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
    To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
    Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair, and hope, makes thee ridiculous:
    The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
    In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought:
Now she adds honors to his hateful name;
    She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
    Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
    Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
    I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

---

988. *"makes"*; the singular is accurate; for it is the rapid interchange of despair and hope, not their separate actions, which produces this effect.—C. H. H.

993. *"all to nought"* (rhyming with *"wrought"*); Dyce, *"all-to naught"*; Delius, *"all-to naught."*—I. G.

1002. *"decease"*; early Qq., *"decesse"* (rhyming with *"confess"*).—I. G.

''Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he 's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate; 1010
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear 1021
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles unwitnessed with eye or ear
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

1013–1014. *"stories His"*; Theobald's conjecture; Qq., *"stories, His."* —I. G.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smother'd up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

1041. *"ugly"*; Q. 1, *"ougly."*—I. G.

And being open'd threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf or weed,
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,

1067. *"limb"*; Qq., *"lim."*—I. G.

Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that 's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colors fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

''Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.'
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

1108. *"entertainment";* usage.—C. H. H.
1117. *"been";* Q. 1, *"bin."*—I. G.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect; 1130
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning but unsavory end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

'It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud; 1141
Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

1133. *"spite";* grievance.—C. H. H.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rick, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valor, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapor from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

1155. *"severe"*; early Qq., *"seveare"* (rhyming with *"fear"*).—I. G.

1161. *"servile"*; Q. 1, 2, *"seruill"*; *cp.* line 392, *"servilely"*; Q. 1, 2, 3, *"seruilly."*—I. G.

1168. *"A purple flower . . . chequer'd with white"*; Bion had said that Adonis' blood sprang up in the rose, his tears in the anemone.—C. H. H.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
  She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
  Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
  And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
  To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest;
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
  There shall not be one minute in an hour
  Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
  Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
  Means to immure herself and not be seen.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

EARLY EDITIONS

The Passionate Pilgrim was first printed in 1599, with the following title:—

"The | Passionate | PILGRIME. | *By W. Shakespeare.* | *AT LONDON* | Printed for W. Jaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey- | hound in Paules Churchyard. | 1599."[1]

In the middle of sheet C[2] is a second title:—"Sonnets | To sundry notes of Musicke."

In 1612 an edition was issued augmented by the addition of some poems by Thomas Heywood, "two love-epistles, the first from *Paris* to *Hellen*, and *Hellen's* answer back again to *Paris*," and the whole were attributed to Shakespeare. The issue is described as "the third edition" on the title-page, but no second edition has been traced.

In deference to a protest on Heywood's part,[3] the piratical publisher cancelled the first title-page, and substituted a second, omitting Shakespeare's name; the Bodleian copy

---

[1] *Cp.* Fac-simile edition among Dr. Furnivall's *Quarto-Fac-similes;* also Charles Edmond's reprint of the Isham copy, discovered in 1867; these and the "Capell" copy are the only copies known.

[2] *i. e.* before the song beginning with "It was a lordling's daughter," etc.

[3] In the postscript to the *Apology for Actors,* 1612, Heywood wrote:—"Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that work (viz. the *Troia Britannica,* published in 1609), by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a less volume under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steal them from him, and he to do himself right, hath since published them in his own name; but,

(formerly the property of Malone) has the two title-pages, the original one being left by some inadvertence.

In 1640 a new edition, with much additional matter, altogether un-Shakespearean, was issued as *Poems: written by Wil. Shake-speare, Gent.*

THE CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME

The Passionate Pilgrim has aptly been described as a "rag-picker's bag of stolen goods." Like many another pirate-publisher, Jaggard must needs issue a book purporting to be by the author of the hour: by some underhand means he obtained transcripts more or less correct of "the sugar'd sonnets," referred to by Francis Meres; he conveyed three pieces from the printed text of *Love's Labor's Lost;* [1] to these genuine Shakespearean articles he added sundry songs and sonnets, some by well-known authors of the day, some by obscure poetasters, some perhaps manufactured to order, so as to give a Shakespearean coloring to the volume; possibly one or two fragments of true metal may have been preserved in the miscellaneous collection.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF THE POEMS

I–II. Shakespeare's Sonnets, 138 and 144 (with various readings).

---

as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author, I know was much offended with Mr. Jaggard that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name.

[1] The many variant readings in the Shakespearean portions of the collection were probably due in some cases to Jaggard's editor, in others to incorrect transcripts. An instance of the former is perhaps to be found in the last line of V, where the play reads, "That sings heaven's praise," etc. It will be remembered that Holofernes chides Nathaniel for not finding the apostrophas, and so missing the accent: "let me supervise the canzonet." Had Jaggard properly supervised it, he would, I think, have read "That singës" instead of "To sing." Some of the changes in the *Sonnets* may have been intentional for the purpose of obscuring references to the person alluded to.

III. Longaville's Sonnet to Maria in *Love's Labor's Lost.*

IV. (?) Shakespeare's (on *Venus and Adonis*).

V. From *Love's Labor's Lost.*

VI. (?) Shakespeare's (on *Venus and Adonis*).

VII. (?) Shakespeare's.

VIII. Probably by Richard Barnfield, in whose *Poems in Divers Humors*, 1598, it had first appeared.

IX. (?) Shakespeare's (on *Venus and Adonis*).

X. Probably not Shakespeare's.

XI. Probably by Bartholomew Griffin: it had already appeared, with variations, in 1596, in his *Fidessa more Chaste than Kind.*

XII. Probably not Shakespeare's.

XIII. Perhaps by the author of X.

XIV–XV. Probably not Shakespeare's.[1]

XVI. Not Shakespeare's.

XVII. Dumain's Poem to Kate, *Love's Labor's Lost* (IV, iii).

XVIII. Found in Weekes's *Madrigals*, 1597; also in *England's Helicon*, 1600, with the title *The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint*, and subscribed *Ignoto* (probably printed from the 1599 volume).[2]

XIX. Doubtfully Shakespeare's. The poem strongly resembles one section of *Willobie's Avisa*, published 1594.

XX. By Christopher Marlowe. *The Lover's Answer*, probably by Sir Walter Raleigh. In *England's Helicon* the poem is given in full.[3]

---

[1] Wrongly printed as two poems, though evidently not intended as such in the First Edition.

[2] *Cp.* Bullen's edition of *England's Helicon,* p. xxi., where he gives his opinion in favor of Barnfield's authorship.

[3] Isaac Walton's well-known reference did much to maintain the fame of the lyric:—"As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milkmaid: she cast away all care and sang like a nightingale. Her voice was good and the ditty fitted for it: it was the smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago. And the milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his young days."

XXI. By Richard Barnfield, from *Poems in Divers Humours*, 1598 (ll. 1–28 found also in "*England's Helicon*," signed "*Ignoto*").

"*The Passionate Pilgrim*" belonged in reality to the poetical miscellanies so popular at the time; it deserved utter failure for the undue liberty it had taken with Shakespeare's great name, and it perhaps deserved the almost too severe though eloquent censure which a modern poet, Mr. Swinburne, has passed upon it. When the genuine Shakespearean pieces have been taken into account, "the rest of the ragman's gatherings, with three most notable exceptions, is little better for the most part than dry rubbish or disgusting refuse. . . . I need not say that those three exceptions are the stolen and garbled work of Marlowe and of Barnfield, our elder Shelley and our first-born Keats; the singer of Cynthia in verse well worthy of Endymion, who would seem to have died as a poet in the same fatal year of his age that Keats died as a man; the first adequate English laureate of the nightingale, to be supplanted or equalled by none until the advent of his mightier brother."

"... Our Poet, him
Whose insight makes all others dim:
A thousand poets pried at life,
And only one amid the strife
Rose to be Shakespeare."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

"The Passionate Pilgrim, by W. Shakespeare. At London: Printed for W. Jaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paul's Church-yard, 1599." Such is the title-page of a 16mo volume of thirty leaves, the contents of which are the same, and given in the same order, as in the pages following this Introduction. The collection was reprinted in 1612, with additions, and with a new title-page reading thus: "The Passionate Pilgrim; Or certain amorous Sonnets, between Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespeare. The third Edition: Whereunto is newly added two Love-epistles, the first from Paris to Helen, and Helen's answer back again to Paris. Printed by W. Jaggard. 1612." In some copies of this edition, the words, "By W. Shakespeare," are omitted from the title-page. It is here called "the third edition"; but of the second, if there were any, as there may have been, nothing has been seen in modern times.

The circumstances, which were somewhat peculiar, attending the issue of these two impressions, are thus stated by Mr. Collier:

"In 1598 Richard Barnfield put his name to a small collection of productions in verse, entitled *The Encomion of Lady Pecunia*, which contained more than one poem attributed to Shakespeare in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1699. The first was printed by John, and the last by William Jaggard. Boswell suggests, that John Jaggard in 1598 might have stolen Shakespeare's verses, and attributed them to Barnfield; but the answer to this supposition is twofold: First, that Barnfield formally, and in his own name, printed them as his in 1598; and next, that he reprinted them under the same circumstances in 1605, notwithstanding they had been in the meantime assigned to Shakespeare. The truth seems to be, that W. Jaggard took them in 1599 from Barnfield's publication, printed by John Jaggard in 1598. In 1612 W. Jaggard went even more boldly to work; for in the impression of *The Passionate Pilgrim* of that year he not only repeated Barnfield's poems of 1598, but included two of Ovid's *Epistles*, which had been translated by Thomas Heywood, and printed by him with his name in his *Troja Britannica*, 1609. The *Epistles* were made, with some little ambiguity, to appear, in *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1612, to have been also the work of Shakespeare. When, therefore, Heywood published his next work in 1612, he exposed the wrong that had been thus done to him, and claimed the performances as his own. He seems also to have taken steps against W. Jaggard; for the latter cancelled the title-page of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1612, which contained the name of Shakespeare, and substituted another without any name; so far discrediting Shakespeare's right to any of the poems the work contained, although some were his beyond any dispute. Malone's copy in the Bodleian Library has both title-pages.

"To what extent, therefore, we may accept W. Jaggard's assertion of the authorship of Shakespeare of the poems in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, is a question of some difficulty. Two Sonnets, with which the little volume opens, are contained, with variations, in Thorpe's edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, 1609: three other pieces, also with changes, are found in *Love's Labor's Lost*, which had been printed the year before *The Passionate Pilgrim* originally came out: another, and its 'answer' notoriously belong to Marlowe and Raleigh: a Sonnet, with some slight differences, had been printed as his in 1596, by a person of the name of Griffin; while one production appeared in *England's Helicon* in 1600, under the signature of *Ignoto*."

There is no need of dwelling any longer here on the several pieces in the collection, as all the known particulars of any consequence respecting them will be stated in our notes. It may be worth the while to mention, that after the piece numbered xv, the original has a new title-page running as follows: "Sonnets to sundry Notes of Music. At London: Printed for W. Jaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paul's Church-yard." From which it would seem that the remaining pieces of the collection had been married to tunes, for the delectation of music-loving ears in the squire's hall and the yeoman's chimney-corner, where old songs were wont to be sung. It is said, that other evidence of such marriage has descended to our time. Touching the merits of the following poems, perhaps the less said, the better. Excepting the pieces which are found elsewhere in the Poet's works, and excepting the last piece, which relishes somewhat of his cunning style, they might well enough be spared from his roll of authorship. No one, however, who rightly understands him, would willingly be without a single line that can show any fair credentials of having been made or even mended by him.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

I

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskillful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I 'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
That like two spirits do suggest me still;

I. II.; *cp.* Sonnets, cxxxviii., cxliv.—I. G.

II. This Sonnet and the preceding, which were printed as part of the *Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599, were also included as the cxxxviii. and the cxliv. in the collection of Sonnets published in 1609. The two copies, it may be seen, vary somewhat in the language; which is a reason for retaining them here.—H. N. H.

My better angel is a man right fair,
My worser spirit a woman color'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapor vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

III. V. XVII; *cp. Love's Labor's Lost,* IV. iii. 60–73; IV. ii. 109–122; IV. iii. 101–120.—I. G.

11. *"Exhale";* draw up (as the sun draws vapor from the earth). —C. H. H.

IV

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear,
She show'd him favors to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there;
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward.

V

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll constant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and make his book thine eyes,

IV. Possibly a sonnet of Shakespeare upon *Venus and Adonis,* as also VI. and IX.—C. H. H.

1. *"Cytherea";* Venus.—C. H. H.

V. This Sonnet also occurs, with some variations, in *Love's Labor's Lost,* Act IV, scene ii.—H. N. H.

Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
  Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
  To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

VI

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen:
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
  He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:
  'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood!'

VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,
Brighter than glass and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax and yet as iron rusty:
  A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
  None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
  Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
  Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
  Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
  Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,

VIII. This Sonnet was published in Richard Barnfield's *Encomion of Lady Pecunia,* 1598, the year before its appearance in *The Pas-*

Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As passing all conceit needs no defense.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes.
  One god is god of both, as poets feign;
  One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,

. . . . . .

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;

---

sionate Pilgrim. It was also retained in Barnfield's edition of 1605. Probably, therefore, he has a right to the credit of it, and Shakespeare will not be much impoverished by missing the inheritance.—H. N. H.

5. John Dowland was one of the most famous of Elizabethan musicians; his song-books appeared in 1597, 1600, and 1603; his *Pilgrim's Solace,* 1612. There are many references to him in Elizabethan and later literature, more especially to his *Lachrymæ, or, Seven Tears figured in seven heavenlie Pavans* (1605); (*cp.* Bullen's *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books*).—I. G.

14. *"One knight loves both";* probably Sir George Carey, K. G., to whom Dowland dedicated his first book of airs (1597). His wife, daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, was a great friend of Spenser (L.).—C. H. H.

Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.'
She showed hers: he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left all alone.

X

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls through wind before the fall should be.

I weep for thee and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god embraced
me,'
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god unlaced
me,'
As if the boy should use like loving charms;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips,'
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

XII

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.

XI. This Sonnet, considerably varied, is the third in a collection of Sonnets entitled *Fidessa,* and published in 1596, with the name of B. Griffin as the author. Mr. Collier, however, had seen it in a manuscript of the time, with the initials W. S. at the end. The words, *young* in the first line, and *so* in the fourth, are taken from Griffin's collection.—H. N. H.

XII. *"stay'st";* old eds., *"staies."*—I. G.

Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
  Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
  Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
  O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
  For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that 's broken presently:
  A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
  Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
  So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
  In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

XIV

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:
She bade good night that kept my rest away;

XIII. Two copies of this poem "from a corrected MS." were printed in *Gent. Mag.* xx. 521; xxx. 39; the variants do not improve the poem.—I. G.

XIV. Probably not Shakespeare's.—C. H. H.

And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow:'
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XV

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east:
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dreaming night;
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow changed to solace and solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why, she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

XV. Probably not Shakespeare's.—C. H. H.

8. "*And drives*"; perhaps we should read, "*And daylight drives*" (Anon. conj.).—I. G.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succor flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XVI

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.
Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel!
But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
Alas, she could not help it!

XVI. In the original, this piece stands first in the division called "*Sonnets* to sundry *Notes of Music.*"—H. N. H.

2. *"master";* teacher.—C. H. H.

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XVII

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
'Air,' quoth he, ' thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.'

XVII. This poem, in a more finished state, and with two additional lines occurs in *Love's Labor's Lost,* Act IV, sc. 3. It was also printed in England's *Helicon,* 1600, with the signature "W. Shakespeare."

[XVIII]

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not;
All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.
In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:

XVIII. This poem, also, was published in England's *Helicon,* but is there called *"The unknown Shepherd's Complaint,"* and signed *Ignoto.* It had appeared anonymously, with music, in a collection of *Madrigals* by Thomas Weelkes, 1597. The three forms have some slight variations, but none worth noticing.—H. N. H.

5. *"Love's denying";* Malone's conj.; old eds., *"Love is dying";* England's *Helicon, "Love is denying."*—I. G.

7. *"renying";* ed. 1599, *"nenying."*—I. G.

13. *"cross";* accident, mischance.—C. H. H.

21. *"Love hath forlorn me";* Steevens conj. *"Love forlorn I."*—I. G.

Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding,
    Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal:
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
    In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
    Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!
Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
    Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
    Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,

31–32. *"My sighs . . . Procure to"*; edd. 1599, 1612, *"With sighes . . . procures to"*; the reading of the text is Malone's.—I. G.

43. *"back peeping"*; edd. 1599, 1612, *"blacke peeping."*—I. G.

Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XIX

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial wight:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt;—
But plainly say thou lovest her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

4. *"fancy, partial wight";* Capell MS. and Malone conj. withdrawn; edd. 1599, 1612, *"fancy (party all might)"*; ed. 1640, *"fancy (partly all might)"*; Malone (from MS. copy), *"fancy, partial like";* Collier (from MS. copy), *"partial fancy like";* Steevens conj. *"fancy, partial tike";* Furnivall conj. *"fancy's partial might."*—I. G.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say;
  'Hath women been so strong as men,
  In faith, you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
  The strongest castle, tower and town,
  The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
  When time shall serve, be thou not slack
  To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
  Have you not heard it said full oft,
  A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint:

There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attain
    Were kisses all the joys in bed,
    One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough—too much, I fear—
Lest that my mistress hear my song:
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
    Yet will she blush, here be it said,
    To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

[XX]

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

---

45. *"There is no heaven, by holy then";* the line has been variously emended; Malone reads from an old MS.:—

> *Here is no heaven; they holy then*
> *Begin, when,* etc.

No satisfactory emendation has been proposed, and perhaps the original reading may be allowed to stand without the comma after *"heaven":—"there is no heaven by holy then"; i. e.,* "by that holy time"; others suggest, *"be holy then,"* or *"by the holy then,"* etc.—I. G.

XX. This poem and the *"Answer,"* both of which are here very incomplete, especially the latter, are well known as the workmanship of Christopher Marlowe and Sir Walter Raleigh. They appeared in England's *Helicon,* the one as Marlowe's, the other under the name of *Ignoto,* which was the signature sometime used by Raleigh. See, also, *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act iii. sc. 1. Both songs are given in full at the end of that play.—H. N. H.

1. *"Live with me, and be my love";* in England's *Helicon* and

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Love's Answer.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

other early versions the line runs, *"Come live with me,"* etc., and in this way it is usually quoted. Two verses found in England's *Helicon* are omitted in the present version, but included in the 1640 ed., where *"Love's Answer"* is also in six quatrains; the additional matter was evidently also derived from *England's Helicon.* After l. 12 the following lines are inserted:—

> *"A gown made of the finest wool,*
> *Which from our pretty Lambs we pull.*
> *Fair lined slippers for the cold,*
> *With buckles of the purest gold."*

The last stanza runs thus:—

> *"The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing,*
> *For thy delight each May morning;*
> *If these delights thy mind may move,*
> *Then live with me and be my love."*—I. G.

XXI

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;
'Tereu, Tereu!' by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,

XXI. This poem is found in Barnfield's *Encomion of Lady Pecunia,* 1598, and also in England's *Helicon.* In the latter it has the signature *Ignoto;* but as Barnfield retained it in his edition of 1605, he probably had a right to it.—H. N. H.

14. *"Tereu";* an imitation of the nightingale's note, with an allusion to the legend of Philomela, whose persecutions by Tereus caused her transformation into a nightingale.—C. H. H.

23. *"Pandion";* the father of Philomela.—C. H. H.

Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
  Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king;'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment:
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

To the

RIGHT HONOURABLE, HENRY WRIOTHESLEY

Earle of Southhampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

THE loue I dedicate to your Lordship is without end: whereof this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous Moity. The warrant I haue of your Honourable disposition, not the worth of my vntutord Lines makes it assured of acceptance. What I haue done is yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being part in all I haue, deuoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duety would shew greater, meane time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish long life still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duety.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EARLY EDITIONS

The first edition of "Lucrece" was published in quarto in 1594, with the following title-page:—

"LVCRECE | London. | Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound | in Paules Church-yard. 1594 | ."[1]

The running title is "The Rape of Lvcrece." The Bodleian Library copies of this edition differ in some important readings, showing that the text was corrected while passing through the press. Seven new editions appeared by the year 1655; the 1616 issue purported to be "newly revised," but the variant readings are of very doubtful value.

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

The story of Lucrece had been treated by many English writers before Shakespeare chose it as the subject of "the second heir" of his invention. Chaucer told her story in his *Legend of Good Women*, quoting "Ovid and Titus Livius" as his originals (*cp.* Ovid's *Fasti*, ii, 741; Livy, Bk. 1, chs. 57, 58). Lydgate treated the same theme in his *Falls of Princes;* Painter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567. There were other English renderings, notably "ballads" entered on the Stationers' Registers in the years 1568, 1570; a ballad was also printed in 1576.

Shakespeare seems to have read Ovid's version, and this may be considered his main source.[2]

---

[1] *Cp.* No. 35, *Shakespere Quarto Fac-similes.*

[2] *Cp.* Baynes' essay on *Shakespeare and Ovid,* with reference to his early poems (*Fraser's Magazine,* xxi.).

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

In the dedication of *Venus and Adonis* to the Earl of Southampton, the poet had vowed "to take advantage of all idle hours" till "I have honored you with some graver labor." *Lucrece* must therefore have been written after the dedication containing these words, and before its entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, *i. e.* between April, 1593 and May, 1594.

Like the former poem, Lucrece was also addressed to Southampton: it is instructive, however, to compare the two dedications; between the first and second letters timid deference towards an exalted patron has ripened into affectionate devotion.

A comparison of the two companion poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, the one a study of "female lust and boyish coldness," the other of "male lust and womanly chastity," brings out prominently the advance made in the later poem in respect of ease and versification, maturity of observation, and didactic tendency. This latter superiority seems to have been noted by Shakespeare's contemporaries:—[1]

> "Who loves chaste life, there Lucrece for a teacher: 4
> Who lis't read lust there's Venus and Adonis."
> (FREEMAN'S *Runne and a Great Cast,* 1614.)

---

[1] The earliest allusion to Shakespeare by *name* occurs in connection with a reference to his *Lucrece,* in the commencing verses of a laudatory address prefixed to *"Willobie his Avisa,"* 1594. In the same year the author of an Elegy on Lady Helen Branch included among "our greater poetes":—"You that have writ of Chaste Lucretia": Drayton's reference, in his *Matilda,* also in 1594, may have been to a play on the subject, as, in all probability, was Heywood's allusion in his *Apology for Actors,* 1612. Heywood's play on *Lucrece* is not devoid of merit. In 1595 the following words are found in the margin of a curious volume, entitled *Polimanteia,* published at Cambridge:—*"All praise worthy Lucrecia Sweet Shakspeare."*

Sir John Suckling's "supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr. Wil. Shakespears" appears at first sight to commence with two six-line stanzas, representing a different and perhaps earlier recension of *Lucrece,* but this is doubtful, and in all probability the alterations were Sir John Suckling's, the verses being derived from one of the books of *Elegant Extracts, e. g. England's Parnassus.*

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

"A book entitled The Ravishment of Lucrece" is the reading of an entry at the Stationers', by "Mr. Harrison, senior," on May 9, 1594. The same year was issued a quarto pamphlet of forty-seven leaves, with the following title-page: "Lucrece. London: Printed by Richard Field for John Harrison, and are to be sold at the sign of the white Greyhound in Paul's Church-yard. 1594." The poem was reissued by the same publisher, in 1598, 1600, and 1607. Malone claims to have heard of editions in 1596 and 1602; he was probably misinformed, as no copies with those dates have been discovered.

In his dedication of this poem to the Earl of Southampton, the author speaks in a more confident tone than in that of the *Venus and Adonis*, as if his growth of reputation during the interval had given him a feeling of strength with his noble friend and patron. The language, too, of the dedication is such as to infer, that he had in the meantime tasted more largely of that nobleman's bounty. *The Rape of Lucrece* was not commended so much as its predecessor during the Poet's life, but received commendation from higher sources, and in a higher style.

Lucretia the Chaste is a theme of frequent recurrence in the romantic literature of the middle ages, when knighthood and chivalry were wont to feed themselves on the glory of her example. The story was accessible to Shakespeare in Chaucer and Lydgate, and in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure:* there were also several ballads on the subject. As to the classical sources of the tale, it is not likely that the Poet was beholden directly to any of them, except, perhaps, the *Fasti*, of which an English version appeared in 1570.

Modern criticism, generally, assigns *The Rape of Lucrece* a place of merit considerably below that of the *Venus and Adonis*. The thought and passion of the later poem were, from the nature of the subject, of a much severer order, and probably did not admit of the warmth and vividness of coloring and imagery which so distinguish the earlier; though there is in both a certain incontinence of wit and fancy, which shows that impulse was at that time stronger with the Poet than art. The truth seems to be, that both are too highly seasoned with the peculiar spicery of the time to carry an abiding relish. Their shape and physiognomy express rather the literary fashion of the age, than the Poet's mental character; and what was then apt to be regarded as the crowning witchcraft of poetry, has the effect now of studied and elaborate coldness; the real glow of the work being drowned and lost to us in a profuse and redundant sparkling of conceit.

In Bell's edition of *The English Poets*, the comparative merit of the two poems is discussed as follows: "Opinion is divided in the choice between *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*. Malone pronounces decidedly against the latter,—a decision which greatly surprises Boswell. The majority of readers will be likely to agree with Malone. The subject of the former piece is, at least, less painful, and its treatment is more compact and effective. In beauty of expression and passionate depth of feeling, the *Venus and Adonis* transcends the *Lucrece*, upon which more elaboration has been bestowed with less success. The interest of *Lucrece* suffers from attenuation. The agony is too protracted; the horror of the main incident is exhausted by prolonged augmentation; and the close is abrupt and hurried. There is a want of symmetry in the parts; and the catastrophe is not presented with the fullness and solemnity proportionate to the expectations excited by the preparatory details. But the poem abounds in sweet and noble passages; and in both pieces we discover the germs of that unerring genius which impressed the true image of nature upon every scene and character it depicted."

A passage from Coleridge will best dismiss the subject: "No man was ever yet a great poet, without being at the same time a profound philosopher. For poetry is the blossom and fragrancy of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language. In Shakespeare's *poems*, the creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war embrace. Each in its excess of strength seems to threaten the extinction of the other. At length, in the *drama* they were reconciled, and fought each with its shield before the breast of the other. The *Venus and Adonis* did not, perhaps, allow the display of the deeper passions. But the story of Lucretia seems to favor, and even demand their intensest workings. Yet we find in Shakespeare's management of the tale neither pathos, nor any other *dramatic* quality. There is the same minute and faithful imagery as in the former poem, in the same vivid colors, inspirited by the same impetuous vigor of thought, and diverging and contracting with the same activity of the assimulative and of the modifying faculties; and with a yet larger display, a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection; and, lastly, with the same perfect dominion, often *domination*, over the whole world of language."

THE ARGUMENT

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Lucius Tarquinius, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning among her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all avowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire,
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

---

8. *"unhappily"*; Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"vnhap'ly."*—I. G.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendor of the sun!
An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun:
    Honor and beauty, in the owner's arms,
    Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
    Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
    From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
    His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
    That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honor, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes

24. *"morning's"*; Q. 1 (Bodl. 1), *"morning."*—I. G.
31. *"apologies"*; Q. 1 (Bodl. 1), *"appologie."*—I. G.

To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's color was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

---

56. *"o'er"*; Qq. 1, 2, 3. *"ore"*; Q. 4, *"or'e"*; Malone (1780), *"or"* (*i. e.* gold).—I. G.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies, that would let him go
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal that praised her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshiper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he color'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
    Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
    More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
    Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
    And wordless so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of dread and fear,
    Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
    And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright;
For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:

---

102. *"Writ in the glassy margents of such books";* alluding to the custom of printing comments on books in the margin. See *Hamlet,* Act v. sc. 2.—H. N. H.

Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves and cares and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining,
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there 's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

---

125. *"themselves betake";* some copies of the first edition have *himself betakes,* and, in the next line, *wakes* instead of *wake.* Mr. Collier tells us that the copies of 1594 belonging to the Duke of Devonshire and the late Mr. Caldecott read as in the text. Of course the explanation is, that the changes were made while the edition was in press.—H. N. H.

134–136. Many emendations have been proposed to render clear the meaning of these lines, but no change is necessary: "the covetous have not, *i. e.* do not possess, that which they possess, longing for the possessions of others"; the second clause of line 135 is in apposition to the first.—I. G.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honor, wealth and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife
That one for all or all for one we gage;
As life for honor in fell battle's rage;
Honor for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honor to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;

Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
'As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully he doth despise
His naked armor of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

169. *"leap'd"*; having leaped.—C. H. H.
88. *"naked"*; defenseless.—C. H. H.

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine:
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonor to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valor still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, shamed with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not bin.

'What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?

195. *"let"*; Schmidt conj. *"lest."*—I. G.

For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the scepter straight be strucken down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

'O what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

'Shameful it is; aye, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving:

---

239. *"aye, if"*; early Qq., *"I, if."*—I. G.

I 'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

Thus graceless holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, 'she took me kindly by the hand,
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her color rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

---

245. *"by a painted cloth";* in the old tapestries, or painted cloths, moral sentences were usually wrought. See *As You Like It,* Act iii. sc. 2.—H. N. H.

259. *"took";* taken.—C. H. H.

'Why hunt I then for color or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

'Then, childish fear avaunt! debating die!
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?'

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks;

---

318. *"from the rushes";* apartments in England were strewed with rushes in the time of our author.—H. N. H.

As who should say 'This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured; return again in haste;
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirate, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power

---

330. *"lets"*; obstacles.—C. H. H.

That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must deflower:
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact;
How can they then assist me in the act?

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life lived in death and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honored.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
　Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
　Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
　Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
　Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
　Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
　Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,

436. *"leading"*; command.—C. H. H.

Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart, poor citizen! distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanor seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what color he commits this ill.

453. *"taking"*; agony of alarm. The word still survives as a vulgarism.—C. H. H.

Thus he replies: 'The color in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale:
Under that color am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wing's shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
That done, some worthless slave of thine I 'll slay,
To kill thine honor with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometime is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of true piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapors from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behavior feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth;
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honor, not to foul desire.

Quoth she: 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend; for his sake spare me:
Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me:
Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me:
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labor hence to heave thee:
If ever man were moved with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

---

574. *"stoop"*; yield.—C. H. H.

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolved to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honor, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,
What darest thou not when once thou art a king?
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wiped away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only loved for fear;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offenses prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonor in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And makest fair reputation but a bawd.

'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say
He learn'd to sin and thou didst teach the way?

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:

637. *i. e.* "who, in consequence of their own misdeeds, look with indifference on the offenses of others" (Schmidt).—I. G.

639. *"thy rash relier"; i. e.* (Lust), "which confides too rashly in thy present disposition" (Schmidt).—C. H. H.

I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
    And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
    That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.'

'Have done,' quoth he: 'my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
    To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste
    Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonor, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
    Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,
    And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
    The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
    But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

649. *"debt"*; early Qq., *"det"* (rhyming with *"fret"*); similarly l. 696, *"balk"*; Qq., *"bauk"* (rhyming with *"hawk"*).—I. G.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—
'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight,
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolor'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
For there it revels, and when that decays
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced,
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offense;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless cast-away;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day,
'For day,' quoth she, 'night's 'scapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practiced how
To cloak offenses with a cunning brow.

'They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbor for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

'O hateful, vaporous and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

---

766. *"Black stage,"* etc.; alluding to the black hangings used on the stage when tragedies were performed.—C. H. H.

'With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapors march so thick
    That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
    May set at noon and make perpetual night.

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
    And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
    As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
    Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
    Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

'O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak

782. "*misty*"; Qq. 1, 2, "*mustie.*"—I. G.
786. "*distain*"; defile.—C. H. H.
793. Folded arms were a recognized sign of melancholy.—C. H. H.

Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
    That all the faults which in thy reign are made
    May likewise be sepulchered in thy shade!

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
    To cipher what is writ in learned books,
    Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
    Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
    How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

'Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that he made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
    That is as clear from this attaint of mine
    As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,

And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honor lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

'Yet am I guilty of thy honor's wrack;
Yet for thy honor did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonor to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?

---

841. *"guilty"*; Malone, *"guiltless,"* but no change is necessary; Lucrece's self-reproach at first assigns the guilt to herself.—I. G.

849. *"Or hateful cuckoos hatch"*; the cuckoo's naughty custom of stealing her eggs into the sparrow's nest, and there leaving them to be hatched by the gentle owner, is often alluded to by the old poets. Hence, perhaps, the notion of the cuckoo mocking married men, in the song at the end of *Love's Labor's Lost*. See *1 Henry IV*, Act v. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
    But no perfection is so absolute
    That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits
And useless barns the harvest of his wits,
    Having no other pleasure of his gain
    But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

'So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
    The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
    Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours
    But ill-annexed Opportunity
    Or kills his life or else his quality.

864. *"abuse"*; misuse.—C. H. H.

‘O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
’Tis thou that executest the traitor’s treason;
Thou set’st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point’st the season;
’Tis thou that spurn’st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

‘Thou makest the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow’st the fire when temperance is thaw’d;
Thou smother’st honesty, thou murder’st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

‘Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar’d tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

‘When wilt thou be the humble suppliant’s friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne’er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

'When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help, but Sin ne'er gives a fee;
He gratis comes, and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery and shift,
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;

---

907. *"Advice"*; medical counsel.—C. H. H.
912. *"crosses"*; mischances.—C. H. H.

Thou nursest all and murder'st all that are:
O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant Opportunity
Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose,
Cancell'd my fortunes and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes,
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

'To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,

---

930. Perhaps we should read, *"injurious-shifting Time."*—I. G.

To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the plowman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous deathsman to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honor'd or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honor thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honor lives in thee,
But if I live, thou livest in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame
And wast afeared to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

1021. *"force"*; value.—C. H. H.

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
    As smoke from Ætna that in air consumes,
    Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I feared by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:
    So am I now: O no, that cannot be;
    Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery,
A dying life to living infamy:
    Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
    To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
    He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
    That thou art doting father of his fruit.

1054. *"badge"*; mark.—C. H. H.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forced offense.

'I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, low, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping:

1084. *"cloudy"*; sorrowful.—C. H. H.

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what 's done by night.'

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpracticed swimmer plunging still
With too much labor drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
    Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
    Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
    Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
    Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
    For burden-wise I 'll hum on Tarquin still,
    While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

1126. *"pleasing"* for *pleased.*—H. N. H.

1134. *"descant'st"*; Qq., *"descants."*—I. G.

"Tereus . . . better skill"; that is, *with* better skill. Philomela, the daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, being ravished by Tereus, the husband of her sister Progne, was turned into a nightingale, her sister into a swallow, and Tereus into a lapwing.—H. N. H.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die, which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed and death reproach's debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?

1135. *"against a thorn";* alluding to the nightingale's singing with her breast against a thorn.—H. N. H.

They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Aye me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I 'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honor I 'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonored.
'Tis honor to deprive dishonor'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honor is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged mayst be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

'This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honor be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say "So be it:"
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
  Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
  As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why her face wore sorrow's livery,
But durst not ask of her audaciously
  Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
  Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
  Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
  Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:

Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords to blame
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went'—and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin from hence?'
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,
'The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And ere I rose was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.'
'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece: 'if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less,
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink and pen:
Yet save that labor, for I have them here.
What should I say? One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready by and by to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste and it will soon be writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at the door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: 'Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So, I commend me from our house in grief:
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her,
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
  To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
  With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
  Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
  And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd and on it writ
'At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.'
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
  Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
  Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low,
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye

1338. *"court'sies"*; Qq., *"cursies."*—I. G.

Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone,
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reeked to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the laboring pioneer
Begrimed with sweat and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces,
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces:
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

1380. *"pioneer"*; sapper.—C. H. H.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigor roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making such sober action with his hand
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbor's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n and red;
Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear;

And in their rage such signs of rage they bear
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear
Griped in an armed hand; himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield
That through their light joy seemed to appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolor dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
    Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
    Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
    Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
    Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
    And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
    To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,
I 'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,

And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offense why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell

1487. *"channel";* kennel, gutter.—C. H. H.

Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and color'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And who she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labor'd with his skill
To hide deceit and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused;
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gazed, and gazing still
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—
She would have said 'can lurk in such a look;'
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot' took:
'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, 'It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed: so beguiled
With outward honesty, but yet defiled
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.'

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
'Fool, fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds will not be sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:

Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment,
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolor others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger come back
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black:
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively color kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event

Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair color spent?
Why art thou thus attired in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honor is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me moe woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

1600. *"spent";* put out (the meaning probably influenced by the Italian, "spento").—C. H. H.

1615. *"depending";* impending.—C. H. H.

1619. *"in the interest";* into the usufruct or enjoyment.—C. H. H.

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried "Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

' "For some hard-favor'd groom of thine," quoth he,
"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I 'll murder straight, and then I 'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy."

'With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:

His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

'O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forced; that never was inclined
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declined, and voice damn'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forced him on so fast,
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on and back the same grief draw.

1662. *"wretched"*; S. Walker conj. *"wreathed."*—I. G.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you fair lords,' quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
'Shall plight your honorable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. 'O, speak,' quoth she,
'How may this forced stain be wiped from me?

'What is the quality of my offense,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honor to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame hereafter living
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says,
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after man accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: 'He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:

Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughtered body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

1729. *"date"*; period.—C. H. H.

1734. *"Brutus"*; Lucius Junius Brutus, whose father and elder brother were murdered by Tarquinius Superbus, and who, to escape a like fate, feigned insanity; whence his cognomen.—C. H. H.

'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,
'That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born:
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

'O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

1752. *"deprived"*; taken away.—C. H. H.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says 'She 's mine.' 'O, mine she is,'
Replies her husband: 'do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'
'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife;
I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.'

'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamors fill'd
The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by
Wherein deep policy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise:
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool, 1819
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humor from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

1819. *"unsounded";* unexplored.—C. H. H.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife!'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow,
And to his protestation urged the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dear Lucrece thence,
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,

1834. *"from forth her fair streets chased";* the construction is, "that they will suffer these abominations *to be* chased."—H. N. H.

And so to publish Tarquin's foul offense:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
    The Romans plausibly did give consent
    To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A Lover's Complaint was first printed in 1609, at the end of the volume of *Sonnets.*

In all probability the poem belongs to about the same period as *The Rape of Lucrece;* it is written in the same meter. Francis Meres may possibly have included it in his suggestive "*et cetera,*" when he enumerated the poems of "mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare."

The framework of *A Lover's Complaint*, its picturesqueness, versification, diction, repression, tenderness, and beauty, give to it a thoroughly Spenserian character, and convey the impression that we have here an early exercise in the Spenserian style; as such the poem links itself ultimately to the exquisite *Complaints* of Spenser's great master, Geoffrey Chaucer, with their ruthful burden:—"Pitë is dede and buried in gentil herte." [1]

---

[1] Spenser's volume entitled *"Complaints: containing Sundry Small Poems of the World's Vanity,"* was published in 1591: *cp.* the following opening lines of *The Ruins of Time* with *A Lover's Complaint:—*

> "A woman sitting sorrowfully wailing
> Rending her yellow locks like wiry gold,
> About her shoulders carelessly down trailing,
> And streams of tears from her fair eyes forth railing.
> In her right hand a broken rod she held,
> Which towards heaven she seemed on high to weld."

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamors of all size, both high and low.

1. *"re-worded"*; re-echoed.—C. H. H.
2. *"sistering"*; neighboring.—C. H. H.
12. *"scythed"*: Q., *"sithed."*—I. G.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To the orbed earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favors from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that lets not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of poised gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchers in mud;

---

37. *"beaded"*; Q., *"bedded"* (? = "imbedded, set").—I. G.

39. *"weeping margent"*; Malone conj. *"margent weeping."*—I. G.

40. *"Like usury,"* because adding more to what is already too much. —H. N. H.

Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried 'O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!'
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew—
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied

51. *"'gan to tear"*; Q., *"gaue to teare"*; Gildon, *"gave a tear."*—I. G.

58. *"blusterer"*; a boisterous fellow.—C. H. H.

60. *"observed as they flew"*; the clause is probably connected with "hours"; "the reverend man had not let the swift hours pass by without gaining some knowledge of the world"; it is possible, however, that *"they"* refers to the torn-up letters.—I. G.

Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What 's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;

And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say,
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!"
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purposed trim
Pierced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

112. *"manage"*; Q., *"mannad'g."*—I. G.

118. *"came"*; Sewell's correction; Q., *"can"*; Sewell's 2nd ed., *"can for additions get their purpose trim."*—I. G.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kinds of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

'That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted,
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills and made their wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd:
And laboring in moe pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth and youth in art,

---

126. *"catching all passions in his craft of will";* what a just and admirable description of the Poet himself!—H. N. H.

Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
Finding myself in honor so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honor shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destined ill she must herself assay?
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-past perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbod the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy last."

'For further I could say "This man 's untrue,"
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;

---

164. *"forbod"*; forbidden (O. E. *forboden*).—C. H. H.
"sweets that seem"; Q., *"sweets that seemes"*; Capell MS., *"sweet that seems."*—I. G.

Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

'And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That 's to ye sworn to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

' "All my offenses that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains
By how much of me their reproach contains.

' "Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charmed:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

---

173. *"Broker"* was used for a *pander* or *go-between.*—H. N. H.
182. *"woo";* Q., *"vow."*—I. G.

‘“Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

‘“And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have received from many a several fair,
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth and quality.

‘“The diamond, why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invised properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.

‘“Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

‘“O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

‘“Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove.
To spend her living in eternal love.

‘“But, O my sweet, what labor is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

‘“O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye

---

228. *"Hallow'd"*; Q., *"hollowed"*; Sewell's correction.—I. G.

234. *"in court did shun"*; that is, retired from the solicitation of her noble suitors.—H. N. H.

241. *"playing the place"*; some error due to the printer has spoiled the line; the first word of the line has been caught up by the compositor's eye from the first of the next line, or *vice versâ:* the most ingenious and plausible emendation is *"paling"* for *"playing."*—I. G.

Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

‘“How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

‘“My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who disciplined, aye, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

‘“When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How boldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame;

260. *"nun"*; Q., *"Sunne."*—I. G.

261. *"aye"*; Q., *"I."*—I. G.

261. *"dieted in grace"*; of the original, some copies have *I died*, others, *I dieted*, which was changed to *and dieted* by Malone.—H. N. H.

271. *"Love's arms are peace"*; so Q.; Capell MS. and Malone conj.

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks and fears.

' "Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

'O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

"proof" for *"peace,"* a plausible change, if any is necessary; other readings are:—*"Love aims at peace"; "Love charms our peace"; "Love aims a piece,"* etc.—I. G.

286. *"who glaz'd with crystal gate";* Malone, *"who, glaz'd with crystal, gate"* (*i. e. gate* ="the ancient perfect tense of the verb *to get,"* *flame* being its object).—I. G.

'For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swounding paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swound at tragic shows:

'That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid and praised cold chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperienct gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?

308. *"swound"*; Q., *"sound,"* *cp.* 305, *"swounding"*; Q., *"sounding."* —I. G.

Aye me! I fell, and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!'

---

327. *"seeming owed";* that is, that seemed real and his own.—H. N. H.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

The Phœnix and the Turtle first appeared in a collection published by Robert Chester in 1601, under the following descriptive title:—

"*Love's Martyr; or Rosalin's Complaint. Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle. A Poem enterlaced with much varietie and raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cæliano, by Robert Chester. With the true legend of famous King Arthur, the last of the nine Worthies, being the first essay of a new British poet; collected out of diverse authentical Records. To these are added some new compositions, of several modern writers whose names are subscribed to their several works, upon the first subject: viz., the Phœnix and Turtle.*"

The following title prefaces these new compositions:—

"Hereafter | follow diverse | Poeticall Essaies on the former sub- | ject; viz. the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*. *Done by the best and chiefest of our* | moderne writers with their names sub- | scribed to their particular works: | *never before extant:* | And (now first) consecrated by them all generally, | *to the love and merit of the true-noble Knight,* | Sir John Salisburie. | *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.* MDCI."

The genuineness of the contribution with Shakespeare's name subscribed is now generally admitted, though no successful attempt has yet been made to explain the allegory, nor is any light thrown upon it by the other poems in the collection; among the contributors, in addition to Shakespeare, were Jonson, Chapman, and Marston. In all probability the occasion and subject of the whole collection, which has so long baffled patient research, will some day be discovered, and Shakespeare's meaning will be clear. It would seem from the title-page that the private family history of Sir John Salisbury ought to yield the necessary clue to the events. There is not much to be said in favor of the view that the *Phœnix* shadows forth Queen Elizabeth, and the *Turtle-dove* typifies "the brilliant but impetuous, the greatly dowered but rash, the illustrious but unhappy Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex."[1] On the other hand, the problem is not settled by describing the allegory as "the delineation of spiritual union," and refusing to recognize the personal allegory.

Emerson's words[2] may well bear repetition:—"I should like to have the Academy of Letters propose a prize for an essay on Shakespeare's poem, *Let the bird of loudest lay*, and the *Threnos* with which it closes, the aim of the essay being to explain, by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was written, the frame and allusions of the poem."

"Now yield your aids, . . . light my weaker eye,
. . .
That whilst of this same Metaphysical,
God, man, nor woman, but elir'd of all,
My labouring thoughts with strained ardour sing,
My muse may mount with an uncommon wing."

---

[1] *Cp.* Dr. Grosart's edition of *Love's Martyr* (*New Shak. Soc.* 1878); *vide* also the same scholar's remarks in his privately printed scarce Elizabethan books, *Manchester*, 1880, etc.; *cp.* Transactions of *New Shak. Soc.*

[2] Preface to *Parnassus*, 1875.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

This poem is an independent matter, and was printed in Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr,* or *Rosalin's Complaint,* 1601, among what are there called "New Compositions of Modern Writers whose names are subscribed to their several works." It was printed with Shakespeare's name at the bottom.—H. N. H.

1. *"the bird of loudest lay"* is several times alluded to by Shakespeare as the "Arabian bird."—H. N. H.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix's sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.

18. *"gender"*; race.—C. H. H.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Ven.=Venus and Adonis; P. P.=Passionate Pilgrim; Comp.=A Lover's Complaint; Luc.=Rape of Lucrece; Ph.=Phœnix and Turtle.

Accorded, agreed; Comp. 3.
Acture, action; Comp. 185.
Address'd, prepared, ready; Luc. 1606.
Adjunct, "be adj.," follow as a consequence; Luc. 133.
Advance, raise; Luc. 1705.
Advisedly, deliberately; Ven. 457, Luc. 180, 1527, 1816.
Affected, enamored; Ven. 157.
Affection's, passion's; Luc. 500.
Alarms, alarums, attacks; Ven. 424.
Allow, approve; Luc. 1845.
All-too-timeless, altogether unseasonable; Luc. 44.
Aloes, bitterness; Comp. 273.
Along, at full length; Ven. 43.
Anatomiz'd, laid open, shown distinctly; Luc. 1450.
Angry-chafing, chafing with anger; Ven. 662.
Annexions, additions; Comp. 208.
Antics, fantastic shapes; (Qq., *"antiques"*); Luc. 459.
Appaid, satisfied; Luc. 914.
Ardea, capital of the Rutuli, twenty-four miles south of Rome; Luc. 1.
Arrive, reach; Luc. 781.
As, that; Luc. 1372.
Askance, turn aside; Luc. 637.
——, looking sideways; Ven. 342.
Aspire, ascend, mount; Ven. 150.
Assay, essay, try; Comp. 156.
Assays, attempts; Luc. 1720.
Astonish'd, astounded; Luc. 1730.
Ay me!, ah me!; Ven. 833.

Balk, disregard, neglect; Luc. 696.
Ban, curse; Luc. 1460; P. P. xix. 20.
Bane, death, ruin; Ven. 372.
Banning, cursing; Ven. 326.
Bare, bareness; Comp. 95.
Barns, stores up; Luc. 859.
Barred, debarred; Ven. 784.
Base; "to bid a base," *i. e.* to challenge to a race; Ven. 303.
Bat, staff; Comp. 64.
Bate-breeding, causing quarrel; Ven. 655.
Bateless, not to be blunted; Luc. 9.
Battery, onset, assault; Ven. 426.
Battle, battalion; Ven. 619.
Bay; "at a bay," *i. e.* "the state of the chase, when the game is driven to extremity and turns against the pursuers"; Ven. 877.
Beguil'd, rendered guileful; Luc. 1544.

Beldam, grandmother; Luc. 953.
Bereaves, impairs, spoils; Ven. 797.
Beseems, becomes; Luc. 277.
Bewrayed, betrayed, discolored; P. P. xix. 54.
Blasts, is blasted; Luc. 49.
Blazon'd, interpreted; Comp. 217.
Blend, blended; Comp. 215.
Blood, passion; Comp. 162.
Blossoms, flower of the young nobility; Comp. 235.
Blunt, rude, rough; Luc. 1504.
Boll'n, swollen; Luc. 1417.
Bond, claim given by a bond, ownership; Luc. 136.
Bootless, profitless; Ven. 422.
Bottom grass, grass growing in a deep valley; Ven. 236.
Braving, challenging; Luc. 40.
Breathing-while, breathing time; Ven. 1142.
Bulk, chest; Luc. 467.
Burden-wise, as in the burden of a song; Luc. 1133.
But, except; Ph. 32.

Cabinet, nest; Ven. 854.
Can, knows; Ph. 14.
Canker, canker worm; Ven. 656.
Careless; "careless hand of pride," *i. e.* hand of careless pride; Comp. 30.
Case, dress; Comp. 116.
Cantels, deceits; Comp. 303.
Censure, judge, estimate; Dedic.
Champaign, open country; Luc. 1247.
Chaps, wrinkles (early Qs, "chops"); Luc. 1452.
Characters, figures; Comp. 16.
Charge, blame; P. P. xv. 2.
Cheer, face, look; Luc. 264.
Cherubin, cherub; Comp. 319.
Cipher, decipher; Luc. 811.
Circumstances, elaborate details; Ven. 844.
Civil, decorous; Comp. 208.
Cleanly, entirely; Ven. 694.
Cleft, double, two-fold; Comp. 203.
Clepes, calls; Ven. 995.
Clip, embrace; Ven. 600.
Closure, enclosure; Ven. 782.
Coasteth to, makes toward; Ven. 870.
Coat, coat-of-arms; Luc. 205.
Cockatrice, basilisk; Luc. 540.
Cold; "cold fault," cold scent, loss of scent; Ven. 694.
Color, pretext; Luc. 267.
Combustious, combustible; Ven. 1162.
Comfortable, comforting; Luc. 164.
Commends, commits; Luc. 436.
Commission, warrant by which power is exercised; Ven. 568.
Compact, composed; Ven. 149.
Compare, comparison; Luc. 40.
Compassed, arched, round; Ven. 272.
Complain'd, bewailed; Luc. 1839.
Conceit, conception; Luc. 701, 1298.
——, understanding; P. P. iv. 9.
Conceited, imaginative; Luc. 1371.
Conclusion, experiment; Luc. 1160.
Conduct, that which guides; Luc. 313.
Confound, ruin; Luc. 1202.
Congest, gather in one; Comp. 258.
Conies, rabbits; Ven. 687.
Contemn, contemptuously refuse; Ven. 205.
Contrives, devises (wears away, spends); Comp. 243.
Controll'd, restrained; Luc. 448.

Convertite, convert, penitent; Luc. 743.
Cop'd, encountered, met; Luc. 99.
Cope, encounter, fight with; Ven. 888.
Copesmate, companion; Luc. 925.
Coucheth, causes to cower; Luc. 507.
Courage, temperament; Ven. 276.
Counterfeit, image; Luc. 1269.
Coy, contemptuous; Ven. 112.
Cranks, twists; Ven. 682.
Credent, credulous; Comp. 279.
Crest-wounding, staining the family crest; Luc. 828.
Cries, cries for; Comp. 42.
Cross, thwart, hinder; Ven. 734.
Curious, careful; Comp. 49.
——, elaborate; Ven. 734.
Curst, fierce; Ven. 887.
Curvets, bounds; Ven. 279.
Cytherea, Venus; P. P. iv. i; vi. 3.

Daff'd, doffed, put off; Comp. 297.
——, put me off; P. P. xiv. 3.
Danger, perilous power; Ven. 639.
Dash, mark of infamy; Luc. 206.
Deal; "no deal," no whit; P. P. xviii. 27.
Deathsman, executioner; Luc. 1001.
Defeature, disfigurement; Ven. 736.
Defunctive, funereal; Ph. 14.
Defy, despise; P. P. xii. 11.
Deprive, take away; Luc. 1186.
Descant, comment; P. P. xiv. 4.
Descant'st, singest: Luc. 1134.
Device, manner, cast of mind; Ven. 789.
Dew-bedabbled, sprinkled with dew; Ven. 703.
Diapason, deep notes harmoniously accompanying high ones; Luc. 1132.
Digression, transgression; Luc. 202.
Disjoin'd, drew asunder; Ven. 541.
Dismount, lower ("alluding to the old English fire-arms, which were supported on what was called a rest," Malone); Comp. 281.
Dispense with, excuse; Luc. 1070.
Dissentious, seditious; Ven. 657.
Distempering, perturbing; Ven. 653.
Distract, disjoined; Comp. 231.
Dive-dapper, didapper, dabcheck; Ven. 86.
Done, ended; Luc. 23.
——, past, last; Comp. 11.
Doubles, turns to escape pursuit; Ven. 682.
Dumps, mournful lays; Luc. 1127.

Eare, plow; Dedic. of Ven.
Ebon, black; Ven. 948.
Ecstasy, excitement; Comp. 69; Ven. 895.
Effects, outward manifestations (? efficacies); Luc. 1555.
Element, sky; Luc. 1588.
Embracements, embraces; Ven. 312.
Enpatron, "enpatron me," are my patron saint; Comp. 224.
Ensue, follow; Luc. 502.
Envious, spiteful; Ven. 705.
Exclaiming on, cry out against; Ven. 930; Luc. 741.
Extincture, extinction; Comp. 294.
Eyne, eyes; Ven. 633.

Fact, deed (perhaps criminal deed); Luc. 349.
Fair, beauty; Ven. 1083.
Falls, lets fall; Luc. 1551.
Fancy, love; Luc. 200; P. P. xix. 4.
Fault, a defect in the scent of the game; Ven. 694.
Favor, beauty; Ven. 747.
Fear, the object of his fear; Luc. 308.
——, frighten; Ven. 1094.
Feast-finding, attending banquets; Luc. 817.
Feat, featly, dexterously; Comp. 48.
Fence, defend; Luc. 63.
Field, (perhaps with a play upon its heraldic use); Luc. 72.
Fiery-pointed, "throwing darts with points of fire"; (Steevens, *"fire-y-pointed"*); Luc. 372.
Figured, indicated by signs; P. P. iv. 10.
Filed, "f. talk," polished speech; P. P. xix. 8.
Fine, bring to an end, (?) refine, soften; Luc. 936.
Flap-mouthed, having broad hanging lips; Ven. 920.
Flaws, gusts of wind; Ven. 456.
Fluxive, flowing, weeping; Comp. 50.
Foil, setting, background; Comp. 153.
Folly, wantonness; Luc. 851.
Fond, foolishly fond, foolish; Luc. 134; Ven. 1021.
Fondly, foolishly; Luc. 207.
Fondling, darling; Ven. 220.
Force, "of f.," perforce; Comp. 223.
Force not, regard not, care not for; Luc. 1021.
Forsook, renounced, proved faithless to; Ven. 161.
Forestall, prevent; Luc. 728.
For why, because; Luc. 1222; P. P. x. 8; xv. 12.
Foul, ugly; Ven. 133.
Fret, chafe; Ven. 621.
Frets, the stops that regulated the vibration of the strings in musical instruments; Luc. 1140.
——, corrodes; Ven. 767.
From, "fr. the way," *i. e.* "out of the way"; Luc. 1144.
Fulfill'd, filled full; Luc. 1258.

Gage, stake; Luc. 144.
Gaze, "at g.," staring about; Luc. 1149.
Gentry, gentle birth; Luc. 569.
Goeth about, makes attempts; Ven. 319.
Government, self-control; Luc. 1400.
Graff, graft; Luc. 1062.
Grained, of rough wood; Comp. 64.
Grave, engrave; Luc. 755.
——, wound slightly (with a play upon "engrave"); Ven. 376.
Gray, bluish-gray, "blue"; Ven. 140.
Gripe's, griffins; Luc. 543.

Hard-favor'd, ill-featured; Ven. 133.
Havings, accomplishments; Comp. 235.
Heartless, bereft of all courage; Luc. 471.
Heavy, troublesome, annoying (with a quibble on the literal meaning); Ven. 156.
Helpless, unavailing, unprofitable; Luc. 1027; Ven. 604.
Hild, held (rhyming with *"fulfill'd"*); Luc. 1257.

His, its; Luc. 303; Ven. 359.
Hive, a kind of bonnet, resembling a hive; Comp. 8.

Ill, wickedness; Luc. 304.
Imaginary, imaginative; Luc. 1422.
Immure, shut in; Ven. 1194.
Immur'd, shut up in a cloister; (Q. *"enure,"* rhyming with *"procure"*); Comp. 251.
Imperious, imperial; Ven. 996.
Impleach'd, entwined; Comp. 205.
Imposthumes, abscesses; Ven. 743.
Indenting, zigzagging; Ven. 704.
Infusing, inspiring; Ven. 928.
In hand with, taking in hand; Ven. 912.
Insinuate, try to make favor with; Ven. 1012.
Instance, "guilty i." *i. e.* "token of guilt"; Luc. 1511.
Insulter, victor; Ven. 550.
Intending, pretending; Luc. 121.
Intendments, intentions; Ven. 222.
Intituled, having a claim; Luc. 57.
Intrude, invade, enter; Luc. 848.
Invention, imagination, imaginative faculty; Dedic. Ven.
Invis'd, invisible (? inspected, tried); Comp. 212.

Jar, quarrel; Ven. 100.
Jealous, "j. of catching," fearing to be caught; Ven. 321.
Jennet, young mare; Ven. 260.

Ken, sight; Luc. 1114.
Kill, kill! the old battle-cry; Ven. 652.
Kind, natural; Luc. 1423.
Kinds, matures; Luc. 1242.

Late, lately; Luc. 1801.
Laundering, wetting; Comp. 17.
Lawn, fine linen; Luc. 258.
Lawnd, lawn; Ven. 813.
Leave, license; Ven. 568.
Lectures, lessons; Luc. 618.
Leisures, leisure hours; Comp. 193.
Let, forbear; Luc. 10.
——, hinder; Luc. 328.
Level'd, (technical term for aiming a gun); Comp. 22.
Limed, ensnared by bird-lime; Luc. 88.
Linen, kerchief; Luc. 680.
Listeth, desires; Ven. 564.
Livelihood, animation, spirit; Ven. 26.
Lure, the call or whistle by which the falconer attracts the hawk; Ven. 1027.
Lust, pleasure; Luc. 1384.
Lust-breathed, animated by lust; Luc. 3.
Luxury, lust; Comp. 314.

Manage, train, break in; Ven. 598.
Mane, (used as plural); Ven. 272.
Map, picture, image; Luc. 402.
Margents, margins; Luc. 102.
Marr'd, had injuriously caused; Ven. 478.
Match, compact; Ven. 586.
Mated, bewildered; Ven. 909.
Maund, hand basket; Comp. 36.
Measures, dances; Ven. 1148.
Mermaid, siren; Ven. 429; Luc. 1411.
Miss, misdoing; Ven. 53.
Mistrustful, producing distrust or fear; Ven. 826.
Moe, more; Luc. 1479.
Moity, portion; Dedic. to Luc.
Moralize, interpret; Luc. 104.

More, greater; Ven. 78.
Mortal, death-dealing; Ven. 618, 953.
Mortality, "life's m.," *i. e.* "mortal, human life"; Luc. 403.
Mot, motto; Luc. 830.
Musing, wondering; Ven. 866.
Musits, tracks through a hedge; Ven. 683.

Napkin, handkerchief; Comp. 15.
Needle, (monosyllabic); Luc. 319.
Nice, skillful; Luc. 1412.
Night-waking, awake at night; Luc. 554.
Nill, will not; P. P. xiv. 8.
Note, notoriety; Comp. 233.
Nought, "all to n.," good for nothing; Ven. 993.
Nought to do, nothing to do with; Luc. 1092.
Nuzzling, thrusting the nose in; (Qq. *"nousling"*); Ven. 1115.

O'erstraw'd, o'erstrewed; Ven. 1143.
On, "on ringing," *i. e.* "a-ringing"; Luc. 1494.
Orchards, gardens; Comp. 171.
Orient, bright-shining; Ven. 981.
Orts, scraps; Luc. 985.
Outwards, external features; Comp. 80.
Oversee, superintend; Luc. 1205.
Overseen, bewitched; Luc. 1206.
Owe, own, have; Luc. 82; Ven. 411.
Owed, owned; Luc. 1803.

Pack, begone; P. P. xv. 17.
Pack'd, sent packing; P. P. xv. 9.
Pale, enclosure; Ven. 230.
——, paleness; Ven. 589.
Paled, pale (Q., "palyd"); Comp. 198.
Palmers', pilgrims'; Luc. 791.
Parling, speaking; Luc. 100.
Paphos, a town in Cyprus, sacred to Venus; Ven. 1193.
Passenger, wayfarer; Ven. 91.
Passions, grieves; Ven. 1059.
Peace, "love's arms are p."; (so Q. *i. e.* non-resistant, accepting all consequences; Malone, *"proof,"* etc.); Comp. 271.
Peers, lets peer, shows; Luc. 472.
Pelleted, rounded; Comp. 18.
Pelt, throw out angry words; Luc. 1418.
Pensiv'd, pensive; Comp. 219.
Perplex'd, bewildered; Luc. 733.
Philomela, the nightingale; P. P. xv. 5; (Philomel); Luc. 1079.
Phœnix, matchless, rare; Comp. 93.
Phraseless, baffling description; Comp. 225.
Pine, starve; Ven. 602.
Pith, strength, force; Ven. 26.
Plaining, complaining; Luc. 559.
Plaits, folds; Luc. 93.
Plausibility, willingly; Luc. 1854.
Point'st, appointest; Luc. 879.
Posied, inscribed with posies; Comp. 45.
Precedent, example; Luc. 1261.
——, indication; (Qq., *"president"*; Malone, *"precedent"*); Ven. 26.
Present, instant; Luc. 1263.
Pretended, intended; Luc. 576.
Prick, dial-point; Luc. 781.
Prime, spring; Luc. 331.
Prone, headlong; Luc. 684.
Proof, experience; Comp. 163.
——, defensive armor; Ven. 626.
Property, individuality; Ph. 37.

Proportional, regular; orderly; Luc. 774.
Prove, experience; Ven. 597.
Proved, tested; Ven. 608.
Purified, purged, rendered harmless; Luc. 532.
Purled, curled; Luc. 1407.

Qualified, softened, abated; Luc. 424.
Questioned, conversed; Luc. 122.
Quittal, requital; Luc. 236.
Quote, observe; Luc. 812.

Rank, excessive, over-full; Ven. 71.
Rate, chide; Luc. 304.
Reaves, bereaves; Ven. 766.
Receipt, what has been received; Luc. 703.
Regard, thought, deliberation; Luc. 1400.
Relenteth, softens; Ven. 200.
Relish, serve up as a relish; Luc. 1126.
Remember'd, "be r.," remember; Luc. 607.
Remorse, mercy; Ven. 257.
Remorseless, pitiless; Luc. 562.
Rents, rends; Comp. 55.
Repeal, recall; Luc. 640.
Repine, repining, sadness; Ven. 490.
Replication, repartee; Comp. 122.
Requiring, asking; Argum. to Luc.
Respect, prudent consideration; Luc. 275.
Respecting, seeing; Ven. 911.
Respects, considerations; Ven. 911.
Retires, draws back; Luc. 303.
Retiring, returning; Luc. 962.
Rigol, circle; Luc. 1745.
Root, uproot; Ven. 636.
Round, "to r. me on th' ear," ? "to strike me on the ear" (? *"i' the ear"*; *i. e.* to whisper in my ear); P. P. xix. 51.
Ruffle, noise, brawls; Comp. 58.

Saw, maxim; Luc. 244.
Sawn, sown; Comp. 91.
Scapes, transgression; Luc. 747.
Seated, situated; Luc. 1144.
Securely, unsuspiciously; Luc. 89.
Seeks to, applies to; Luc. 293.
Seeming, "s. owed," *i. e.* which he seemed to possess; Comp. 327.
Seld, seldom; P. P. xiii. 7.
Senseless, *i. e.* "not sensible of the wrong done it"; Luc. 820.
Sensible, endowed with feeling; Ven. 436.
Servile to, subject to; Ven. 112
Set, seated; Ven. 18.
Severe, merciless; Ven. 1000.
Shag, shaggy; Ven. 295.
Shames, is ashamed; Luc. 1084.
Shaming, being ashamed; Luc. 1143.
Sheaved, straw; Comp. 31.
Shift, trickery; Luc. 920.
Shifting, (?) cozening; Luc. 930.
Shine, brightness; Ven. 728.
Short, shorten; P. P. xv. 18.
Shrewd, mischievous, evil; Ven. 500.
Sightless, blind, dark; Luc. 1013.
Silly, simple; Ven. 467.
——, innocent, harmless; Ven. 1098; Luc. 167.
Simois, the river so often referred to by Homer; Luc. 1437.
Sith, since; Ven. 762.
Slanderous, disgraceful; Luc. 1001.

SLEIDED, untwisted; Comp. 48.
SLIPS, used quibblingly for (i) blunders, (ii) counterfeit coins so named; Ven. 515.
SMELL, scent; Ven. 686.
SMOOTHING, flattering; Luc. 892.
SNEAPED, nipped, frost-bitten; Luc. 333.
SORT, sort out, select; Luc. 899.
SORTETH, associates; Ven. 689.
SORTS, adapts; Luc. 1221.
SPLEEN, heat; P. P. vi. 6.
SPLEENS, passionate humors; Ven. 907.
SPRIGHT, spirit; (Qq., *"sprite"*); Ven. 181.
SPRING, shoot, blossom; Ven. 656.
SPRINGS, young shoots; Luc. 950.
SPRINGING, blooming; Ven. 417.
STAIN, "st. to all nymphs," *i. e.* eclipsing all nymphs; causing them to appear sullied by contrast; Ven. 9.
STALL'D, got as in a stall, fixed; P. P. xix. 5.
STEEP-UP, high, precipitous; P. P. ix. 5.
STELL'D, placed, fixed; Luc. 1444.
STICK, hesitate; P. P. xix. 51.
STILLITORY, still; Ven. 443.
STILL-PINING, ever-longing; Luc. 858.
STILL-SLAUGHTER'D, ever killed but never dying; Luc. 188.
STOLE, robe; Comp. 297.
STOPS, (alluding to the stops in a musical instrument); Luc. 1124.
STRANGE, foreign; Luc. 1242.
STRANGENESS, distant manner, reserve; Ven. 310.
STRICT, tight, close; Ven. 874.
SUFFER, permit; Luc. 1832.
SUGGESTED, incited; Luc. 37.
SUPPOSED, imagined (by them); Luc. 377.
SURCEASE, cease; Luc. 1766.
SURMISE, reflection, thought; Luc. 83.
SUSPECT, suspicion; Ven. 1010.
SWIFTEST, "the s. hour," the prime of life; Comp. 60.
SWOUNDS, swoons; Luc. 1486.

TALENTS, lockets made of hair, plaited and set in gold; Comp. 204.
TEEN, pain; Comp. 192.
——, vexation; Ven. 808.
TEMPERANCE, chastity; Luc. 884.
TENDER, favor; Luc. 534.
TERMLESS, indescribable; Comp. 94.
TESTY, irritated; Ven. 319.
THAN, (rhyming with *"began"*), then; Luc. 1440.
THAT, so that; Luc. 177.
THICK, fast; Luc. 1784.
THICK-SIGHTED, short-sighted; Ven. 136.
THINK (?) = methinks; Comp. 91.
——, expect; P. P. xix. 43.
THOROUGH, through, throughout; Luc. 1851.
THRENE, threnody, funeral song; Ph. 49.
TIMELY, early; P. P. x. 3.
TIRED, (?) attired (Collier, "tired," *i. e.* attired); Ven. 177.
TIRES, feeds ravenously; Ven. 56.
TITAN, the Sun-god; Ven. 177.
TO, in addition to; Luc. 1589.
TOWARD, docile, tractable; Ven. 1157.
TOWERING, flying high (a term of falconry); Luc. 506.
TOYS, whims; P. P. xix. 39.
TREATISE, discourse; Ven. 774.

Treble-dated, living thrice as long as man; Ph. 17.
Trench'd, gashed; Ven. 1052.
Trumpet, trumpeter; Ph. 3.
Turn, "this good turn," kind action, (with perhaps a quibble on the previous turns); Ven. 92.
Tushes, tusks; Ven. 617.

Unadvised, inadvertent; Luc. 1488.
Unapproved, not approved, not proved true; Comp. 53.
Uncouth, strange; Luc. 1598.
Uncouple, set loose the hounds; Ven. 673.
Unhappy, mischievous, fatal; Luc. 1585.
Unkind, childless; Ven. 204.
Unrecalling, not to be recalled; Luc. 993.
Untreads, retraces; Ven. 908.
Up-till, against, on; P. P. xxi. 10.
Urchin-snouted, snouted like a hedgehog; Ven. 1105.
Use, interest; Ven. 768

Vaded, faded; P. P. x. 1.
Vadeth, fadeth; P. P. xiii. 2.
Vails, lower; Ven. 314.
Vastly, take a waste; Luc. 1740.
Venture, (pronounced *"venter,"* rhyming with "enter"); Ven. 628.
Vilia Miretur Vulgus, etc. Ovid's *Amores*, bk. 1. El. xv. ll. 35, 36:—*"Let base conceited wits admire vile things, Fair Phœbus leads me to the Muses' springs"* (? Marlowe's Version, pub. *circa* 1598; cp. Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, Act I.) Motto to V. and A.
Villain, countryman; Luc. 1338.
Vulture, ravenous; Ven. 551.

Want, "to w.," *i. e.* "at missing; Luc. 389.
Ward, bolt; Luc. 303.
Wat, familiar name for a hare; Ven. 697.
Watch, "w. of woes," *i. e.* "divided and marked only by woes"; Luc. 928.
——, keep awake; Ven. 584.
——, watchman; P. P. xv. 2.
Water-galls, secondary rainbows; Luc. 1588.
Wear, wear out; Ven. 506.
Weed, garment; Luc. 196.
Well-breathed, well exercised, in good training; Ven. 678.
When as, when; Ven. 999.
Where, whereas; Luc. 792.
Whether, "they know not w.," *i. e.* which of the two; Ven. 304.
Winking, shutting the eyes; Luc. 458.
Winks, closes the eyes; Ven. 90.
——, shuts the eyes, slumbers; Luc. 553.
Wipe, brand; Luc. 537.
Wistly, wistfully; Luc. 1355; Ven. 343.
Withhold, restrain; Ven. 612.
Wood, mad; Ven. 740.
Woodman, huntsman; Luc. 580.
Worm, serpent; Ven. 933.
Wot, "God w.," *i. e.* "God knows"; Luc. 1345.
Wrack, ruin; Ven. 558.
Wrapp'd, involved; Luc. 456.
Wreaked, revenged; Ven. 1004.
Writon, writ about, (?) predicted; Ven. 506.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

VENUS AND ADONIS

1. When was *Venus and Adonis* first printed?

2. What attests its popularity?

3. To whom was the poem inscribed? Give some facts in the life of this dedicatee.

4. Name some other small "classical epics" to which *Venus and Adonis* is akin. To what one especially does Shakespeare seem to have been indebted for much of its characteristic tone?

5. Is there reason to suppose that the Poet first projected a sonnet sequence to convey this subject?

6. Cite some of the early contemporaneous references to this poem.

7. What was probably the direct source of Shakespeare's plot for this poem?

8. Mention an imitation of the poem. What was its author's excuse for it? what was its fate?

9. What other poem on this theme was published in *England's Helicon?*

10. What do folk-lorists find in the poem? Cite forms of the myth from which it is derived, and the various names of the beings in it.

11. How is the Eastern origin of the myth preserved?

12. What is the story carried in the poem?

13. What is the nature of the stanza employed?

14. With what one of the plays has this poem marked connecting links?

15. Cite passages of especial beauty of imagery. Of felicity in description of outdoor sights and incidents.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

16. When was *The Passionate Pilgrim* first printed?

17. What other editions followed? What additions were made in these?

18. Were the additions Shakespearean?

19. What were the publisher's probable reasons for issuing such a miscellaneous collection of pirated matter during Shakespeare's time?

20. As the collection comes down to us, is Shakespeare the sole author of its contents?

21. What criticisms are made upon its contents?

22. Cite the poems undoubtedly Shakespearean, and give the supposed or known authors of the others.

23. What is said of the poet Barnfield?

24. Compare the quality and the technic of the various poems in the collection.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

25. To whom is this poem dedicated?

26. What is the substance of the dedication?

27. Compare this Dedication with the tone of that introducing *Venus and Adonis.* What does it show of the growth of the attachment between Shakespeare and his dedicatee?

28. When was the first edition of the poem published?

29. How many editions did it have between that and 1655?

30. What is the source of its plot?

31. What is the argument of the poem?

32. Cite points of its advance in maturity of style over the *Venus and Adonis.*

33. Indicate the dramatic points in the development of the poem. Describe their technical handling.

34. What form of stanza is employed?

35. To what order of poetry does the poem belong?

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

36. When was this poem first printed, and in connection with what other writings of the Poet?

37. To what period of the Poet's work does it probably belong?

38. To what other great poet's writing does the general style of this poem give it kinship? What are the special points that produce this impression?

39. Through this likeness, to what other earlier poet's writing does it also link itself?

40. What is the story it conveys?

41. What is the form of its stanza?

42. To what order of poetic presentation does it belong?

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE

43. Under what title did this poem first appear, and when?

44. To whom was the collection of poems in which this appeared inscribed?

45. Has the allegory carried in this idea of *The Phœnix and the Turtle* ever been elucidated?

46. What have been suggestions with regard to it?

47. What are its forms of stanza?

SONNETS

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H. = Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H. = C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .

THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .

M^{r} W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .

AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .

PROMISED

BY .

OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET .

WISHETH .

THE . WELL-WISHING .

ADVENTVRER . IN .

SETTING .

FORTH .

T. T.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

On May 20, 1609, "*a book called Shakespeares Sonnettes*" was entered on the Stationers' Register, and soon after was published, in quarto, with the following title-page:—

> "SHAKE-SPEARES | SONNETS. | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON | By *G. ELD* for *T. T.* and are | to be solde by *William Aspley.* | 1609. | "[1]

At the end of the Sonnets was printed, for the first time, the poem entitled "A Lovers Complaint."

The text of the Sonnets was, on the whole, carefully printed, but evidently without the author's supervision; thus, *e. g.* Sonnet CXXVI, a twelve-line *Envoi*, was marked by parenthesis at the end, as though two lines were missing; similarly, the final couplet of Sonnet XCVI may have been borrowed from Sonnet XXXVI.

In 1640 Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, re-arranged under various titles, (with the omission of XVIII, XIX, XLIII, LVI, LXXV, LXXVI, XCVI, CXXVI), were included in "POEMS: WRITTEN BY WIL. SHAKESPEARE, Gent. Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, and are to be sold by *John Benson*, dwelling in St. *Dunstanes* Churchyard 1640."

---

[1] Some copies have the name of "John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate," as the bookseller, instead of "William Aspley."

A facsimile of the *"Sonnets"* was issued among the *"Shakspere Quarto Facsimiles"* (No. 30).

The original selling price of the *"Sonnets"* was 5d. A perfect copy would, probably, now fetch £500.

It is strange that there should have been no edition between 1609 and 1640; perhaps Benson's protestation that "the Reader" will find them "Seren, cleere, and eligantly plain, such gentle straines as shall recreate and not perplexe the brain, no intricate or cloudy stuffe to puzzell intellect, but perfect eloquence," best explains the prevailing opinion on the subject of the poems. Mr. Publisher "protests too much" against the alleged obscurity of the Sonnets.[1]

One hundred years after the appearance of the First Edition, the Sonnets were first republished, by Lintott, as originally printed; about the same time Gildon issued a new edition of the 1640 version, under the heading of "*Poems on several occasions.*"

THE SEQUENCE OF THE SONNETS

The Sonnets, as printed in 1609, present on the whole an orderly arrangement, though here and there it is somewhat difficult to find the connecting links. If it could be proved that any one Sonnet is out of place, the whole chain would perhaps be spoilt, but no such "broken link" can be adduced.[2]

The Sonnet-Sequence consists of three main sections:—A, Sonnets I–CXXVI; B, Sonnets CXXVII–CLII; C, Sonnets CLIII–CLIV. Sections A and B are closely connected; Section C may be a sort of Epilogue to B, but is more probably an independent exercise in sonneteering, based on a Latin version of a Greek Epigram found in the ninth book of the Anthology, composed by Byzantine Marianus, a writer probably of the fifth century after Christ:—

---

[1] Probably no weight is to be attached to Benson's statement that the poems are "of the same purity the Author himself then living avouched."

[2] Mr. Rolfe, in his *Addenda* to the *"Sonnets"* contrasts Sonnet LXX with Sonnets XXXIII–XXXV (to say nothing of XL–XLII); if these Sonnets, he observes, are addressed to the same person, Sonnet LXX is unquestionably out of place. This seems so at first sight; but surely the faults referred to in the earlier Sonnets are not only forgiven, but here (in LXX) imputed to slander; or, as Mr. Tyler puts it, "such an affair as that with the poet's mistress was not regarded, apparently, as involving serious moral blemish." Anyhow the statement in the Sonnet is somewhat too flattering, but its position dare not be disturbed.

> "Τᾶδ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατάνους ἁπαλῷ τετρυμένος ὕπνῳ
> εὗδεν Ἔρως, νύμφαις λαμπάδα παρθέμενος.
> Νύμφαι δ'ἀλλήλησι, 'τί μελλομεν; αἴθε δε τούτῳ
> σβέσσαμεν,' εἶπον, 'ὁμοῦ πῦρ κραδίης μερόπων.
> Λαμπὰς δ' ὡς ἔφλεξε καὶ ὕδατα, θερμὸν ἐκεῖθεν
> Νύμφαι Ἐρωτιάδες λουτροχοεῦσιν ὕδωρ." [1]

THE DRAMA OF THE SONNET

The general theme of the Sonnets is the poet's almost idolatrous love for a younger friend, a noble and beauteous youth, beloved for his own sweet sake, not for his exalted rank; this unselfish, whole-hearted, and soul-absorbing devotion passes through various stages of doubt, distrust, infidelity, jealousy, and estrangement; after the period of trial, love is again restored, stronger and greater than before:—

> "O benefit of ill! now I find true
> That better is by evil still made better;
> And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
> Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater."

"Friendship Triumphant" is the subject of the story unfolded in Sonnets I–CXXVI. Love between man and man, triumphing over the love of man for woman, was no uncommon theme in Elizabethan literature. The denouement of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* turns upon it, while Lyly's *Campaspe* (pub. 1584) illustrates the same truth:—

---

[1] "Here beneath the plane trees, overborne by soft sleep, Love slumbered, giving his torch to the Nymph's keeping; and the Nymphs said to one another, "Why do we delay? and would that with this we might have quenched the fire in the heart of mortals." But now, the torch having kindled even the waters, the amorous Nymphs pour hot water thence into the bathing pool." Mackail, *Select Epigrams*. (On the source of the two Sonnets, *cp*. Hertzberg, *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft,* 1878.) A Latin rendering is found in *Selecta Epigrammata;* Basel, 1529.

Alexander the Great and Apelles, the most famed of Grecian painters, were intimate friends; their friendship was well-nigh wrecked through a woman's charms; the painter became enamored of the monarch's mistress while painting her likeness, but Alexander generously cancelled his claim; his friendship for the painter was greater than his love for the fair captive.

The Sonnet-drama seems to have many points in common with Lyly's Court-play; instead of the painter of "Venus Anadyomene," we have the poet of "Venus and Adonis"; instead of magnanimity on the part of the high-born and exalted friend, it is the wronged poet who bears forgivingly "the strong offense's cross"; instead of a ravishingly beautiful woman, we have a dark-eyed Circe, the reverse of beautiful, bewitching men by the magic of her eyes; a dark-haired, pale-cheeked siren, drawing her victims despite their knowledge of her wiles; a very Cleopatra in strength, intellect, and hedonism.

As in the drama, so in the *Sonnets*, the chief actors are three in number; the poet is, however, the hero; the friend and the woman are the good and evil angels:—

> "Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
> Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
> The better angel is a man right fair,
> The worser spirit a woman color'd ill."

This, then, is the keynote of the whole sequence: the first section (I–CXXVI) is occupied mainly with the "man right fair," the second (CXXVII–CLII) concerns the "woman color'd ill," to whom passing allusion is evidently made in Sonnets XXX–XXXV, etc.; the poet's picture of his *Campaspe* needed a special section for itself; he gives us no fancy picture, but one evidently drawn from life (*cp.* CXXVII–CXLIV, etc.).

NOTEWORTHY POINTS

(i) Although the first one hundred and twenty-six Sonnets form one whole, it is quite clear that they sub-divide into smaller groups, though in very few instances does a Sonnet stand by itself, unconnected with what goes before or with what follows. Thus I–XXVI is a series of Sonnets forming, as it were, a single poetical epistle urging his friend to marry; XXVII–XXXII seem to form another such epistle, dealing with friendship in absence; XXXIII–XLII tell of love's first disillusioning; love's willing pain, self-denial, and forgiveness; XLIII–LV express friendship's fears during separation. Similarly, the remaining Sonnets of the series may be more or less accurately grouped; the most striking of the remaining groups is probably C–CXXV, which gives the impression of having been added after the so-called Sonnet CXXVI had been written; if this were so, Shakespeare's original intention was to compose a Century of Sonnets, following the example of the poet Watson, the author of "*Hekatompathia, the Passionate Century of Love.*" (*Cp. Analysis of the Sonnets.*)

(ii) These various poetical epistles probably represent intervals of time; but there are also more direct indications of the time covered by the poems; the most important of these indications is to be found in Sonnet CIV (where a three years' space is alluded to; compare with the earlier Sonnets, *e. g.* XXXIII "he was but one hour mine"). Time-indications are also perhaps to be found in the references to particular seasons in some of the Sonnets.

(iii) Certain Sonnets are suggestive of historical allusions, notably CVII and CXXIV, though it may at present be difficult to explain with certainty the events referred to.

(iv) One of the most striking features of the Sonnets is the poet's oft-repeated belief in the immortality of his poems (*e. g.* LV, LXIII, LXXXI, *etc.*): he was evidently following Horace's excellent precedent ("*exegi monumentum ære perennius*") in making his proud claim:—

> "Not marble, nor the gilded monument
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

(v) Side by side with this exultation we have the poet's sense of humiliation arising from his connection with the common stage (*cp.* XXIX).

(vi) Lastly, among the most noteworthy points on the very surface of the Sonnets, there is the poet's sensitiveness, showing itself in many forms, now in his passionate devotion, now in his regard for his reputation (CXXI), now in his jealous resentment of any rival near the throne of his love.

WHO WAS THE RIVAL POET?

Sonnets LXXIX–LXXXVI obviously refer to some particular poet. Various solutions have been advanced. Marlowe, Drayton, Daniel, have each been put forward, but no satisfactory case has been made out for any one of them. In all probability George Chapman is the poet referred to and characterized. In the dedication to his poem called *The Shadow of Night* (published in 1594) occur the following words:—"Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think Skill so nightly pierced with their loves that she should prostitutely show them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others *but with invocation, fasting, watching; yea, not without having drops of their souls like a heavenly familiar*"; these words seem almost reëchoed in Shakespeare's bantering allusion to "*that affable familiar ghost,*" *etc.* "Chapman,"[1] as Minto well observed, "was a man of overpowering enthusiasm, ever eager in magnifying poetry, and advancing fervent claims to supernatural inspiration."

"The proud full sail of his great verse" recalls Keat's famous sonnet, "*On first looking into Chapman's Homer*":—[2]

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;

---

[1] *Cp. Characteristics of English Poets,* pp. 222, 223, where the suggestion was first made that Chapman was the poet in question.

[2] Chapman first published seven books of the *Iliad* in 1598.

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

The *Sonnets* were first printed in the year 1609; "*The Passionate Pilgrim*," published in 1599, contained two Sonnets found in the 1609 volume, (viz. CXXXVIII, and CXLIV); Francis Meres in the *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, referred to Shakespeare's "sugred Sonnets among his private friends," and the reference may be to the collection, or part of the collection, under consideration.[1] This sums up the direct evidence we possess. Seeing, however, that Shakespeare, in 1593, styled his *Venus and Adonis* "the first heir of my invention," and that the poem on the *Rape of Lucrece* appeared the following year, it is perhaps fair to assume that 1594 may be the "*terminus a quo*" for the Sonnets.[2] Again we have the closest link between the Sonnets and the early love-plays, with their love-intrigues, their dark beauty (*e. g.* Rosaline in *Love's Labor's Lost*), their sonnet-dialogue, their dominating thought:—

---

[1] Mr. Tyler (*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, p. 19) makes the ingenious suggestion that Sonnet LV, "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments," etc., and more especially the line, "Not Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn," was suggested by Meres' reference to Shakespeare, etc.; the suggestion is certainly note-worthy:—

"As Ovid saith of his worke:—

'Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas':

And as Horace saith of his,—

'Exegi monumentum aere perennius,' etc.

So say I severally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spencer's, Daniel's, Drayton's, Shakespeare's, and Warner's workes:—

'Non Jovis ira, imbres, Mars, ferrum, flamma, senectus,
Hoc opus unda, lues, turbo, venena ruent.'

Et quamquam ad pulcherrimum hoc opus evertendum tres illi Dii conspirabunt, cronus, Volcanus, et pater ipse gentis;—

'Non tamen annorum series, non flamma, nec ensis,
Æternum potuit hoc abolere dieus.'"

[2] In XCIV occurs the well-known line, "Lillies that fester smell far worse than weeds," which is also found in the Shakespearean play of

> "Never durst poet touch a pen to write
> Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs."
> (*Love's Labor's Lost,* IV. iii.)

No long interval could have separated "*Romeo and Juliet*" and Sonnet CXVI, the poet's epitaph for the golden tomb raised to the lovers by their loveless kin,—the very epitome of all the songs and stories of Romantic passion that we have heard or read.

On the other hand, there are notes in the Sonnets suggestive of plays of a somewhat later period (*e. g.* Sonnets LXVI–LXXIV recall *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*): this note of introspection and melancholy must not be pressed too far, seeing that, even in the earliest plays, the clouds often darken suddenly.

We may perhaps assume that the earliest Sonnets belong to about 1595. If Sonnet CIV were taken strictly, the period covered would be (*circa*) 1595—(*circa*) 1598. The date, however, cannot be definitely fixed until we are in possession of some of the facts underlying the poems. True, Shakespeare seems to have unlocked his heart in these *Sonnets*, but the key to their secret history has been lost; patient labor may have recovered it; yet we cannot be sure; too often, perhaps, we merely force the lock."[1]

TO WHOM WERE THE SONNETS ADDRESSED?

The world of scholars may be said to be divided into Herbertists and Southamptonites; the former are staunch

---

Edward III, written probably in 1594, and entered on the books of the Stationers' Registers, December, 1595.

[1] It is impossible in this short preface to sketch, however briefly, the history of the interpretation of the *Sonnets;* according to some critics they are allegorical exercises, according to others partly personal, and partly dramatic (*cp.* Massey's *"Secret Drama of the Sonnets"*); the weightiest authorities support the view that the Sonnets express Shakespeare's "own feelings in his own person." (A summary of the various theories will be found in Prof. Dowden's edition of the *Sonnets,* 1881.)

supporters of the claims advanced on behalf of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; the latter maintain the prior claims of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

At the present moment the star of William Herbert is in the ascendant. Many a former ally of Southampton has rallied round the banner unfurled by Herbert's redoubtable champion, Mr. Thomas Tyler.[1]

WILLIAM HERBERT'S CLAIMS

William Herbert was born on April 8, 1580; in the spring of the year 1598 he came to reside permanently in London. Evidence exists that he was averse to marriage; he was, however, no misogynist. His intrigue with a notorious Mistress Mary Fitton has much in common with "the sensual fault" of "the better angel" of the *Sonnets*. The scandal belonged to 1600–1601.

The Herbertists assign the *Sonnets* to the years 1598–1601; the historical allusions in Sonnets CVII, CXXIV, are referred by them to the rebellion of Essex (1601); they maintain that nothing in the Sonnets invalidates their claims.

Furthermore, they rightly call attention to the fact that to William Herbert, together with his brother Philip, "the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren," was dedicated the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare's plays by Heminge & Condell, in 1623; and it is there stated that the two brothers prosecuted the plays and "their Author living with much favor."

Finally, it is alleged that Sonnets CXXXV, CXXXVI, CXLIII, afford conclusive evidence that the poems wer addressed to "*Will.*"

---

[1] "*Shakespeare's Sonnets, edited by* Thomas Tyler" (David Nutt, 1890), contains a thorough investigation of William Herbert's connection with the *Sonnets,* together with a full account of Mar Fitton, and an admirable commentary; the arguments throughout th volume are based on careful investigation; the present writer, thoug he cannot as yet assent to the theory, cannot withhold his recogni tion of the excellence of the book.

THE CASE AGAINST HERBERT

According to the Herbertists the earliest date for any of the *Sonnets* must be 1598; but in that year Francis Meres refers to Shakespeare's "sugred Sonnets among his private friends"; it might indeed be argued that the reference is not to the present poems; but Meres also refers to Shakespeare's preëminence as a writer of comedies and tragedies, and instances six plays in each department. In Sonnet XVI, however, which Herbert's supporters assign to 1598, Shakespeare alludes to his "pupil pen." Is it likely he would have done so at that date?

Again in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, published in 1599, we find Sonnets CXXXVIII and CXLIV. Is it likely that between the spring of 1598 (when Herbert, a youth of eighteen, first came to town) and at latest some time in 1599 (when Jaggard piratically obtained what were probably two of the sonnets that Meres had referred to), Shakespeare and young Herbert had not only become friends, not only had their friendship ripened, but that the drama of their friendship had developed to the point indicated by the two sonnets in question?

The first group of sonnets (X–XXVI) link themselves unmistakably to the poems of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*. How do the Herbertists account for Shakespeare's strange return in 1598 to his earlier mood and style?

The alleged references to "*Will*" as the name of the favored friend will not bear the test of examination. In each case the writer may be quibbling with his own name, or playing on "*will*" and "*wish*," in true Elizabethan fashion.[1]

There is, further, one small point worthy of note.

---

[1] In the early comedies the quibble is often found, *e. g.*:—

"*Silvia*] What's your will?
Proteus] That I may compass yours.
Silvia] You have your wish; my will is ever this, etc."

Two Gentlemen, IV. ii.

Shakespeare's pique at his friend's encouragement of another poet would hardly have been justifiable in the case of Herbert. The poet Daniel, who had been Herbert's tutor, and who was *par excellence* the poet of the Pembroke family, would have had the first place in his pupil's affection. The Sonnets in question certainly give the impression that Shakespeare was the first to receive encouragement from his patron, and that no other poet had prior claims.

Over and above all these doubts, tending to weaken the case of the Herbertists, there is the incontestable fact that the assignment of the *Sonnets* to Herbert gives the lie to Shakespeare's protestations of whole-hearted and exclusive devotion to his first patron, the Earl of Southampton, and convicts the poet of time-serving insincerity. What, then, becomes of his proud claim:—"No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change?"

SOUTHAMPTON'S CLAIMS

Henry Wriothesley was born October 6, 1573. His father and brother both died before he had reached the age of twelve. After taking his degree at Cambridge, 1589, he came to London, and entered Gray's Inn. He was the ward of Lord Burghley, and might not inaptly be described as "a child of state," brought up under the Queen. In 1593 *Venus and Adonis* appeared with its dedication to the young Lord; in 1594 *Lucrece* was published with its noteworthy declaration:—"What I have done is yours: what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours."

About this time he became recognized as the patron of learning and poetry (*cp.* Gabriel Harvey's *Letter*, with Sonnet to Southampton, 1593; Markham's *Sir R. Grenville*, 1595; Peele's *Anglorum Feriæ*, 1595; Florio's *Dictionary*, 1596; *etc.*). In September, 1595, Southampton fell in love with Elizabeth Vernon, the Earl of Essex's cousin; his love cost him the Queen's favor, and involved him in a series of troubles. The marriage was hindered for about three years. During this time he was probably with Essex, as an unattached volunteer, at the attack at Cadiz, and did brave service against the Spaniards; owing, however, to false reports and misrepresentations, he received, as his reward, blame instead of praise from his unfriendly Sovereign: on March 17, 1598, Cecil introduced him, at Angers, to Henry IV, telling the King that Lord Southampton "was come with deliberation to do him service." His zeal was suddenly stopped by the Peace of Vervins, concluded in April of the same year; towards the end of the year he returned, and secretly married Elizabeth Vernon; his career during the remainder of the Queen's reign was fraught with misfortunes. He absented himself from the Court, and we hear of him in 1599 as "passing his time in London merely in going to plays every day." His connection with Essex's rebellion nearly cost him his life: the death-sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment. His subsequent history under James I does not directly concern us here; brief allusion must, however, be made to his release from the Tower at the King's accession. "These bountiful beginnings," wrote a contemporary, referring to the event, "raise all men's spirits, and put them in great hopes." There was universal joy; poets welcomed him with verses; notably Samuel Daniel, and John Davies of Hereford; the panegyric of the former poet tells that:—

"The world had never taken so full note
  Of what thou art, hadst thou not been undone;
And only thy affliction hath begot
  More fame, than thy best fortunes could have won";

while the latter, addressing the Earl, sings of the happy change in men's affairs:—

"Then let's be merry in our God and King,
That made us merry, being ill bestadd:
Southampton, up thy cap to Heaven fling,
And on the viol their sweet praises sing;
For he is come that grace to all doth bring."

Whatever may have been men's feelings towards the hapless Essex, it is certain that there was no little affectionate sympathy for one at least of the fool-hardy rebels, "covered long with the ashes of great Essex his ruins." In their very jubilation there was silent disapproval of the Virgin Queen's petty tyranny towards her favorites. It is a significant fact that Shakespeare uttered no word of lament on the Queen's death; Chettle, in his *England's Mourning Garment* (1603), reproached him for his silence:—

> "Nor doth the silver-tonguèd Melicert
> Drop from his honied Muse one sable tear
> *To mourn her death that gracèd his desert*
> *And to his laies opened her royall eare.*
> Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth
> And sing her rape done by that Tarquin, Death."

Mr. Gerald Massey [1] maintains that Sonnet CVII was Shakespeare's written gratulation, welcoming his friend from "the gloom of a prison on his way to a palace, and the smile of a monarch." According to this quasi-Southamptonist, the eclipse of "the mortal moon" is an allusion to Elizabeth's death. The Herbertists, emphasizing the word "endured," rightly point out that the moon is imagined as having endured her eclipse, and come out none the less bright, and refer the Sonnet to Essex's abortive attempt. But certainly a better case can be made out for a reference to the Peace of Vervins, 1598, which meant the ruin of Philip's projects in France, and the assertion of English supremacy at sea; by it all danger from Spain quietly passed away:—

> "Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
> And peace proclaims olives of endless age."

For five years England had been forced to aid Henry IV with men and money, lest France might be turned into a Spanish dependency; it was indeed a time of "incertainties" for England. Shakespeare's *Love's Labor's Lost* reflects the popular interest in Henry's affairs; while *The Comedy of Errors* in Act III, sc. ii, quibblingly alludes to France "armed and reverted, making war against her *hair*" (*i. e. heir*).

---

[1] *"The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets,"* p. 333.

The "thralled discontent" of Sonnet CXXIV, which the Herbertists assign to 1601 and refer to the severe measures by which Essex's rebellion was put down, may perhaps refer to the growing feelings of discontent which were ultimately to find expression in insane revolt.

The whole Sonnet reads like a protestation on Shakespeare's part; though his friend, "the child of state," has suffered Fortune's spite,[1] the poet's love, being no child of state, fears no policy, and knows no change; it is indifferent alike to Fortune's smiles and Fortune's frowns.

This idea is continued in Sonnet CXXV; friendship is founded neither on self-interest, nor on transitory attractions. The poet resents the bare thought that he valued pomp, grandeur and prosperity, and was merely a "fair-weather" friend:—[2]

"No let me be obsequious in thy heart
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control."

The Herbertists explain the poem as Shakespeare's apology for his defection from Southampton, "at this time suffering imprisonment as a convicted rebel!"

But in one of the Sonnets of the same group (CII) the poet definitely identifies the friend addressed with the patron of his early poems:—

"Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays";

while XXVI almost echoes the *Lucrece* dedication.

---

[1] On November 22, 1598, Southampton returned from the Continent; "for his welcome," we read, "he is committed to the Fleet."

[2] *Cp.* Sonnet XXV.

According to the Southamptonites, Sonnets C–CXXVI[1] belong to the year 1598 (the Peace of Vervins was concluded in April; Southampton was away from February to November), Sonnet CIV giving the period of the whole series as ranging from 1595 at earliest. As regards the interval between I–XCIX and C–CXXVI, and the dates of the smaller groups, theorists are not at one. It is not unlikely that the first ninety-nine were written during 1595 (before September) and 1596 (before August, when Shakespeare's little Hamnet died). There would thus be a silence of about a year and a half, before Shakespeare stirred up his "forgetful Muse." In the interval some "vulgar scandal" had occurred, involving the poet's reputation, and to this he refers in CX–CXII; it is difficult to determine what this trouble actually was; the Oldcastle-Falstaff affair would certainly suit so far as the date (1597) is concerned, but the matter seems to have been much more serious. A somewhat stronger case could perhaps be made out for the Herbertists' view, which connects the scandal with "the quarrel known as the *War of the theatres*," 1600–1601. Neither theory will adequately explain the tone of Sonnet CXXI.

As regards the first group of Sonnets (I–XXVI), if they were written before Southampton had become enamored of Elizabeth Vernon, it is easy to understand the omission of further reference to the marriage theme in the subsequent Sonnets.[2]

Sonnets XL, XLII, (and Section B, CXXVII–CLII connected with them) must, according to the supporters of Southampton's claim, be referred to 1595. In connection with this early date it is perhaps fair to mention a curious publication of the year 1594 entitled *Willobie his Avisa*,

---

[1] Perhaps C–CXXV would be better; the *envoi* CXXVI was perhaps originally the concluding poem of Sonnets I–XCIX.

[2] Mr. Fleay, however, holds that these Sonnets were written after Southampton had met Elizabeth Vernon in 1595 (*vide "Chronicle History of the Drama,"* where Mr. Fleay's whole theory is carefully elaborated; though many a point here and there is doubtful, the high value of the essay is incontestable).

or the true Picture of a Modest maid and of a Chaste and Constant Life, which tells how a young married woman Avice resists successively the wooing of a Frenchman, an Anglo-German, and an "*old player, W. S.*, who not long before tried the courtesy of the like passion"; finally H. W. ("Italo Hispalensis") becomes infected with a fantastical fit, and consults W. S., who gives him valuable advice. There can be no doubt that "Henry Willobie's" alleged authorship is a literary hoax, and that the publication contained matter of a satirical and perhaps libelous nature; hence in 1596 it was "called in" with Hall's *Satires* and Cutwode's *Caltha Poetarum.* "H. W." and "W. S.," suggestive of Henry Wriothesley and William Shakespeare may of course be purely accidental, but the coincidence is remarkable, and the evidence, whatever its value, cannot be suppressed. It should be added that there are prefatory lines in praise of *Avisa,* wherein Shakespeare, perhaps for the first time in literature, is referred to by name:—"*And Shake-speare paints poor Lucrece's rape.*" Was the reference ironical?[1]

THE PUBLISHER'S EVIDENCE

Initials are troublesome ciphers. "H. W." and "W. S." allure the readers of *Willobie his Avisa,* while "Mr. W. H." of the Dedication prefacing the Sonnets has afforded intellectual exercise to generations of scholars.

Had the publisher been aware of the contentions of posterity as to the history of the Sonnets, he could not, in a diabolical mood, have invented a more protean dedication. The Herbertists naturally interpret "Mr. W. H." as standing for "Mr. William Herbert (Earl of Pembroke)," and "begetter" as meaning "inspirer"; the Southamptonites suggest that the publisher reversed the initials of "Henry Wriothesley," so as to half-conceal his connection with the facts referred to in the Sonnets.

---

[1] A reprint of *Willobie* is to be found among Dr. Grosart's privately printed issues. The particular Chapter referred to above is printed in the *"Shakespeare Allusion Book."* (*New Shak. Soc.*)

Others allege that "begetter" is used in the sense of "obtainer," "procurer," "dedicatee," and various dedicatees have been found answering the requirements of the initials in question—William Hughes, William Hathaway, William Hart, William Hervey (Southampton's step-father), and, actually, WILLIAM HIMSELF!"[1]

T. T. has set the world a conundrum, which will probably bring him immortal fame: as yet no solution has been finally accepted.

CONTEMPORARY SONNET SEQUENCES

The date, 1594–1598, would bring Shakespeare's *Sonnets* into line with the chief Sonnet productions of the period:—Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, published 1591; Daniel's *Delia*, 1592; Constable's *Diana*, 1592; Fletcher's *Licia*, 1593; Barnes' *Parthenophil*, 1593; Drayton's *Idea*, 1594; Spenser's *Amoretti*, 1594; Lodge's *Phillis*, 1595; Chapman's *Coronet for his Mistress Philosophy*, 1595. It would certainly seem that the writing of Love-Sonnets culminated in 1594–5.[2] As far as the form of his Sonnets

---

[1] George Wither seems to have anticipated this stupendous discovery, due to Germanic genius, when he inscribed his satires thus:—"*G. W. Wisheth Himself all happiness.*"

It has been suggested that Ben Jonson ostensibly alluded to "T. T.'s" inscription, when he dedicated his Epigrams to the Earl of Pembroke:—"*While you* cannot change your merit, *I dare not change your title.* . . . When I made them I had nothing in my conscience to expressing of which I *did need a cipher.*"

[2] Mr. Massey in his *Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets* points out some striking reminiscences of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (as well as of the *Arcadia*), more especially with reference to a number of the earliest sonnets).

Shakespeare's *Sonnets* and the 1599 revised edition of Drayton's *Idea* contain some remarkable parallel passages; it seems most likely that Drayton was the borrower. Mr. Tyler cannot detect any allusion in Drayton's work to Sonnets C–CXXVI. The following specimen of Drayton will best illustrate his debt:—

> "An evil spirit your beauty haunts me still,
> Wherewith, alas, I have been long possest,
> Which ceaseth not to tempt me vnto ill,

is concerned, Shakespeare seems to have been influenced by contemporary sonneteers, and perhaps more especially by Daniel, in abandoning the Petrarchan type, and building up his sonnet of three quatrains and a final couplet. Some critics have censured Shakespeare for departing from the more complex Italian type, but "the quest of the Shakespeare Sonnet is not, like that of the sonnet of octave and sestet, sonority, and so to speak, metrical counterpoint, but sweetness; and the sweetest of all possible arrangements in English versification is a succession of decasyllabic quatrains in alternate rhymes knit together and clinched by a couplet—a couplet coming not so far from the initial verse as to lose its binding power, and yet not so near the initial verse that the ring of epigram disturbs the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of this movement, but sufficiently near to shed its influence over the poem back to the initial verse."

Enthusiasts for the Miltonic Sonnet, with its "observance of strict laws of composition," condemn Shakespeare's deviation from the stricter type, and declare that "the so-called Sonnets" are not sonnets at all, but a continuous poem, or poems, written in fourteen-line stanzas: but from the experimental days of Surrey and Wyatt the form employed by Shakespeare had been the favorite sonnet-type

Nor gives me once but one pore minutes rest.

. . . .

Thus am I still provok'd to every evil
By this good wicked spirit, sweet Angel-devil."

Marston's *Pigmalion's Image and Certaine Satyres,* published in 1598, contains a passage strongly resembling Sonnet XXXII, lines 10–14, and more especially the words "To march in ranks of better equipage"; Marston's lines speak of

"Stanzaes like odd bands
Of voluntaries and mercenarians:
Which like soldados of our warlike age,
March rich bedight in warlike equipage."

I cannot agree with Mr. Tyler that it may be maintained, with confidence that Marston's poem preceded Shakespeare's.

of English poets. It were easy to combat Mark Pattison's bold pronouncement, that "the example of Shakespeare, and the veneration due to that mighty name, has exercised a misleading influence on our sonnetists." Milton's exaltation implies no rivalry with Shakespeare,—theirs are "two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountain."

"The tongue of England, that which myriads
Have spoken and will speak, were paralyzed
Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth
Above the flight of ages, two alone;
One crying out,
All nations spoke thro' me.

The other:

True; and thro' this trumpet burst
God's word; the fall of Angels, and the doom
First of immortal, then of mortal, Man;
Glory! be glory! not to me, to God."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

A book called *Shakespeare's Sonnets* was entered at the Stationers' by Thomas Thorpe, on May 20, 1609. In the course of the same year was issued a small quarto volume of forty leaves, with the following title-page: "Shakespeare's Sonnets. Never before imprinted. At London: By G. Eld for T. T., and are to be sold by William Aspley." The name of Thomas Thorpe in the entry at the Stationers' ascertains him to be the person meant by the initials T. T. in the title-page. It is remarkable that in some copies of the edition of 1609, the title-page has "are to be sold by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate." In all other respects, both the title-pages and the whole printing of the different copies of 1609 are exactly alike; which shows them to be all of one and the same edition. What may have been the cause or purpose of the difference specified, is not known, nor is it of any consequence.

Thorpe stood somewhat eminent in his line of business, and his edition of the Sonnets was accompanied with a bookseller's dedication very quaint and affected both in the style of wording and of printing; the printing being in small capitals with a period after each word, and the wording thus: "To the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness, and that eternity promised by our everliving Poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, T. T."

There was no other edition of the *Sonnets* till 1640, when they were republished by Thomas Cotes, but in a totally different order from that of 1609, being cut up, seemingly at random, into seventy-four little poems, with a quaint heading to each, and with parts of *The Passionate Pilgrim* interspersed. This edition is not regarded as of any authority, save as showing that within twenty-four years after the Poet's death the *Sonnets* were so far from being thought to have that unity of cause, or purpose, or occasion, which has since been attributed to them, as to be set forth under an arrangement quite incompatible with any such idea.

Meres, in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598, speaks of it thus: "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagothus, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare: witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared *Sonnets* among his private friends." This ascertains that a portion, at least, of the *Sonnets* were written, and well known in private circles, before 1598. It naturally infers, also, that they were written on divers occasions and for divers persons, some of them being intended, perhaps, as personal compliments, and others merely as exercises of fancy. Copies of them were most likely multiplied, to some extent, in manuscript; since this would naturally follow both from their intrinsic excellence, and from the favor with which the mention of them by Meres shows them to have been regarded. Probably the author added to the number from time to time after 1598; and as he grew in public distinction and private acquaintance, there would almost needs have been a growing ambition or curiosity among his friends and admirers, to have each as large a collection of these little treasures as they could. What more natural or likely than that, among those to whom, in this course of private circulation, they became known, there should be some one person or more, perhaps of humbler name, who took pride and pleasure in making or procuring transcripts of as many as he could hear of, and thus getting together, if possible, a full set of them?

Two of the *Sonnets*, as we shall see hereafter, the CXXXVIII and the CXLIV, were printed with some variations, as a part of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599. In the same publication, which was doubtless made ignorantly and without authority, there are also several others, especially the IV, VI, and IX, which, if really Shakespeare's, have as much right to a place among the *Sonnets* as many that are already there. At all events, the fact of those two being thus detached and appearing by themselves may be fairly held to argue a good deal as to the manner in which the *Sonnets* were probably written and circulated.

We have seen that Thorpe calls the "Mr. W. H.," to whom he dedicates his edition, "the only begetter of these ensuing *Sonnets*." The word *begetter* has been commonly understood as meaning the person who was the cause or occasion of the *Sonnets* being written, and to whom they were originally addressed. The taking of the word in this sense has caused a great deal of controversy, and exercised a vast amount of critical ingenuity, in endeavoring to trace a thread of continuity through the whole series, and to discover the person who had the somewhat equivocal honor of *begetting* or inspiring them. And such, no doubt, is the natural and proper sense of the word; but what it might mean in the mouth of one so anxious, apparently, to speak out of the common way, is a question not so easily settled. That the *Sonnets* could not, in this sense, have been *all* begotten by *one* person, has to be admitted; for if it be certain that some of them were addressed to a man, it is equally certain that others were addressed to a woman. But the word *begetter* is found to have been sometimes used in the sense of *obtainer* or *procurer;* and such is clearly the only sense which, in Thorpe's affected language, it will bear, consistently with the internal evidence of the *Sonnets* themselves. As for the theories, therefore, which have mainly grown from taking Thorpe's *only begetter* to mean *only inspired*, we shall set them all aside, and practically ignore them, as being totally impertinent to the subject. We have not the slightest doubt, that "the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets" was simply the person who made or procured transcripts of them, and got them all together, either for his own use or for publication, and to whom Thorpe was indebted for his copy of them. The same view is taken by Knight and Collier.

But Thorpe wishes to his Mr. W. H. "that eternity promised by our ever-living Poet." Promised by the Poet to whom? To "Mr. W. H.," or to himself, or to some one else? For aught appears to the contrary, it may be to either one, or perhaps two, of these; for in some of the *Sonnets*, as the XVIII and XIX, the Poet promises an eternity of youth and fame both to his verse and to the person he is addressing. Here may be the proper place for remarking, that in a line of the XX,—"A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,"—the original prints *hues* in Italic and with a capital, *Hews*, just as *Will* is printed in the CXXXV and CXXXVI, where the author is evidently playing upon his own name. It was not uncommon for *hues* to be spelt *hews* and printed with a capital, *Hews*. Tyrwhitt, however, conjectured that in this case a play was intended on the name of *Hughes*, and that W. Hughes was the "Mr. W. H." of Thorpe's dedication, and the person addressed in the *Sonnets*. If the Sonnet in question were meant to be continuous with that which precedes, the Poet certainly perpetrated a very palpable anticlimax in the writing of it. Knight groups it along with the LIII, LIV, and LV, as forming a cluster or little poem by themselves. Whether this grouping be right, seems very questionable; but it is barely possible that the XX and those belonging with it may have been addressed to a personal friend of the Poet's, named W. Hughes, who was the *procurer* of the whole series for publication: we say *barely possible*, and that seems the most that can be said about it.

Great effort has been made, to find in the Sonnets some deeper or other meaning than meets the ear, and to fix upon them, generally, a personal and autobiographical character. It must indeed be owned that there is in several of them an earnestness of tone, and in some few a subdued pathos, which strongly argues them to be expressions of the Poet's real feelings respecting himself, his condition, and the person or persons addressed. This is particularly the case with the series of thirteen, beginning with CIX. Something the same may be said of the XXVI and the other two which Knight groups with it, the XXIII and XXV, where we find a striking resemblance to some expressions used in the dedications of the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Lucrece*. But, as to the greater part of the *Sonnets*, we grow more and more persuaded that they were intended mainly as flights or exercises of fancy, thrown into the form of a personal address, and written, it may be, in some cases at the instance or in compliment of the Poet's personal friends, and perhaps mingling an element of personal interest or allusion, merely as a matter of art; whatsoever there is personal in them being thus kept subordinate and incidental to poetical beauty and effect. For example, in CXXXVIII, than which few have more appearance of being autobiographical, the Poet speaks of himself as being old, and says his "days are past the best"; yet this was printed in 1599, when he was but thirty-five years of age. Surely, in that case, his reason for using such language must have been, that it suited his purpose as a poet, not that it was true of his age as a man.

Much light is thrown on these remarkable effusions by the general style of sonneteering then in vogue, as exemplified in the sonnets of Spenser, Drayton, and Daniel. In these, too, though unquestionably designed mainly as studies or specimens of art, the authors, while speaking in the form of a personal address, and as if revealing their own actual thoughts and inward history, are continually using language and imagery that clearly had not and could not have any truth or fitness save in reference to their purpose as poets. In proportion to the genius and art of the men, these sonnets have, as much as Shakespeare's, the appearance of being autobiographical, and of disclosing the true personal sentiments and history of the authors; except, as already mentioned, in some few cases where Wordsworth is probably right in saying of the sonnet, that "with this key Shakespeare unlock'd his heart." We have spoken of the strong confidence which Shakespeare expresses repeatedly in the *Sonnets*, that his lines would both possess and confer an eternity of youth and fame. It is remarkable that all three of the other poets named use language of precisely the same import in their sonnets, and use it repeatedly. It seems, indeed, to have been at that time a sort of stereotyped matter in sonnet-writing. Thus in Spenser's 75th sonnet:

"My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name;
Where, when as death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

And he has the same thought in at least two other sonnets. So too, in Drayton's 44th:

"And though in youth my youth untimely perish,
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rhymes shall cherish,
Where I entomb'd my better part shall save;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon eternity."

A similar strain occurs in his 6th. The same promise of eternity is also met with in two of Daniel's. Thus in his 41st:

"How many live, the glory of whose name
Shall rest in ice, when thine is grav'd in marble!
Thou may'st in after ages live esteem'd,
Unburied in these lines, reserv'd in pureness;
These shall entomb those eyes that have redeem'd
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscureness."

In short, it was a common fashion of the time, in sonnet-writing, for authors to speak in an ideal or imaginary character as if it were their real one, and to attribute to themselves certain thoughts and feelings, merely because it suited their purpose, and was a part of their art as poets, so to do. And this, we make no doubt, is the true key to the mystery which has puzzled so many critics in the *Sonnets* of Shakespeare. In writing sonnets, he naturally fell into the current style of the age; only, by how much he surpassed the others in dramatic power, by so much was he better able to express ideal sentiments as if they were his own, and to pass, as it were, out of himself into the characters he had imagined or assumed.

Knight has some remarks on this point, which are so apt and well-put that we cannot forbear quoting them. "It must not be forgotten," says he, "that in an age when the Italian models of poetry were so diligently cultivated, imaginary loves and imaginary jealousies were freely admitted into verses which appeared to address themselves to the reader in the personal character of the poet. Regarding a poem, whether a sonnet or an epic, essentially as a work of *art*, the artist was not careful to separate his own identity from the sentiments and situations which he delineated; any more than the pastoral poets of the next century were solicitous to tell their readers that their Corydons and Phyllises were not absolutely themselves and their mistresses. The *Amoretti* of Spenser, for example, consisting of eighty-eight Sonnets, is also a puzzle to all those who regard such productions as necessarily autobiographical. These poems were published in 1596; in several passages a date is somewhat distinctly marked; for there are lines which refer to the completion of *The Faerie Queene*, and to Spenser's appointment to the laureateship. And yet they are full of the complaints of an unrequited love, and of a disdainful mistress, at a period when Spenser was married, and settled with his family in Ireland.

"We believe that, taken as works of art, having a certain degree of continuity, the sonnets of Spenser, of Daniel, of Drayton, of Shakespeare, although in many instances they might shadow forth real feelings, and be outpourings of the inmost heart, were presented to the world as exercises of fancy, and were received by the world as such. The most usual form which such compositions assumed was that of love-verses. Spenser's *Amoretti* are entirely of this character, as their name implies: Daniel's, which are fifty-seven in number, are all addressed "To Delia": Drayton's, which he calls "Ideas," are somewhat more miscellaneous in their character. In 1593 was also published *Licia, or Poems of Love, in honor of the admirable and singular virtues of his Lady.* This book contains fifty-two sonnets, all conceived in the language of passionate affection and extravagant praise. And yet the author, in his address to the reader, says,—"If thou muse what my Licia is, take her to be some Diana, at the least chaste, or some Minerva; no Venus, fairer far. It may be she is Learning's image, or some heavenly wonder, which the precisest may not mislike: perhaps under that name I have shadowed Discipline." This fashion of sonnet-writing upon a continuous subject prevailed, thus, about the period of the publication of the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece*, when Shakespeare had taken his rank among the poets of the time, independent of his dramatic rank."

Taking this view of the matter, we of course do not search after any thread or principle of continuity running through the whole series of *Sonnets*, or any considerable portion of them. We hold them to have been strictly fragmentary in conception and execution, written at divers times and from various motives; addressed sometimes, perhaps, to actual persons, sometimes to ideal; and, for the most part, weaving together the real and the imaginary sentiments of the author, as would best serve the end of poetical beauty and effect. In a word, we think he wrote them mainly as an artist, not as a man, though as an artist acting more or less upon the incidents and suggestions of his actual experience. Doubtless, too, in divers cases, several of them have a special unity and coherence among themselves, being run together in continuous sets or clusters, and forming separate poems. This avoids the endless mirage of conflicting theories that has gathered about them, and also clears up the perplexity and confusion which one cannot but feel while reading them under an idea or persuasion of their being a continuous whole.

We give the *Sonnets*, it will be seen, in the same order and arrangement as they stand in the original edition, believing that this ought not to be interfered with, until the question shall be better settled as to the order in which they should be given. Nevertheless, we are far from thinking this order to be the right one; on the contrary, we hold it to be in divers particulars very much disordered. It seems quite evident that there is a good deal of misplacement and confusion among them; sometimes those being scattered here and there, which belong together, sometimes one set being broken by the thrusting in of a detached member of another set. For instance, the three sonnets playing upon the Poet's name clearly ought to be set together, yet they are printed as the CXXXV, CXXXVI, and CXLIII, the last of the trio being thus separated from the rest by the interposition of six jumbled together, apparently, from their proper connection in other sets. So, again, the CXXVII, CXXXI, and the CXXXII, clearly ought to stand together, being continuous alike in the subject and in the manner of treating it. Numerous other cases of like dislocation might be cited, but there is no need of dwelling on the matter here.

We have no ground for supposing that Thorpe's edition of the *Sonnets* was made under the supervision or with the sanction of the Poet. The internal evidence all makes against the notion of the author having any hand in getting the work out; and as for external evidence, there is none bearing on the point. We have found, in connection with the plays, abundant proof that Shakespeare's reputation rendered many publishers very eager to grace their establishments with his workmanship. Thorpe did not publish any other of his writings, nor does he anywhere but in this one instance appear in connection with his name. That his issue of the *Sonnets* was anywise fraudulent or surreptitious, is more than we have any right to say; neither, on the other hand, is there any sign of its having been done with the author's allowance or consent. Probably, as the business was then conducted, a publisher was held justifiable, in law and honor, in catching such matter where and as he could, provided he did not directly interfere with the known interest of anybody else in the same line. And so, as regards the issue in question, perhaps the most that can be said for it is, that it was with the Poet's connivance. The *Sonnets* were floating about in circulation, and their excellence had become matter of public fame. There was cause enough why a publisher should be glad to come by a copy of them, and perhaps to reward, with compliments or cash, any one who would get together, for his use, as many of them as he could find. "Mr. W. H." probably served in this capacity. And for the order and arrangement of them, there was most likely nothing better than the ignorance or caprice of the procurer or the publisher. It is nowise improbable that some may have been mistakenly included which were not really Shakespeare's, nor, again, that he may have written some which were not obtained.

The whole question of the *Sonnets* has been sifted and scrutinized with much care and ability in Knight's *Shakespeare*, the writer endeavoring to sort and arrange them on a principle of internal fitness and congruity. Probably his order is not in all points satisfactory; but it seems, at all events, a great improvement on the old disorder; and we would not that the settling of a better arrangement should be hindered by having too many innovations adopted or proposed.

Touching the merit of the *Sonnets*, there need not much be said. Some of them would hardly do credit to a schoolboy, while many are such as it may well be held an honor even to Shakespeare to have written; there being nothing of the kind in the language at all approaching them, except a few of Milton's and a good many of Wordsworth's. That in these the Poet should have sometimes rendered his work excessively frigid with the euphuistic conceits and affectations of the time, is far less wonderful than the exquisite beauty, and often more than beauty, of sentiment and imagery that distinguishes a large portion of them.

Many might be pointed out, which, with perfect clearness and compactness of thought, are resplendent with the highest glories of imagination; others are replete with the tenderest pathos; others again are compact of graceful fancy and airy elegance; while in all these styles there are specimens perfectly steeped in the melody of sounds and numbers, as if the thought were born of music, and the music interfused with its very substance. Wordsworth gives it as his opinion, that "there is no part of the writings of his Poet, where is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed."

ANALYSIS

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A.—"THE BETTER ANGEL": i–cxxvi

I. LOVE'S ADORATION: i–xxvi

Beauty and goodness must live on
- in the beloved's children (i–xvi)
- in the poet's verse (xvii–xxv)

Envoy (xxvi)

II. LOVE'S TRIALS: xxvii–xcix

(*a*) The bitterness of absence (xxvii–xxxii)
- The sense of loss (xxvii, xxviii)
- Night-Thoughts
  - The poet's outcast state (xxix)
  - Bereavements (xxx)
- Love dispels the gloom (xxix–xxxi)

Love in Absence

Envoy (xxxii)

Interval.

(*b*) Love's first disillusioning (xxxiii–xlii)
- "He was but one hour mine" (xxxiii)
- Love's excuses (xxxv; xli)
- Love's self-disparagement (xxxvi; xxxvii)
- Love's willing pain (xxxviii)
- Love's self-denial (xxxix–xl)
- The gain of loss (xlii)
- Forgiveness.

(?) *Envoy* (xlii)

Interval.

(*c*) Love's longings and prophetic fears (xliii–lv)
- Love-longing (xliii–xlvii)
- Fears (xlviii)
- Self-abasement (xlix)
- The journey from, contrasted with journey to, his friend (l, li)
- The pleasures of hope (lii)
- The pleasures of imagination (liii)
- Love's assurance (liv)

Envoy (lv)

Love in Absence

Interval.

(*d*) Love's growing distrust and melancholy (lvi–lxxv)

- Love must watch and wait and believe (lvi–lviii)
- Despite ancient doctrines (lix–lx)
- Nevertheless distrustful thoughts arise (lxi)
- Introspection and self-accusation (lxii–lxiii)
- Melancholy thoughts (lxiv–lxvii; lxxi–lxxiii)
- The beloved's beauty redeems the world (lxix)
- Detractors are slanderers (lxx)
- The solace of poetry (lxxiv)
- *Envoy* (lxxv)

Interval.

(*e*) Love's jealousy (lxxv–xcvi)

- The poet's reply to his critics (lxxvi, lxxvii)
- Alien pens (lxxviii)
- The rival poet (lxxix–lxxxvi)
- The poet's rude awakening (lxxxvii)
- His devotion constant, though mutual love at an end (lxxxviii, lxxxix)
- He longs for the full force of Fortune's spite (xc)
- The possession of his friend's love alone made him truly fortunate (xci)
- Happily, its loss means loss of life (xcii)
- But he must not deceive himself,
- A sweet face may harbor false thoughts (xciii)
- 'Tis a sign of greatness to be self-contained (xciv)
- But the great must beware of corruption (xcv)
- Beauty and grace cannot always transfigure vice (xcv)
- *Envoy* (xcvi)

Interval.

Love in Absence

(*f*) **Love's farewell tribute** (xcvii, xcix)
- Absence in Summer and Autumn (xcvii)
- Absence in Spring (xcviii)
- *Envoy* (xcix)

Interval of a year or two

III. LOVE'S TRIUMPH: c–cxxvi

The re-awakening (c)
Time cannot change the beloved (civ)
Chivalrous poetry prophetic of his friend (cvi)
Love finds new conceits (cviii)
Love and pity (cxii)
Love grows stronger through error (cxv)
Error tests friendship (cxvii–cxix)
The poet rebuts malicious charges (cxxi)
The poet's love not "the child of state" (cxxiv)

The poet's silence (cii; ciii)
The poet's eulogies (cv)
Love survives ill-forebodings (cvii)
The poet's confessions (cix–cxi)
Love's Imaginings (cxiii; cxiv)
Love superior to dangers and trials (cxvi)
Still apologetic (cxx–cxxii)
Love conquers Time (cxxiii)
The poet resents the calumny of being a time-server (cxxv)
Envoy (cxxvi)

B.—"THE WORSER SPIRIT": cxxvii–clii
(Cp. xxxiii–xlii)

C.—"LOVE'S FIRE": cliii–cliv

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

THE "W. H."

As Southampton's family name was Henry Wriothesley, the W. H. may have applied to him. But these two letters coincide perfectly with the name of another noble patron of Shakespeare's, the already mentioned Earl of Pembroke, William Herbert; and J. Boaden has proved, moreover, that the life, age and character of the subsequent Earl of Pembroke are in accordance with the hints and indications suggested by the Sonnets. However, A. Dyce justly replies that it is in the highest degree improbable that a publisher of that time would have ventured publicly to address the Earl of Pembroke as Mr. W. H. This objection, of course, applies with equal force to the opinion which supposes the W. H. to refer to Southampton. We must, therefore, again admit that we do not know, nor can we even guess, to whom the mysterious dedication was addressed. On the other hand, however, according to the natural sense of the words, it proves this much, that the Sonnets are not only addressed to one definite person, but that they arose from the poet's personal circumstances and relations to this person—the only begetter—and with this we may at any rate rest satisfied.—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE CLAIMS OF SOUTHAMPTON

The rival claims of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, have been kept in the background by the extravagance of some of his advocates, as well as by apparent discrepancies, which a more minute scrutiny of his history does much to remove. Seven years older than Pembroke (he was born October 6, 1573), he was already, when Shakespeare made his acquaintance in 1592, among the most brilliant figures at court. The words in which Shakespeare dedicated to him, in 1593 and 1594, the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece*, show that their acquaintance swiftly ripened into intimate friendship. Many other men of letters enjoyed his patronage. Nash (1594), Gervase Markham (1595), Florio (1596) dedicated works to him; Barnabe Barnes (1593) and Gabriel Harvey (1593) addressed him in enthusiastic Sonnets. His portraits attest his personal beauty. He resisted the wish of his mother and his guardian (Burleigh) to find him a wife (1593). Two years later he fell in love with Elizabeth Vernon, a Maid of Honor, secretly married her in 1598, and incurred thereby the Queen's lasting resentment. During the autumn of 1599, in disgrace at court, he is recorded to have passed his time "merely in going to plays every day." He joined in Essex's conspiracy, and it was Shakespeare's *Richard II* that they chose as a provocative on the eve of action. Narrowly escaping his friend's fate, he passed the rest of the reign in prison. His prompt release by James was welcomed with a jubilant outburst of song from his wide literary *clientèle*.

What we know of Southampton's career sufficiently satisfies the meager biographical data of the Sonnets; but its acceptance leaves many problems still unsolved. The dark lady remains as mysterious as before. The determination of date is not altogether clear. The first Sonnets must be referred to the days when "our love was new" (CII), that is, to 1593–95. This is one of a group of retrospective Sonnets, some of which, such as CIV, must be placed three years later, others possibly later still. Mr. Lee holds that CVII celebrates Southampton's release from prison on the accession of James.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

THE PERSONALITY OF THE SONNETS

Mr. Dyce was the first, I believe, to advance the opinion that most of these sonnets were composed "in an assumed character on different subjects and at different times." This supposition is in accordance with the custom of Shakespeare's day for poets to write songs and sonnets for the use of those who could not write verse themselves. Sometimes this was done for friendship's sake, sometimes for money, and often for the mere pleasure of both parties. That Shakespeare, who had such facility with his pen, and who seems to have been so obliging and so sociable, and whom we know to have been so thrifty, should not have had occasion to conform to this literary custom of his time, would have been hardly credible, even without that singularly phrased testimony of Francis Meres, "his sugred sonnets *among his private friends*." By these words Meres seems to point directly to such an origin for at least some sonnets which Shakespeare had written before 1598. But were the sonnets to which Meres refers those which have come down to us? For unless we can regard the sonnets which were published in 1609, and which are all of Shakespeare's that are known to exist, as mere fanciful exercises in poetry, we must ask, Would Shakespeare, or the man for whom he wrote, have shown about among his friends these evidences of so profound an emotion, these witnesses of an internal struggle that went near to shatter his whole being? I confess that I can neither believe that he would, nor quite accept, as I once did, the alternative. It is, however, to be observed, that Shakespeare, who so carefully published his *Venus and Adonis*, and his *Lucrece*, and who looked so sharply after his interests, did not publish his sonnets, although he must have known how eagerly they would have been sought by the public—a fact which favors the supposition that they, like the plays, had been sold, and were not properly under his control. On the other hand, the fact that he for whom the sonnets speak is described as one who knows his "years be past the best," as "beaten and chopped with tanned antiquity," and as having "traveled on to age's sleepy night," which I was inclined to regard as evidence that Shakespeare could not have written them in his own person, because in 1598 he was but thirty-four years old, and in 1609 but forty-five, has no such significance. There is evidence enough that in those days a man was called old and even aged, when he had passed the freshness of his first youth. Even in 1641–1642 Sir Simonds d'Ewes, the great authority on precedents of the Long Parliament, and who was its manuscript chronicler, was styled "an ancient gentlemen," and he was then but thirty-nine years old. In those days men seem to have shown the marks of age sooner than they do now. They lived harder lives, put less restraint upon their passions, gave emotion freer way, drank more alcohol, went through much wear and tear which the experience of the race has taught us to avoid; and even among the wealthy classes they enjoyed less of those daily household comforts which by affording present ease husband the vital energies. . . . . . For whom these sonnets were written, if they were indeed vicarious, it is more difficult to discover, than to whom they were addressed. I have, I confess, no opinion upon the subject which is at all satisfactory to me, or perhaps even worthy of the reader's serious attention. But I have thought that the first seventeen may have been written at the request of a doting mother, who wished to persuade a handsome, wayward son into an early marriage. Why should one man beseech another to take a wife with such tender and impassioned importunity? Why should Shakespeare have entreated a youthful friend, whom he loved with a love passing that of woman, to marry "for love of me"? There seems no imaginable reason for seventeen such poetical petitions. But that a mother should be thus solicitous, is not strange, or that she should long to see the beautiful children of her own beautiful offspring. The desire for grandchildren and the love of them, seem sometimes even stronger than parental yearning. But I hazard this conjecture with little confidence.

An obscurity which seems impenetrable has fallen upon the origin of these impressive compositions. Mr. Thomas Thorpe appears in his dedication as the Sphinx of literature; and thus far he has not met his Œdipus.—White, *The Works of Shakespeare.*

THE OBJECT OF THE SONNETS

Love is a generic word, and we understand very well that the love of God is not only consistent with the love of man, but always includes and presupposes it; for which reason it is best figured under some special form of the love of man or woman. This must explain why so many truly religious works appear to the eye as mere love stories, which were intended to express the divine affection itself. The love of art also participates in the highest form of the affection, when its action is not corrupted by the mere love of the reputation of an artist, just as the love of knowledge tends to wisdom when it is loved for itself and not merely for its temporal advantages. We expect to show that love, as used in the Shakespeare *Sonnets*, had not a mortal being for its object, but an irrepresentable spirit of beauty, the true source of artistic births.—Hitchcock, *Remarks on the Sonnets of Shakespeare.*

POETICAL VALUE OF THE SONNETS

Shakespeare's *Sonnets* are for the general reader the most inaccessible of his works, but they are also the most difficult to tear oneself away from. "With this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart," says Wordsworth; and some people are repelled from them by the *Menschliches*, or, as they think, *Allzumenschliches*, which is there revealed. In any case they think Shakespeare belittled by his candor. Browning, for example, thus retorts upon Wordsworth:—

> "'With this same key
> Shakespeare unlocked his heart.' Once more
> Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he."

The reader who can reconcile himself to the fact that great geniuses are not necessarily models of correctness will pass a very different judgment. He will follow with eager interest the experiences which rent and harrowed Shakespeare's soul. He will rejoice in the insight afforded by these poems, which the crowd ignores, into the tempestuous emotional life of one of the greatest of men. Here, and here alone, we see Shakespeare himself, as distinct from his poetical creations, loving, admiring, longing, yearning, adoring, disappointed, humiliated, tortured. Here alone does he enter the confessional. Here more than anywhere else can we, who at a distance of three centuries do homage to the poet's art, feel ourselves in intimate communion, not only with the poet, but with the man.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL VALUE OF THE SONNETS

We are of opinion, with Cunningham and others, that the sonnets of our poet, æsthetically considered, have been over-estimated. With respect to their psychological tenor, they appear to us, with the total lack of all other sources for the history of Shakespeare's inner life, to be of inestimable value. They exhibit the poet to us just in the most interesting period of his mental development, when he passed from dependent to independent art, from foreign to national taste, from subserviency and distress to prosperity and happiness; aye, even from loose morality to inner reformation. And in addition to the gigantic, scarcely comprehensible picture of his mental development, which is presented to us in his dramas of this period, we here receive a small intelligible painting of his inner life, which brings us more closely to the poet himself. We live with him throughout an intercourse which was probably one of the greatest events in the calm routine of his existence; we read the touching story of a full, feeling, and warm heart, a story that no one can contemplate without deep emotion; we perceive the gentle undulation and the stronger current of an aspiring passion ebbing and flowing, the psychological story of which we can follow in all its depth. We have before learned that Shakespeare was not happy in his married life. The void which would thus be left in his heart seemed to be entirely filled when he received the love of the noble youth, who from his high position extended his helpful hand to him in his lowliness and poverty, and perhaps first cast a higher intellectual light into an outwardly joyless existence. Truly the development of this connection of the poet with his "fair friend" is the detail of a strong passion, violent even to suffering, such as a man generally feels only for a woman. In England no one until now has felt any sympathy in this history of the poet's heart. Great care has been taken to discover, from a hundred scattered notices, how much the poet was "worth" at the different periods of his life, but no one, with true devotion, has studied these sources connected with the history of his heart. Perhaps for this a more youthful people is required, a people such as the German, whose hearts are not yet hardened by exclusive attention to politics and common interests. Nay, the whole secret of our deep interest in Shakespeare seems to rest in this—that the degree of development and culture of our nation at the present day is nearly the same as that of England in Shakespeare's time, and that advantageously for us this great poet has not come upon us unawares, as was the case with England, but that since the period of his appearance, by the nurture of poetry through two hundred years, the soil with us has been slowly and thoroughly prepared for him. —Gervinus, *Shakespeare-Commentaries.*

THE SHAKESPEARE OF THE SONNETS

The Shakspere whom we discern in the *Sonnets* had certainly not attained the broad mastery of life which the Stratford bust asserts to have been Shakspere's in his closing years. Life had been found good by him who owned those lips, and whose spirit declares itself in the massive animation of the total outlook of that face.[1] When the greater number of these Sonnets were written Shakspere could have understood Romeo; he could have understood Hamlet; he could not have conceived Duke Prospero. Under the joyous exterior of those days lay a craving, sensitive, unsatisfied heart, which had not entire possession of itself, which could misplace its affections, and resort to all those pathetic frauds, by which misplaced affections strive to conceal an error from themselves. The friend in whose personality Shakspere found a source of measureless delight—high-born, beautiful, young, clever, accomplished, ardent—wronged him. The woman from whom Shakspere for a time received a joyous quickening of his life, which was half pain—a woman of stained character, and the reverse of beautiful, but a strong nature, intellectual, a lover of art, and possessed of curious magnetic attraction, with her dark eyes which illuminated a pale face—wronged him also. Shakspere bitterly felt the wrong—felt most bitterly the wrong which was least to be expected, that of his friend. It has been held to be an additional baseness that Shakspere could forgive, that he could rescue himself from indignant resentment, and adjust his nature to the altered circumstances. Possibly Shakspere may not have subscribed to all the items in the code of honor; he may not have regarded as inviolable the prohibited degrees of forgiveness. He may have seen that the wrong done to him was human, natural, almost inevitable. He certainly saw that the chief wrong was not that done to him, but committed by his friend against his own better nature. Delivering his heart from the prepossessions of wounded personal feeling, and looking at the circumstances as they actually were, he may have found it very natural and necessary not to banish from his heart the man he loved. However this may have been, his own sanity and strength, and the purity of his work as artist depended on his ultimately delivering his soul from all bitterness. Besides, life was not exhausted. The ship righted itself, and went plowing forward across a broad sea. Shakspere found ever more and more in life to afford adequate sustenance for man's highest needs of intellect and of heart. Life became ever more encircled with presences of beauty, of goodness, and of terror; and Shakspere's fortitude of heart increased. Nevertheless, such experiences as those recorded in the Sonnets could not pass out of his life, and in the imaginative recurrence of past moods might at any subsequent time become motives of his art. Passion had been purified; and at last the truth of things stood out clear and calm.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

---

[1] This is the more remarkable, because the original of the bust was almost certainly a mask taken after death; and the bust betrays the presence of physical death, over which however life triumphs.

A COMPARISON WITH OTHER ELIZABETHAN SONNETS

The sonnets themselves are among the most splendid legacies left by Elizabethan England. They are unequal, and, to a certain extent, they are conventional. Such sonnets as CLIII and CLIV are poor examples of a thoroughly conventional style. If Shakespeare did not draw directly from the French, he yet drew largely on the common stock of fancies and affectations. He absorbed a good deal that was current and worthless, made sonnets on conventional themes, and possibly even in conscious rivalry or imitation. Certainly he gained nothing by so doing. Apart from comparative excellence of imagination and execution, there are certain marked differences between Shakespeare's sonnets and those of his contemporaries. That so many of Shakespeare's sonnets are addressed to a man is of itself remarkable, and widely differentiates his series from those of Daniel, Lodge, Drayton, and Spenser. Again, the ordinary Elizabethan sonneteer addresses his poems to a maiden, very fair and very cold. He pleads, weeps, despairs, rages or curses; he has little or no hope; he is dying of desire; he exalts her beauty and his own wretchedness with every extravagance he can devise. With Shakespeare all this is altered. He does not plead or despair, and his dark lady is his mistress in the fullest sense. If he rages, it is not against her coldness, but against himself and her irresistible charm. He does not exalt her beauty; he throws doubt on it. He is not sure that she is beautiful to anyone but himself. He cannot love her without dishonor, and she is not only false in loving him, but is false to him. His passion is tragic with the tragedy of real life, while his contemporaries deal with the fictitious tragedy of youthful inexperience.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

THE CLIMAX OF ENGLISH SONNET-POETRY

In the same way as Shakespeare brought the English drama to its fullest development, the English sonnet in his hands was brought to its climax, and surpassed all that had been accomplished by his predecessors in this respect. All the characteristic features of English sonnet-poetry are brought to their fullest development in him, indeed, are so fully developed that, it may be said, one step further—in either case—and the Shakespearean sonnet as well as the Shakespearean drama would be caricatures.—ELZE, *William Shakespeare.*

SONNETS

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

NUMBER
A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted................ 20
Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all....................... 117
Against my love shall be, as I am now........................ 63
Against that time, if ever that time comes..................... 49
Ah, wherefore with infection should he live..................... 67
Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth..................... 103
Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there..................... 110
As a decrepit father takes delight............................. 37
As an imperfect actor on the stage............................ 23
As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st................ 11

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press...................... 140
Being your slave, what should I do but tend.................. 57
Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan.............. 133
Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took.................. 47
But be contented: when that fell arrest........................ 74
But do thy worst to steal thyself away........................ 92
But wherefore do not you a mightier way...................... 16

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not...................... 149
Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep....................... 153

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws.................... 19

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing................. 87
For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any................ 10
From fairest creatures we desire increase..................... 1
From you have I been absent in the spring.................... 98
Full many a glorious morning have I seen..................... 33

How can I then return in happy plight........................ 28
How can my Muse want subject to invent...................... 38
How careful was I when I took my way........................ 48
How heavy do I journey on the way........................... 50
How like a winter hath my absence been...................... 97
How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st................. 128
How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame.............. 95

NUMBER
I grant thou wert not married to my Muse.................... 82
I never saw that you did painting need.................... 83
If my dear love were but the child of state.................... 124
If the dull substance of my flesh were thought.................... 44
If there be nothing new, but that which is.................... 59
If thou survive my well-contented day.................... 32
If thy soul check thee that I come so near.................... 136
In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn.................... 152
In the old age black was counted fair.................... 127
In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes.................... 141
Is it fear to wet a widow's eye.................... 9
Is it thy will thy image should keep open.................... 61

Let me confess that we two must be twain.................... 36
Let me not to the marriage of true minds.................... 116
Let not my love be call'd idolatry.................... 105
Let those who are in favor with their stars.................... 25
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore.................... 60
Like as, to make our appetites more keen.................... 118
Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch.................... 143
Lo, in the orient when the gracious light.................... 7
Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest.................... 3
Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage.................... 26
Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate.................... 142
Love is too young to know what conscience is.................... 151

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war.................... 46
Mine eye hath played the painter and hath stelled.................... 24
Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly.................... 8
My glass shall not persuade me I am old.................... 22
My love is as a fever; longing still.................... 147
My love is strengthened, though weak in seeming.................... 102
My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun.................... 130
My tongued-tied Muse in manners holds her still.................... 85

No longer mourn for me when I am dead.................... 71
No more be grieved at that which thou hast done.................... 35
No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change.................... 123
Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck.................... 14
Not Marble, nor the gilded monuments.................... 55
Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul.................... 107

O call not me to justify the wrong.................... 139
O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide.................... 111
O, from what power hast thou this powerful night.................... 150

NUMBER
O, how I faint when I of you do write 80
O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem 54
O, how thy worth with manners may I sing 39
O, lest the world should task you to recite 72
O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head 148
O, never say that I was false of heart 109
O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are 13
O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power 126
O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends 101
Or whether doth my mind, being crowned with you 114
Or shall I live your epitaph to make 81

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth 146

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault 89
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day 18
Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye 62
Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea 65
Since I left you mine eye is in my mind 113
So am I as the rich, whose blessed key 52
So are you to my thoughts as food to life 75
So is it not with me as with that Muse 21
So, now I have confessed that he is thine 134
So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse 78
So shall I like, supposing thou art true 93
Some glory in their birth, some in their skill 91
Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness 96
Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said 56

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all 40
That god forbid that made me first your slave 58
That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect 70
That thou hast her, it is not all my grief 42
That time of year thou mayst in me behold 73
That you were once unkind befriends me now 120
The expense of spirit in a waste of shame 129
The forward violet thus did I chide 99
The little Love-god lying once asleep 154
The other two, slight air and purging fire 45
Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now 90
Then let not winter's ragged hand deface 6
They that have power to hunt and will do none 94
Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me 132
Those hours that with gentle work did frame 5
Those lines that I before have writ do lie 115

NUMBER
Those lips that Love's own hand did make 145
Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view 69
Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits 41
Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art 131
Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes 137
Thus can my love excuse the slow offense 51
Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn 68
Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts 31
Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain 122
Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear 77
Tired with all these, for restful death I say 66
'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed 121
To me, fair friend, you never can be old 104
Two loves I have of comfort and despair 144

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend 4

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse 86
Weary with toil, I haste me to bed 27
Weren't aught to me I bore the canopy 125
What is your substance, whereof are you made 53
What potions have I drunk of Siren tears 119
What's in the brain, that ink may character 108
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow 2
When I consider everything that grows 15
When I do count the clock that tells the time 12
When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced 64
When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes 29
When in the chronicles of wasted time 106
When most I wink, then do mine eyes see best 43
When my love swears that she is made of truth 138
When thou shalt be disposed to set me light 88
When to the sessions of sweet thought 30
Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long 100
Whilst I alone didst call upon thy aid 79
Who is it that says most? which can say more 84
Who will believe my verse in time to come 17
Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will' 135
Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day 34
Why is my verse so barren of new pride 76

Your love and pity doth the impression fill 112

SONNETS

I

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II

WHEN forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an ill-eating shame, and thriftless praise.

How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
  This were to be new made when thou art old,
  And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III

LOOK in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
  But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
  Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV

UNTHRIFTY loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.

Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
  Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
  Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V

THOSE hours that with gentle work did frame
  The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
  But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
  Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI

THEN let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

VII

LO, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are

From his low tract and look another way:
  So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
  Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII

MUSIC to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
  Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
  Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
  Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

IX

IS it for fear to wet a widow's eye
  That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;

VII. 12. *"tract"*; course.—C. H. H.

VIII. 1. *"Music to hear"*; that is, *thou being* music to hear."—H. N. H.

The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
  No love toward others in that bosom sits
  That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X

FOR shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
  Make thee another self, for love of me,
  That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

X. 7. *"that beauteous roof"*; "house," family.—C. H. H.

XI

AS fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;
Without this, folly, age and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,

XII. 4. *"And . . . all";* so Malone. Q., *"And . . . or."* —I. G.

Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defense
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII

O, THAT you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honor might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifts: dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV

NOT from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV

WHEN I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,

To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI

BUT wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII

WHO will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.

---

10. *"this, . . . pen"*; Q., *"this (Time's pensel or my pupill pen)."* Massey conj., *"this time's pencil, or my pupil pen"*; this reading is accepted by several editors, who interpret the first clause to refer either to some particular artist, or to any painter of the time.—I. G.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say 'This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched meter of an antique song:
  But were some child of yours alive that time,
  You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

XVIII

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
  Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
  So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
  So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XVII. 13. *"that time"*; then.—C. H. H.

XIX

DEVOURING Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX

A WOMAN'S face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted

XIX. 5. *"fleet'st,"* so Q.; Dyce, *"fleets"* (rhyming with *"sweets"*); *cp.* VIII. 7.—I. G.

14. *"My love shall in my verse ever live young";* it may be needful to add, that in Shakespeare's time, as is often shown in his plays, the language of friendship was much the same as that of love. So that, in speaking to or of his male friends with a degree of passionate ardor, such as a gentleman would now hardly venture upon using to or about his lady-love, the Poet was but doing a common thing.—H. N. H.

With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
  But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
  Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI

SO is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright

XX. 7. *"hue, all 'hues'"*; Q. *"hew all Hews"* (*Hews* in italics).—I. G.

XXI. In Knight's classification, this Sonnet comes in after the CXXX, and is followed by the CXXXIX of our numbering.—H. N. H.

5. *"couplement"*; Q., *"coopelment."*—I. G.

As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
  Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
  I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII

MY glass shall not persuade me I am old,
  So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
  Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
  Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII

AS an unperfect actor on the stage,
  Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;

XXII. Knight arranges this Sonnet as in continuation of the CXXVI.—H. N. H.

XXIII. This Sonnet, in Knight's order, follows the XXV., in a set of three, entitled "Dedications."—H. N. H.

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV

MINE eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun

XXIV. This Sonnet, in Knight's order, follows the XCII., and is classed along with XLVI. and XLVII., as forming a little poem called "The Picture."—H. N. H.

Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
  Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
  They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV

LET those who are in favor with their stars
  Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd;
  Then happy I, that love and am beloved
  Where I may not remove nor be removed.

XXVI

LORD of my love, to whom in vassalage
  Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:

XXIV. 13. *"cunning"*; art, skill.—C. H. H.

XXV. 9–11. *"fight . . . quite"*; Malone (Theobald conj.); Q., *"worth . . . quite."* Theobald conj., *"worth . . . forth"*; Capell MS., *"might . . . quite."*—I. G.

XXVI. This Sonnet is classed by Knight as the first in a trio of Dedications, the other two being the XXV. and XXIII.—H. N. H.

Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it·
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove
me.

XXVII

WEARY with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind, when body's work 's expired:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVII. This Sonnet and the next are arranged by Knight in continuation of the LII., in a set of nine, entitled "Absence." The series begins with the L.—H. N. H.

10. *"thy"*; Q., *"their"*; a common mistake in the Sonnets, evidently due to the *"y"* being taken for *e* with the mark of contraction for *"ir."*—I. G.

10. *"shadow"*; image.—C. H. H.

XXVIII

HOW can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars, twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXIX

WHEN, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,

XXVIII. 13, 14. *"longer . . . strength seem stronger"*; Capell MS. and Collier conj.; Q., *"longer . . . length seeme stronger."* —I. G.

XXIX. Knight makes this Sonnet the first in a series of four, with the title of "Confiding Friendship." The other three follow in due order.—H. N. H.

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
  For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
  That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancel'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
  But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
  All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXI

THY bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give:
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII

IF thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:

XXXI. 8. *"thee"; Q., "there."*—I. G.

'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing
age, 10
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I 'll read, his for his love.'

XXXIII

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my brow; 10
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun
staineth.

XXXIII. Knight arranges this Sonnet and the next two in a series of six, entitled "Injury."—H. N. H.

XXXIV

WHY didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offense's cross.
Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV

NO more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,

XXXIV. 10–12. *"loss . . . cross"*; Q., *"losse . . . losse."* —I. G.

13. *"sheds"*; Q., *"sheeds"* (rhyming with *"deeds"*).—I. G.

XXXV. The remaining Sonnets in this series of six, as arranged by Knight are XL., XLI., and XLII.—H. N. H.

Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI

LET me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honor me,
Unless thou take that honor from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXV. 7. *"amiss"* was sometimes used as a substantive, for anything done amiss.—H. N. H.

8. *"more than thy sins are";* that is, making the excuse too great for the offense.—The meaning of the next three lines seems to be, "I bring in my reason to excuse thy fault, and to commence a plea against myself for being as much in fault as thou."—H. N. H.

XXXVI. This and the next three Sonnets are in Knight's arrangement a series by themselves, entitled "Humility."—H. N. H.

XXXVII

AS a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII

HOW can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth

Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
  If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
  The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX

O, HOW thy worth with manners may I sing,
  When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
  And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
  By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL

TAKE all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
  What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.

XXXIX. This Sonnet is the fourth and last in Knight's series on "Humility."—H. N. H.

12. *"doth"; Q., "dost."*—I. G.

XL. This Sonnet and the next are classed by Knight as in continuation of the XXXV., in the series on "Injury."—H. N. H.

Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By willful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty:
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
  Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
  Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI

THOSE pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Aye me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,
  Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
  Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XL. 7. *"thyself"; Q., "this selfe."*—I. G.

XLI. 1. *"liberty";* license.—C. H. H.

8. *"she have";* Tyrwhitt conj.; Q., *"he haue";* Ewing, *"he has."*—I. G.

XLII

THAT thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here 's the joy: my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII

WHEN most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,

XLIII. This and the next two Sonnets are placed by Knight in continuation of the LXI., in the series of nine, entitled "Absence," and beginning with the L.—H. N. H.

When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV

IF the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLIV. 14. *"badges of either's woe";* the Poet here has in view the old doctrine of philosophy, that all things were composed of the four elements, earth, water, air, and fire.—H. N. H.

XLV

THE other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI

MINE eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.

XLV. This Sonnet closes Knight's series of nine beginning with the L., and entitled "Absence."—H. N. H.

XLVI. Knight places this Sonnet and the next in continuation of the XXIV., in "The Picture."—H. N. H.

To 'cide this title is impaneled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
  As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
  And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII

BETWIXT mine eye and heart a league is took,
  And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee;
  Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
  Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVII. This Sonnet closes Knight's series of three, beginning with the XXIV., and called "The Picture."—H. N. H.

11, "*not,*" so ed. 1640; Q., "*nor.*"—I. G.

XLVIII

HOW careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX

AGAINST that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;

XLVIII. Knight makes this Sonnet the first in a series of nine, entitled "Estrangement."—H. N. H.

XLIX. Knight makes this Sonnet continuate with the LXXV., in the series on "Estrangement," beginning with the XLVIII.—H. N. H.

4, *"respects";* motives, considerations.—C. H. H.

Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
  To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
  Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L

HOW heavy do I journey on the way,
  When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
  For that same groan doth put this in my mind;
  My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

XLIX. 10. *"desert"*; Q., *"desart"* (rhyming with *"part"*).—I. G.

L. This Sonnet is placed by Knight as the first in the series of nine, entitled "Absence."—H. N. H.

LI

THUS can my love excuse the slow offense
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went willful-slow,
Towards thee I 'll run and give him leave to go.

LII

SO am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,

LI. 11. *"neigh—no dull flesh—"* (Malone); Q., *"naigh noe dull flesh":* prob. the reading of the quarto is correct, *"neigh"*="neigh after," "neigh to"; *cp.* "They were fed horses in the morning; everyone neighed after his neighbor's wife," Jeremiah v. 8.—I. G.

LII. 4. *"for blunting";* for fear of blunting.—C. H. H.

Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
  Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
  Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII

WHAT is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
  In all external grace you have some part,
  But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV

O, HOW much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distills your truth.

LV

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme?
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.

LV. 1. *"monuments"; Q., "monument."*—I. G.

'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
  So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
  You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI

SWEET love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
  Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
  Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVI. This Sonnet is regarded by Knight as standing alone, and having "Coldness" for its subject.—H. N. H.

13. *"Or"*; Tyrwhitt conj. and Capell MS.; Q., *"As"*; Anon. conj. *"Ah!"*; *"Else."*—I. G.

LVII

BEING your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII

WHAT god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your back,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;

LVII. This Sonnet and the next are regarded by Knight as standing together alone, and having "Slavery" for their subject.—H. N. H.

5. *"world-without-end hour"*; that is, the tedious hour that seems as if it never would end.—H. N. H.

13. *"will"*; Q., *"Will"*; Massey conj. *"'Will.'"*—I. G.

And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
  I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
  Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX

IF there be nothing new, but that which is
  Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, laboring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done.
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
  O, sure I am, the wits of former days
  To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LIX. This Sonnet and the next are classed by Knight as the last in a series of eleven, beginning with the C., and probably addressed to the same person as the first nineteen.—H. N. H.

8. *"character";* writing.—C. H. H.

LX

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand
Praising thy worth despite his cruel hand.

LXI

IS it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:

LXI. This Sonnet is classed by Knight as the sixth, in a series on "Absence," beginning with the L.—H. N. H.

It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
  For thee watch I whilst thou doth wake elsewhere,
  From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII

SIN of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
  'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise
  Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXII. This and the twelve following Sonnets are placed by Knight in a continuous series of sixteen, beginning with the CXXVI., including, next, the XXII., and ending with the LXXXI.—H. N. H.

7. *"And for myself"; i. e.* "and for my own satisfaction"; or perhaps the words merely emphasize the statement.—I. G.

LXIII

AGAINST my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travel'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he 's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,

Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
  This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
  But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
  O, none, unless this miracle have might,
  That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXV. 12. *"of"*; Malone; Q., *"or"*; Capell MS., *"o'er"*; Gildon, *"on."*—I. G.

LXVI

TIRED with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII

AH, wherefore with infection should he live
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,

And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII

THUS is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchers, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXVIII. 8. *"beauty's dead fleece"*; the Poet has several allusions to this custom of the time.—H. N. H.

LXIX

THOSE parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXX

THAT thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;

LXIX. 3. *"that due"*; Capell MS. and Tyrwhitt con.; Q., *"that end"*; Sewell (ed. 2), *"thy due."*—I. G.

LXX. 1. *"art,"* ed. 1640; Q., *"are."*—I. G.

6. *"Thy"*; Capell MS.; Q., *"their."*—I. G.

For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII

O, LEST the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,

LXXIII. 4. *"Bare ruin'd choirs"*; Q., *"Bare rn'wd quiers."*—I. G.

As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXIV. This Sonnet is classed by Knight as the fifteenth in a series beginning with the CXXVI., and ending with the LXXXI.—H. N. H.

11. *"The coward conquest,"* etc.; it is doubtful whether this conceals a specific allusion. Perhaps it merely illustrates the baseness of the body, which a casual assassin avails to wreck.—C. H. H.

14. *"that is this"; i. e.* my spirit is my poetry.—I. G.

LXXV

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI

WHY is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,

LXXV. This Sonnet is made the second in a series of nine entitled "Estrangement," beginning with the XLVIII.—H. N. H.

LXXVI. Knight makes this Sonnet the first in a series of ten with the title of "Rivalry."—H. N. H.

7. *"tell,"* Capell MS.; Q., *"fel"*; Lintott, *"fell"*; Nicholson conj. *"spell."*—I. G.

Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
  For as the sun is daily new and old,
  So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII

THY glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
  Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
  These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
  Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVII. "Probably this sonnet was designed to accompany a present of a book consisting of blank paper" (Steevens).—I. G.

LXXVIII

SO oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX

WHILST I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.

LXXVIII. This Sonnet and the next two are made continuate with the LXXVI. in the series of ten on "Rivalry."—H. N. H.

3. *"As";* that.—C. H. H.

5, 6. This is more naturally understood of Shakespeare himself than of the rival poet.—C. H. H.

He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
For thy behavior; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
  Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
  Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX

O, HOW I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
  Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
  The worst was this; my love was my decay.

LXXX. The fourth in the series of ten on "Rivalry."—H. N. H.

2. *"knowing a better spirit";* Malone conjectures that Spenser was the "better spirit" here alluded to. Spenser died at London on January 16, 1599.—H. N. H.

LXXXI

OR I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII

I GRANT thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days,
And do so, love; yet when they have devised

LXXXI. Continuate with the LXXIV., and closing the series of sixteen which begins with CXXVI.—H. N. H.

What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII

I NEVER saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb
Their lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV

WHO is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.

Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
  You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
  Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say ''Tis so, 'tis true,'
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,

LXXXV. 3. *"Reserve their"*; Tyler (Anon. conj. MS.), *"Rehearse thy,"* a more plausible reading than *"preserve their," "deserve their,"* etc., and other suggestions which have been advanced; there is probably some error in the text as printed.—I. G.

Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
  Then others for the breath of words respect,
  Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI

WAS it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
  But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
  Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;

LXXXVI. 13. *"fill'd"*; Q., *"fild"*; Malone, *"fil'd."*—I. G.

LXXXVII. The last in the series of ten on "Rivalry," beginning with the LXXVI.—H. N. H.

My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
  Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
  In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII

WHEN thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I 'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
  Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
  That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXVIII. This and the next five Sonnets follow the XLIX. in the series of nine on "Estrangement."—H. N. H.

LXXXIX

SAY that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offense:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defense.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I 'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I 'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC

THEN hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.

LXXXIX. 2. *"comment upon that offense";* discourse upon that fault (of mine).—C. H. H.

If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
  And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
  Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI

SOME glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
  Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
  All this away and me most wretched make.

XCII

BUT do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humor doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII

SO shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;

XCIII. The last in the series of nine on “Estrangement,” beginning with the XLVIII.—H. N. H.

Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show.

XCIV

THEY that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCIV. This and the next two Sonnets are made a set by themselves.—H. N. H.

14. *cp. Edward III,* ii. 1 (printed in 1596):—

> *"Poison shows worst in a golden cup;*
> *Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;*
> *Lilies that fester seem far worse than weeds;*
> *And every glory, that inclines to sin,*
> *The same is treble by the opposite."*—I. G.

XCV

HOW sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill used doth lose his edge.

XCVI

SOME say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,

XCV. 12. *"turn"*; Q., *"turnes."*—I. G.

If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII

HOW like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter 's near.

XCVI. 14. *"mine is thy good report";* the same couplet closes the XXXVI Sonnet.—H. N. H.

XCVII. This and the next two are classed together by themselves, as forming a second poem on "Absence," and apparently addressed to a woman.—H. N. H.

XCVIII

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

XCIX

THE forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,

XCIX. A fifteen-lined sonnet; the first line serves as a sort of introduction, standing outside the sonnet.—I. G.

And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
  More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
  But sweet or color it had stol'n from thee.

C

WHERE art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
  Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
  So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

XCIX. 15. *"sweet";* S. Walker conj. *"scent."*—I. G.

C. This and the eight following are classed in a series of eleven, addressed, probably, to the same friend as the first nineteen.—H. N. H.

CI

O TRUANT Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
'Truth needs no color, with his color fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd'?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII

MY love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now

CII. 8. *"her,"* Housman; Q., *"his."*—I. G.

Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
  Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
  Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII

ALACK, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
  And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
  Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV

TO me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summer's pride,

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
  For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
  Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV

LET not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
  'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,
  Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII

NOT mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.

CVI. 12. *"skill"*; Tyrwhitt conj. and Capell MS.; Q., *"still."*—I. G.

CVII. 8. It has been suggested that this is a possible allusion to the peace completed in 1609, which ended the war between Spain and the United Provinces; but this is merely a random suggestion.—I. G.

Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I 'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII

WHAT 'S in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What 's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CVIII. This, together with the LIX. and LX., finish the series of eleven, which seems to have been addressed, after an interval, to the same friend as the first nineteen.—H. N. H.

2. *"figured"*; imaged.—C. H. H.

3. *"new . . . new,"* Malone; Q., *"new . . . now"*; S. Walker conj. *"now . . . now."*—I. G.

CIX

O, NEVER say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX

ALAS, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offenses of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,

CIX. This and the eight following are classed in a series of thirteen, entitled "Fidelity." They seem addressed to a woman; perhaps to the same as the XCIX.—H. N. H.

And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind 10
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI

O, FOR my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand, 5

CX. 8. *"worse essays"*; trials of worse things.—C. H. H.

CXI. It is scarce possible to doubt that in the two foregoing Sonnets we have some of the Poet's honest feelings respecting himself. Some foolish rhymester having spoken of Shakespeare and Garrick as kindred minds, Charles Lamb thereupon quotes from these Sonnets, and comments thus: "Who can read these instances of jealous self-watchfulness in our sweet Shakespeare, and dream of any congeniality between him and one that, by every tradition of him, appears to have been as mere a player as ever existed; to have had his mind tainted with the lowest players' vices,—envy and jealousy, and miserable cravings after applause; one who in the exercise of his profession was jealous even of women-performers that stood in his way; a manager full of managerial tricks and stratagems and finesse;—that any resemblance should be dreamed of between him and Shakespeare,—Shakespeare who, in the plenitude and consciousness of his own powers, could, with that noble modesty which we can neither imitate nor appreciate, express himself thus of his own sense of his own defects:

'Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd;
Desiring *this man's art, and that man's scope.'* "—H. N. H.

And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
  Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
  Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII

YOUR love and pity doth the impression fill
  Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
  You are so strongly in my purpose bred
  That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXII. 8. *"or changes"*; Malone conj. *"e'er changes"*; Knight conj. *"so changes."*—I. G.

14. *"besides methinks are,"* Capell MS. and Steevens conj.; Q., *"besides me thinkes y' are"*; Dyce, *"besides methinks they 're."*—I. G.

CXIII

SINCE I left you mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:
Of his quick object hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favor or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV

OR whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,

CXIII. 6. *"latch"*; Q., *"lack."*—I. G.

14. *"maketh mine untrue"*; so Q.; Capell MS., and Malone conj. *"makes mine eye untrue"*; Collier conj. *"maketh my eyne untrue"*; Malone conj. *"thy most true mind maketh mine untrue."*—I. G.

As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
  If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
  That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

CXV

THOSE lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
  Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
  To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXV. 7. *"Tan"*; spoil the freshness of.—C. H. H.

CXVI

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII

ACCUSE me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay.
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds

CXVI. 8. *"Whose worth's unknown,"* etc.; "worth" probably refers to the occult virtue and influence of the star, discoverable only by observation and calculation.—C. H. H.

CXVII. This makes the ninth in the noble series of thirteen on "Fidelity."—H. N. H.

Which should transport me farthest from your
sight.
Book both my willfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII

LIKE as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And sick of welfare found a kind of meetness
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured:
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXVIII. This and the next two are made to continue the CXLVIII., finishing the series of ten on "Love and Hatred."—H. N. H.

CXIX

WHAT potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX

THAT you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgressions bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you 've pass'd a hell of time,
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd

CXIX. 14. *"ill,"* Malone; Q., *"ills."*—I. G.
CXX. 6. *"you've"*; Q., *"y'haue."*—I. G.

My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI

'TIS better to be vile than vile esteemed,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badness reign.

CXXI. This Sonnet is regarded as standing alone; its subject being, perhaps, "Reputation."—H. N. H.

CXXII

THY gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above; that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII

NO, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.

CXXII. This and the next three are made continuate with the CXVII. in the series entitled "Fidelity."—H. N. H.

CXXIII. 5. *"admire";* wonder at.—C. H. H.

7. *"them"; i. e. "what thou dost foist upon us."*—I. G.

Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV

IF my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours.
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXIV. 11. *"all alone,"* etc.; *i. e.* its "policy" is grounded in itself, and therefore remains constant while it endures.—C. H. H.

13–14. *"The fools of time,"* etc.; Tyler sees in these lines a reference to the popular repute of Essex as the "good earl," notwithstanding the "crimes" for which he and certainly his companions were executed; the allusion is probably more general, and perhaps, as Palgrave observes, to "the plotters and political martyrs of the time."—I. G.

CXXV

WERE 'T aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favor
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savor,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI

O THOU, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;

CXXV. 1. *"bore the canopy"; i. e.* rendered outward homage.—C. H. H.

13. *"thou suborn'd informer"; cf.* CXXI. 7. But the phrase may be a figure for "Jealousy," who is called "sour informer" in *Venus and Adonis.*—C. H. H.

CXXVI. This short poem is of six rhymed couplets; it was evidently not intended to pass as an ordinary sonnet, though after the last line an omission of two lines is marked in the quarto by two pairs of parentheses. It is the *envoy,* the conclusion of one series of sonnets.—I. G.

2. *"sickle, hour"*; Q., *"sickle, hower"*; perhaps we should read

If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
  Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be
  And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII

IN the old age black was not counted fair,
  Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name:
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
  Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
  That every tongue says beauty should look so.

"sickle hour"; other suggestions, unsatisfactory for the most part, are, *"fickle mower"*; *"fickle hoar"*; *"sickle hoar,"* etc.—I. G.

CXXVII. This goes with the CXXXI. and CXXXII. in a little set entitled "Black Eyes."—H. N. H.

9–10. *"eyes . . . eyes,"* Q.; Capell MS., *"eyes . . . hairs"*; S. Walker and Delius conj. *"hairs . . . eyes"*; Staunton and Brae conj. *"brows . . . eyes,"* etc.—I. G.

12. *"slandering creation"*; they seem to mourn, that those who are

CXXVIII

HOW oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX

THE expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;

---

not born fair, are yet possessed of an artificial beauty, by which they pass for what they are not; and thus dishonor nature by their imperfect imitation and false pretensions (Malone).—H. N. H.

CXXVIII. This piece of "airy elegance" is placed by itself, to be headed "The Virginal."—H. N. H.

CXXIX. This is made the first in a series of ten, entitled "Love and Hatred."—H. N. H.

Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
  All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
  To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX

MY mistress’ eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips’ red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask’d, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
  And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
  As any she belied with false compare.

CXXIX. 11. *“proved, a very,”* Capell MS.; Q., *“proud and very.”* —I. G.

CXXX. This and the XXI. are placed together by themselves in a little poem entitled “False Compare.”—H. N. H.

14. *“she”;* used substantively, as often.—C. H. H.

CXXXI

THOU art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII

THINE eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,

CXXXI. This and the next are placed in continuation of CXXVII., in the trio entitled "Black Eyes."—H. N. H.

As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
  Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
  And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII

BESHREW that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigor in my jail:
  And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
  Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIII. This and the next are grouped with the CXLIV. as forming by themselves a little poem entitled "Infidelity."—H. N. H.

CXXXIV

SO, now I have confess’d that he is thine
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I ’ll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learn’d but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put’st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV

WHOEVER hath her wish, thou hast thy ‘Will,’
And ‘Will’ to boot, and ‘Will’ in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,

CXXXV. This and the next go with the CXLIII., in a little poem playing on the author’s name.—H. N. H.

And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
  Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
  Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

CXXXVI

IF thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfill.
'Will' will fulfill the treasure of thy love,
Aye, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
  Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
  And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will.'

CXXXV. 13. *"no unkind, no"*; Dowden conj. *"no unkind" "'No'"*; Rossetti proposed *"skill," i. e.* "avail" instead of *"kill."*—I. G.

14. *"Will"*; in this Sonnet and the next, we print the *Wills* just as they stand in the original. Of course this is a play on the Poet's name William.—H. N. H.

CXXXVI. 1. *"check"*; chide.—C. H. H.

8. *"one is reckoned none"*; several allusions have been found to this way of reckoning.—H. N. H.

CXXXVII

THOU blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
  In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
  And to this false plague are they now transferred.

CXXXVIII

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,

CXXXVII. This and the next are placed in continuation of the CXXIX., in the series of ten entitled "Love and Hatred."—H. N. H.

CXXXVIII. This Sonnet, with some variations, was first printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim,* 1599, and afterwards included in the collection of Sonnets.—H. N. H.

Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX

O CALL not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'er-pressed defense can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXXXIX. This and the next are grouped with the CXLIX. in a set of three to be headed "Tyranny."—H. N. H.

CXL

BE wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI

IN faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,

CXLI. This and the next are set in continuation of the CXXXVIII. in the series of ten on "Love and Hatred," beginning with the CXXIX.—H. N. H.

Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
  Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
  That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII

LOVE is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
  If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
  By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLII. 6–7. *cp. Edward III*, ii. 1:—*"His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments."*—I. G.

CXLIII

LO, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

CXLIV

TWO loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman color'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,

CXLIII. This Sonnet stands in continuation of the CXXXVI. in the trio playing upon the Poet's name.—H. N. H.

1. *"housewife"*; Q., *"huswife."*—I. G.

13. *"have thy 'Will'"*; *i. e.* Shakespeare's friend Will, not himself. I. G.

CXLIV. This Sonnet continues the CXXXIV., in the set of three entitled "Infidelity."—H. N. H.

6. *"side,"* so *Passionate Pilgrim,* and Capell MS.; Q., *"sight."*—I. G.

And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
  Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
  Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV

THOSE lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate,'
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
  'I hate' from hate away she threw,
  And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

CXLIV. 9. *"fiend"; Q., "finde"; Passionate Pilgrim, "feend."*—I. G.

CXLV. This Sonnet seems unconnected with any other, its title being, perhaps, "I Hate not You."—H. N. H.

The only sonnet in Shakespeare in eight-syllable verse.—I. G.

CXLVI

POOR soul, the center of my sinful earth,
. . . . these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

CXLVII

MY love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.

CXLVI. This Sonnet is set off by itself, as unconnected with any other, and entitled "The Soul."—H. N. H.

1–2. *"earth . . . these rebel"*; Q., *"earth, My sinfull earth these rebbell"*; Malone, *"earth, Fool'd by those rebel"*; Steevens, *"earth, Starv'd by the rebel"*; Dowden, *"earth [Press'd by] these rebel,"* etc. Probably any one of these readings comes near the original; in this case *array* = clothe. Ingleby renders the word "abuse, afflict, ill-treat"; he reads, *"leagu'd with,"* and takes the participle in close conjunction with *"earth."* This rendering is ingenious, but very doubtful.—I. G.

CXLVII. This and the next continue the CXLII. in the series of ten on "Love and Hatred," beginning with CXXIX.—H. N. H.

My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
  For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
  Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII

O ME, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
  Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;

CXLVIII. 9. *"Love's eye,"* etc.; a rather awkward pun is apparently intended between "eye" and "aye" (both expressed in the old text by "I"); the former meaning requiring a full stop at "men's," the latter at "No."—C. H. H.

The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep’st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX

CANST thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown’st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour’st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

CXLIX. This Sonnet continues the CXL. in the set of three on “Tyranny.”—H. N. H.

CL

O, FROM what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
  If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
  More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CLI

LOVE is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,

CL. This and the next two are made to continue the CXLVIII., finishing the series of ten on "Love and Hatred."—H. N. H.

CLI. 3. *"amiss"* as a substantive, for the thing done amiss.—H. N. H.

But rising at thy name doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII

IN loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty! I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII

CUPID laid by his brand and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;

CLII. 13. *"I"*; Q., *"eye."*—I. G.

CLIII. This Sonnet and the next are set together by themselves,

Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
  But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
  Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

CLIV

THE little Love-god lying once asleep
  Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,
  Came there for cure, and this by that I prove.
  Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

to be headed "The Little Love-God." It is quite clear that they have no connection or continuity with any of the preceding.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M. A.

Abuse, treat badly; xlii. 7.

Acquaintance; "to take a new a. of thy mind," *i. e.* "thy mind will become anew acquainted with its own thoughts"; lxxvii. 12.

Act; "in a.," *i. e.* in reality; clii. 3.

Adder's; "a. sense," alluding to the alleged deafness of the adder; cxii. 10.

Adulterate, lewd; cxxi. 5.

Advance, raise, lift up; lxxviii. 13.

Advantage, favorable opportunity; cliii. 2.

Advised; "a. respects," deliberate consideration; xlix. 4.

After-loss, later loss, future grief; xc. 4.

Against, against the time when; lxiii. 1.

——; "stand a.," endure; xxxviii. 6.

Aggravate, increase; cxlvi. 10.

All; "without a. bail," *i. e.* "accepting no bail"; lxxiv. 2.

All-oblivious, causing all to be forgotten; lv. 9.

Allow, approve; cxii. 4.

Amazeth, confounds; xx. 8.

Ambush, insidious attacks; lxx. 9.

Approve, prove; lxx. 5.

——, find by experience; cxlvii. 7.

April, the month of Spring flowers; iii. 10.

Argument, subject-matter; xxxviii. 3.

Art, learning; lxvi. 9.

Arts, learning, letters; lxxviii. 12.

As, as for example; lxvi. 2.

Astonished, stunned; lxxxvi. 8.

Astronomy, astrology; xiv. 2.

Attaint, blame, discredit; lxxxii. 2.

Bail, out of prison; cxxxiii. 10.

Bare; "all b.," all by itself, merely; ciii. 3.

Becoming of, making comely; cxxvii. 13.

Befriends, benefits; cxx. 1.

Bears; "b. it out," *i. e.* endures; cxvi. 12.

Beated, beaten, battered, (*"bated," "'bated," "beaten,"* have been unnecessarily substituted); lxii. 10.

Begetter, prob.= inspirer (according to others,= getter); Dedic.

Bereft, taken away, lost; v. 11.

Besides; "put b. his p.," *i. e.* "put out"; xxiii. 2.

Bestow, stow, lodge, shelter; xxvi. 8.

Bevel, slanting; cxxi. 11.

Blanks, blank pages (Q., *"blacks"*); lxxvii. 10.

Blenches, aberrations; cx. 7.
Blood, passion; cix. 10.
Blunt, clumsy; ciii. 7.
Bonds, claims; lxxxvii. 4.
Bower, habitation; cxxvii. 7.
Brave, beautiful; xii. 2.
Brave, defy; xii. 14.
Bravery, splendor; xxxiv. 4.
Breathers; "the b. of this world, *i. e.* "the present generation"; lxxxi. 12.
Bred, firmly established; cxii. 13.

Canker, canker-worm; xxxv. 4; lxx. 7.
Canker-blooms, dog-roses; liv. 5.
Captain, chief; lii. 8.
Carcanet, necklace; lii. 8.
Case; "love's fresh c.," *i. e.* "love's new condition"; cviii. 9.
Cast; "c. his utmost sum," closed the account; xlix. 3.
Censures, judges; cxlviii. 4.
Charg'd, attacked; lxx. 10.
Check, rebuff; lviii. 7.
Chest; "time's ch.," *i. e.* Time's treasure-hold, the grave; lxv. 10.
Chopp'd, chapped, rent, roughened; lxii. 10.
Churl, niggard, miser; i. 12.
'Cide, decide (Q., *"side"*); xlvi. 9.
Clean, completely; lxxv. 10.
Comment, expatiate; lxxxix. 2.
Compare, comparison; xxi. 5.
Compile, compose, write; lxxviii. 9.
Conceit, conception; xv. 9; cviii. 13.
Confound, destroy; lx. 8.
Consecrate, consecrated; lxxiv. 6.
Contents; "these c.," *i. e.* what is contained in these writings; lv. 3.
Contracted, betrothed; i. 5.
Controlling, rendering subordinate, surpassing; xx. 7.
Convert, turn, change thy aim; xiv. 12.
Converted, changed; xlix. 7.
——, turned away; vii. 11.
Convertest, dost turn away; xi. 4.
Copy, the original design; xi. 14.
Correct; "to c. correction," *i. e.* "to perfect correction"; cxi. 12.
Cost, that on which money is spent; lxiv. 2.
Count, account, reckoning; ii. 11.
Counterfeit, portrait; xvi. 8.
——, (rhyming with *"set"*); liii. 5.
Counterpart, exact reproduction; lxxxiv. 11.
Couplement, union (Q., *"cooplement"*); xxi. 5.
Courses, yearly courses; lix. 6.
Critic, carper; cxii. 11.
Crooked, malignant; lx. 7.
Curious, fastidious, critical; xxxvii. 13.

Damask'd, variegated; cxxx. 5.
Date, limit; xiv. 14.
Dateless, endless; xxx. 6.
——, eternal; cliii. 6.
Dates, terms of existence; cxxiii. 5.
Dear, loving; xlvi. 12.
Dearest, most intense; xxxvii. 3.
Debate, contest, quarrel; lxxxix. 13.
Debateth, combats (perhaps, discusses); xv. 11.
Decay, cause of ruin; lxxx. 14.
Dedicated; "d. words," *i. e.* (probably) words of dedication; lxxxii. 3.
Defeat, destroy; lxi. 11.
Defeated, defrauded; xx. 11.

DEFECT, fault, blameworthiness; lxx. 1.
——, defects; cxlix. 11.
DEFENSE, resistance; cxxxix. 8.
DELVES; "d. the parallels," *i. e.* "makes furrows"; lx. 10.
DENOTE, show; cxlviii. 7.
DEPARTEST, leavest; xi. 2.
DETERMINATE, determined, ended, out of date; lxxxvii. 4.
DETERMINATION, end of (a legal use); xiii. 6.
DISABLED (Quadrisyllabic); lxvi. 8.
DISCLOSES, uncloses, unfolds; liv. 8.
DISPENSE; "d. . . . with," excuse; cxii. 12.
DISTILLATION, perfumes distilled from flowers; v. 9.
DOUBTING, suspecting; lxxv. 6.
DRESSINGS, trimmings up; cxxiii. 4.
DROP IN, come in; xc. 4.
DULLNESS, drowsiness; lvi. 8.
DWELLERS ON, those who set store on; cxxv. 5.

EAGER, sharp, acid; cxviii. 2.
EFFECT, working efficiency; xxxvi. 7.
EFFECTUALLY, in reality; cxiii. 4.
EISEL, vinegar; cxi. 10.
ENLARGED; "envy, evermore e."; (?) a reference to the Blatant Beast, tied up by Calidore; after a time he broke his chain, "and got into the world at liberty again" (*Faerie Queene*, Bk. VI.; Hales); lxx. 12.
ENLIGHTEN, to shed luster on; clii. 11.
ENSCONCE, shelter; xlix. 9.
ENTITLED; "e. in thy parts," *i. e.* "finding their title or claim in thy qualities"; (Q., *"e. in their parts,"* ?="having a just claim to the first place as their due"); xxxvii. 7.
ENVY (accented on second syllable); cxxviii. 5.
ESTEEMING, estimation; cii. 3.
ESTIMATE, value, valuation; lxxxvii. 2.
EXCEPT, object to, refuse; cxlvii. 8.
EXCHANGED, changed, altered; cix. 7.
EXPENSE, loss, xxx. 8.
——, expenditure, waste; xciv. 6.
EXPIATE, bring to an end; xxii. 4.
EXTERN, external show; cxxv. 2.

FAIR, beauty; xvi. 11.
FAIRLY, beauteously, in respect of beauty; v. 4.
FALSE; "f. esteem," spurious reputation; cxxvii. 12.
FAME, made famous; lxxxiii. 11.
FAVOR, countenance; cxiii. 10.
——, outward appearance; cxxv. 5.
FEE, pledge, guarantee; cxx. 13.
FELL, cruel, harsh; lxxiv. 1.
FESTER, corrupt, rot; xciv. 14.
FILED, polished; lxxxv. 4.
FITTED, started by paroxysms; cxix. 7.
FIVE WITS, *i. e.* common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory; cxli. 9.
FLOURISH, external beauty; lx. 9.
FOISON, plenty, rich harvest; liii. 9.
FOND, foolish; iii. 7.
——; "being f. on," *i. e.* "doting on"; lxxxiv. 14.
FOOLS OF TIME, *i. e.* the sports of Time; cxxiv. 13.
FOR, because; xl. 6; liv. 9.
——, for fear of; lii. 4.

For; "f. thy hand," *i. e.* "for stealing the whiteness of thy hand"; xcix. 6.
'Fore, before (Q., *"fore"*); vii. 11.
Foregone, past, previously endured; xxx. 9.
Form, good semblance; lxxxix. 6.
Forward, early; xcix. 1.
Foul, ugly; cxxxvii. 12.
Frank, liberal; iv. 4.
Free, liberal, bountiful; iv. 4.
Frequent, intimate; cxvii. 5.
Front; "summer's f.," *i. e.* "summer's beginning"; cii. 7.
Fury, poetic inspiration; c. 3.

Gaudy, gay, festive; i. 10.
Gaze, object gazed at; v. 2.
General, chief cause; cliv. 7.
Give, to ascribe; cxv. 14.
Go, walk; li. 14; cxxx. 11.
Gored; "g. mine own thoughts," *i. e.* "wounded my self-respect"; cx. 3.
Gracious, full of grace, beauteous; lxii. 5.
Greeing; "is g.," *i. e.* suits, agrees; cxiv. 11.
Grind, whet; cx. 10.
Grossly, manifestly; xcix. 5.
Gust, taste; cxiv. 11.

Habit, bearing; cxxxviii. 11.
Happier, more successful in poetical expression; xxxii. 8.
Happies, makes happy; vi. 6.
Hearsay; "like of h. well" (?) "fall in love with what has been praised by others"; perhaps, better, "mere extravagant talk"; xxi. 13.
Heavy, gloomy, morose; xcviii. 4.
Height, angular altitude; cxvi. 8.
His, its; ix. 10.
Horse, horses; xci. 4.
Hue, form; xx. 7.
Husbandry, economy; xiii. 10.

Idle; "i. rank," *i. e.* "poor dignity"; cxxii. 3.
Ill-wresting, trusting to a bad sense; cxl. 11.
Imaginary, imaginative; xxvii. 9.
Imprison'd; "i. absence of your liberty," *i. e.* "separation from you, which is to me like a prison, but which is your rightful liberty"; lviii. 6.
Indigest, formless; cxiv. 5.
Indirectly, artificially; lxvii. 7.
Inhearse, entomb; lxxxvi. 3.
Injurious, hostile; xliv. 2.
Insults, exults; cvii. 12.
Intend, direct; xxvii. 6.
Interest, rightful claim; xxxi. 7.
——, property; lxxiv. 3.
Invention, imagination; xxxviii. 8.
Itself, its natural self, nature itself; lxviii. 10.

Jacks, keys of the virginal; cxxviii. 5.
Just; "j. to the time," "punctual to the time"; cix. 7.

Keeps, guards; cxxxiii. 11.
Key (rhyming with *"survey"*); lii. 1.
Kindness, affection; clii. 9.

Lace, embellish; lxvii. 4.
Lame; "made l.," crippled (used metaphorically); xxxvii. 3.
Lameness, impaired condition (? used metaphorically); lxxxix. 3.
Latch, catch; cxiii. 6.
Lay, lay on; ci. 7.
Learning, lesson; lxxvii. 4.
Leese, lose; v. 14.
Level, aim; cxvii. 11.
Light; "set me l.," esteem me lightly; lxxxviii. 1.
Like of, like, care for; xxi. 13.

Limbecks, alembics; cxix. 2.
Lines; "l. of life," living lines, living pictures (*i. e.* children); xvi. 9.
Live, subsist; iv. 8.
Look, lo; xi. 11.
Love; "l. for love," *i. e.* "Love, on account of my love"; li. 12.
Lovely; "thy l. argument," *i. e.* "the theme of your loveliness"; lxxix. 5.
Love's, mistress's; xlii. 9.
Lusty, vigorous; ii. 6.

Main; "m. of light," *i. e.* "flood of light (into which a new-born child is launched)"; lx. 5.
Makeless, without a mate; ix. 4.
Manner, courteous decorum; lxxxv. 1.
Map, pattern, picture, image; lxviii. 1.
Master, possess; cvi. 8.
Master-mistress, the friend who sways the poet's love as if he were his mistress; xx. 2.
Matter; "no such m.," nothing of the kind; lxxxvii. 14.
Meetness, fitness; cxviii. 7.
Melancholy (pronounced *"mel-anch'ly"*); xlv. 8.
Memory, memorials; cxxii. 2.
Million'd, millionfold, innumerable; cxv. 5.
Mind, thought; lix. 8.
Minion, darling; cxxvi. 9.
Misprision, mistake, error; lxxxvii. 11.
Moan, bemoan; xxx. 8.
Modern, ordinary, common; lxxxiii. 7.
Moiety, share, portion; xlvi. 12.
More; "m. and less," *i. e.* "high and low"; xcvi. 3.
More; "the m.," *i. e.* the greater faculty; xi. 11.
Mortal; "m. rage," the resistless power of destruction; lxiv. 4.
Motley, fool, jester; cx. 2.
Mouthed, all-devouring; lxxvii. 6.
Music; "m. to hear," *i. e.* thou, to hear whom is music; viii. 1.

Neglect, being neglected by others; cxii. 12.
Newer, more recent; cxxiii. 2.
Niggarding, being miserly; i. 12.
None; less than nothing (antithetical to "one"; perhaps, however, there is an allusion to the proverbial saying "one is no number"); viii. 14.
Noted, familiar; lxxvi. 6.

Obsequious, funereal; xxxi. 5.
——, devoted, zealous; cxxv. 9.
O'ergreen, cover with verdure, embellish; (Sewell, *"o'er-skreen"* Steevens, *"o'er-grieve"*); cxii. 4.
O'erlook, peruse; lxxxii. 2.
O'erpress'd, over-strained; cxxxix. 8.
Offenses; "made old o. of affections new," *i. e.* "each new affection transgressed against my old love"; cx. 4.
Old; "my o. excuse," *i. e.* "the excuse of my oldness"; ii. 11.
One on another's neck; one after another; cxxxi. 11.
Only, principal, chief; i. 10.
Orphans; "hope of o.," *i. e.* "expectation of the birth of posthumous children"; xcvii. 10.
Over-goes, transcends; ciii. 7.
Owe, own, possess; lxx. 14.
Owest, possessest; xviii. 10.

Pace forth, walk, go, proceed; lv. 10.

Pain, punishment; cxli. 14.

Parallels, lines; lx. 10.

Part; "p. his function," *i. e.* "divide its function"; cxiii. 3.

Partake; "with thee p.," *i. e.* "take thy part"; cxlix. 2.

Particulars, objects; xci. 7.

Parts; "p. of me," *i. e.* "shares in me, claims upon me"; xxxi. 11.

Pass; "no other p.," *i. e.* "no other issue"; ciii. 11.

Patent, privilege; lxxxvii. 8.

Peace; "p. of you," *i. e.* "the peace to be found in you," or perhaps "the peaceable possession of you"; lxxv. 3.

Perspective, used perhaps with a play upon the two senses: (i) "the science of perspective," and (ii) "a glass cut in such a manner as to produce an optical deception when looked through" (the painter himself, *i. e.* the eye, being the glass through which the form must be seen); xxiv. 4.

Pitch, height; (lit. height to which a falcon soars); vii. 9.

Plight, condition; xxviii. 1.

Pluck, derive; xiv. 1.

Pointing, appointing; xiv. 6.

Policy, self-interest; cxxiv. 9.

Politic, prudent; cxxiv. 11.

Predict; "oft p.," *i. e.* frequent prediction; xiv. 8.

Present, immediate; cxlix. 8.

Prevent'st, hinderest by anticipation; c. 14.

Prick'd, marked; xx. 13.

Pride, proud conquest; cli. 10.

Prime, spring; xcvii. 7.

Private, ordinary; ix. 7.

Prizing; "not p.," *i. e.* disregarding; cxliii. 8.

Proud-pied, gorgeously variegated; xcviii. 2.

Prove, ultimately become; viii. 14.

——, find; lxxii. 4.

Pyramids, used as symbolical of what is grand and stupendous; cxxiii. 2.

Qualify, temper; cix. 2.

Quest, inquest, or jury; xlvi. 10.

Question make, feel a doubt; xii. 9.

Quietus, discharge of obligation; cxxvi. 14.

Rack, mass of floating cloud; xxxiii. 6.

Ragged, rugged, rough; vi. 1.

Ranged, gone away; cix. 5.

Rank, sick; cxviii. 12.

Rearward; "in the r.," *i. e.* at the end; xc. 6.

Receipt, capacity, power of receiving and containing; cxxxvi. 7.

Reckoning, taking account of; cxv. 5.

Record, history; lix. 5.

Recured, restored; xlv. 9.

Region, belonging to the upper air; xxxiii. 12.

Remember'd, reminded; cxx. 9.

Remove, fall away; cxvi. 4.

Removed, passed; xcvii. 5.

Render; "mutual r.," *i. e.* "give and take"; cxxv. 12.

——, surrender; cxxvi. 14.

Renew'd, thoroughly changed; cxi. 8.

Repair; "fresh r.," renovation, healthful condition; iii. 3.

Repair, renovate; xvi. 9.

Reserve, preserve; xxxii. 7.

Respect, regard, consideration; xxvi. 12

——; "but one r.," *i. e.* "one matter for consideration"; perhaps "one affection," or "perfect similarity"; xxxvi. 5.

Resty, torpid; c. 9.

Retention, means of preserving impressions (=a table book); cxxii. 9.

Revolt, faithlessness; xcii. 10.

Rotten, damp, vaporish; xxxiv. 4.

Roundure, circle; xxi. 8.

Ruinate, ruin; x. 7.

Ruth, pity; cxxxii. 4.

Salutation; "give s.," *i. e.* "affect in any manner, gratify or mortify"; cxxi. 6.

Satire; "be a s. to decay," satirize decay, mock decay (?= satirist); c. 11.

Scope, power, range of thought; xxix. 7.

Seconds, an inferior kind of flour, base matter; cxxv. 11.

Seeing; "dead s.," *i. e.* "lifeless appearance"; lxvii. 6.

Self-substantial, deriving its substance from thyself; i. 6.

Sense, reason; xxxv. 9.

Separable, causing separation; xxxvi. 6.

Service; "thy s.," *i. e.* service to thee; cxlix. 10.

Set; "to s. a form," *i. e.* "by giving a good semblance"; lxxxix. 6.

Several; "a s. plot," *i. e.* "an enclosed field"; cxxxvii. 9.

Shady; "s. stealth," *i. e.* "the stealthy motion of the shadow"; lxxvii. 7.

Show, appear; cv. 2.

Simplicity, folly; lxvi. 11.

Sit, be comprised; ciii. 13.

Slept; "have I s. in your report," *i. e.* I have been slow to tell your praises; lxxxiii. 5.

So, provided only; lxx. 5.

Soil, solution; with a play upon the more ordinary sense of the word; (Q., "solye"); Malone, *"solve"*; 1640 ed., *"soyle"*); lxix. 14.

Sourly, cruelly, harshly; xxxv. 14.

Spirit, vital energy; cxxix. 1.

Sportive, amorous, wanton; cxxi. 6.

Stain, grow dim, suffer eclipse; xxxiii. 14.

State, estate, endowments, glory; xcvi. 12.

——, rank, power; cxxiv. 1.

Statute, (used in legal sense) "security, or obligation for money"; cxxxiv. 9.

Steal, glide away; civ. 10.

Steel'd, hardened; cxii. 8.

Steep-up, high and precipitous; vii. 5.

Steepy, having a deep decline; lxiii. 5.

Stell'd, fixed; (Q., *"steeld"*); xxiv. 1.

Store; "made for s.," *i. e.* increase, fertility, population; xi. 9.

Store's; "in thy s. account," *i. e.* "in estimating the worth of thy possessions"; cxxxvi. 10.

Strained, forced, overwrought; lxxxii. 10.

Strange, distant; lxxxix. 8.

Strangely, distantly; cx. 6.

Strangle, extinguish; lxxxix. 8.

Strength; "s. of laws," the laws' support, perfect legal right; xlix. 13.

Stretched, overstrained; xvii. 12.

Subscribes, yields; cvii. 10.

Successive, by order of succescession; cxxvii. 3.
Sufferance, patient endurance; lviii. 7.
Suggest, tempt; cxliv. 2.
Suit, clothe; cxxxii. 12.
Suited, clad; cxxvii. 10.
Sum, compute, cast up, settle; ii. 11.
Summer's story, i. e. "gay fiction"; xcviii. 7.
Suspect, suspicion; lxx. 3.
Swift; "s. extremity"; the extreme of swiftness; li. 6.
Sympathized, described with due appreciation; lxxxii. 11.

Table, tablet; xxiv. 2.
Tables, memorandum tablets; cxxii. 1.
Tallies, notched sticks for keeping accounts; cxxii. 10.
Tame, tamed; lviii. 7.
Tatter'd, (Q., *"totter'd,"* an old form of the word); ii. 4; xxvi. 11.
Tell, count; xxx. 10.
Terms, "(?) long periods of time" (opposed to hours); cxlvi. 11.
That. so that xcviii. 4.
Thralled, kep down, held in subjection; cxxiv. 7.
Thriftless, unprofitable; ii. 8.
Time, the world, society; cxvii. 6.
Time's fool, the sport of Time; cxvi. 9.
Times in hope, future times; lx. 13.
Tires, head-dresses; liii. 8.
To; "t. have," *i. e.* "at having"; lxiv. 14.
Translated, changed; xcvi. 8.
Treasure, make rich; vi. 3.
Triumphant, triumphal; cli. 10.
Trust; "for fear of tr.," fearing to trust myself; xxiii. 5.
Truth, allegiance, troth, duty; xli. 12.
——, (?) fidelity; cx. 5.
Twire, peep, twinkle; xxviii. 12.
Tyrant; "all t.," *i. e.* tyrannical towards myself; (?) "thou complete tyrant"; cxlix. 4.

Unbless, neglect to make happy; iii. 4.
Under thee, under thy auspices; lxxviii. 4.
Unear'd, unplowed; iii. 5.
Unfair, deprive of beauty; v. 4.
Unhappily, mischievously; lxvi. 4.
Unlook'd for, disregarded; xxv. 4.
Unprovident, improvident; x. 2.
Unrespected, unnoticed; xliii. 2.
——, unregarded; liv. 10.
Unthrift, prodigal, spendthrift; ix. 9.
Untrue, untruly; lxxii. 10.
Use, interest; vi. 5; cxxxiv. 10.
User, possessor (Sewell, *"us'rer"*); ix. 12.

Vade, fade; liv. 14.
Vaunt, mount upwards; xv. 7.
View, what it sees; cxli. 4.

Warrantize, security; cl. 7.
Waste; "w. of shame," *i. e.* "shameful waste"; cxxix. 1.
Wasteful, devastating; lv. 5.
Wastes; "w. of time," *i. e.* "the things devastated by Time"; xii. 10.
Weed, garment; ii. 4.
When as, when; xlix. 3.
Where, to the place where, to where; xliv. 4.
Whether; "w. better they"

(monosyllabic; Q., *"where"*); lix. 11..

Wills; "in their w.," *i. e.* "according to their pleasure"; cxxi. 8.

Wink, shut the eyes; xliii. 1.

Wink; "w. with fullness," *i. e.* "close as after a full meal"; lvi. 6.

Woo'd; "being w. of time"; (?) ="when the course of time has smiled on it"; (others, "being tempted by the present time"; or, "being tempted in thy youth"); lxx. 6.

Worth, (?) "stellar influence"; cxvi. 8.

Wreckful, destructive (Q., *"wrackfull"*); lxv. 6.

Wrought; "so much of earth and water w.," *i. e.* "so much of the elements of earth and water being wrought into my nature"; xliv. 11.

Youngly, in the period of youth; xi. 3.

Yourself, your very self, truly yours, master of yourself; xiii. 1.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. When was the first edition of the Sonnets published?

2. What ones were omitted in the second edition?

3. Into what sections is the sonnet sequence divided? What are their relations to each other?

4. What is the import of the third section, and how is it related to the first and second sections?

5. What is the general theme of the sonnets?

6. Describe in outline the stages of development through which the series passes.

7. What points has this Sonnet Drama in common with Lyly's *Campaspe?* In what does it differ?

8. Who are the chief actors in the Sonnets?

9. What is the keynote to the drama of the sequence? What lines in the course of the sonnets present this kernel of the theme?

10. What sections of the sequence are devoted to the actors respectively?

11. How does the Poet describe the character corresponding to *Campaspe* in Lyly's composition? In what sonnets especially? What sonnets in the first section make passing allusion to her?

12. Separate the sections into their several groups, and give the substance of each group.

13. Cite indications of intervals of time represented throughout the Sequence.

14. Cite sonnets notably suggestive of historical allusion.

15. In what sonnets does the Poet allude to the likelihood of the immortality of his poems?

16. What may have suggested to Shakespeare the lines beginning,—"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments," —and "Not Mars his sword,—"?

17. What sentiment of the times may have given specific cause for the Poet's sense of humiliation and "outcast state" as expressed in Sonnet XXIX?

18. What qualities of the Poet's nature and feeling do the sonnets, as a whole, convey?

19. What solutions have been advanced as to the rival poet referred to in Sonnets LXXIX–LXXXVI?

20. In connection with the period of the sonnets, with what plays of the Poet's are there certain links?

21. What are some of the theories with regard to the interpretation of the sonnets?

22. What has been the controversy with regard to the person to whom the sonnets were addressed?

23. What are the claims for and against each side?

24. What sonnets are cited by either side in substantiation of certain points in their repective claims?

25. What interpretations are suggested of the "vulgar scandal" referred to in Sonnets CX–CXII and affecting the tone of CXXI? Do these sonnets appear to carry allusions to his player's profession?

26. What was the circumstance of the publication of *Willobie and His Avisa?*

27. Does anything in the development of the sonnet theme support the idea that the first group of them was written before Southampton met Elizabeth Vernon,—supposing the sonnets addressed to Southampton?

28. Instance the views of different scholars concerning the initials in the Dedication. Has "T. T." ever been explained?

29. What were other notable sonnet sequences of the time?

30. What is the form of the Shakespearean sonnet?

31. Was it common with the English sonneteers of the time?

32. How does it differ from the Italian form? Wherein does its effectiveness consist by comparison? Cite other sonnet arrangements and compare them.

33. What sonnet of the series is in octosyllabic verse?

34. In the one fifteen lined sonnet, how is the first line used?

35. How does Sonnet CXXVI vary? How is it employed in the series?

36. What sonnets were printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim?*

37. What are the suggestions for the hiatus in Sonnet CXLVI?

38. What has suggested that Shakespeare originally intended to compose a century of sonnets?

39. What are the most striking groups of the series?

40. Cite striking instances of beauty of imagery and substance throughout the series.

41. What philosophical reflections are conveyed throughout the series?

42. What is the poetical value of the sonnets?

43. What is their psychological value?

44. State Mr. Dyce's opinion as to the composition of the sonnets.

45. Characterize Shakespeare at the sonnet-period.

46. Compare the Shakespeare sonnets with other Elizabethan sonnets.

47. What did Shakespeare do to the characteristic features of English sonnet-poetry?